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THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW,

A TALE.

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THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW,

A TALE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY HENRY SIDDONS,

AUTHOR OF VIRTUOUS POVERTY.

VOL. I.

Le donne antiche hanno mirabil cose
Fatto ne l'arme, e ne le sacre Muse;
E di lor opre belle, e gloriose
Gran lume in tutto il mondo si diffuse.
Arpalice, e Camilla son famose,
Perchè in battaglia erano esperte, ed use.
Safo, e Corinna, perchè furon dotte,
Splendono illustri, e mai non veggon notte.

Le donne son venute in eccellenza
Di ciascun'arte, ove hanno posto cura;
E qualunque a l'istorie abbia avvertenza
Ne sente ancor la fama non obscura.
Se'l mondo n'è gran tempo stato senza,
Non però sempre il mal'influsso dura.
E forse ascosi han lor debiti onori
L'invidia, o il non saper degli scrittori.

ARIOSTO.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR R. PHILLIPS, BRIDGE-STREET, BLACK-FRIARS.

1806.

249. f. 264.

Cox, Son, and Baylis, Printers,
Great Queen Street.

DEDICATION.

TO

THE REV. JOHN MIDDLETON, A. M.

MY GOOD SIR,

YOU will start back on seeing your name prefixed to a Dedication: let me, however, solicit your patience for a few moments, while I give you my reasons for the step which I have taken. In a research *of* some moment, *I have been, lately, very highly assisted by your friend-*

ship

ship and good-nature; I take this opportunity, therefore, of testifying my gratitude and my esteem. In our early years we were school-fellows: this gives me an additional motive for wishing you to accept this trifling tribute of my cordial good-will toward you! That you may (wherever Providence thinks fit to shape your course) meet with the success your many valuable qualities so amply merit, will always be one of the most fervent wishes I can breathe. I am well aware, that, from your unassuming knowledge, and unaffected goodness, you want nothing but opportunity to render you a conspicuous ornament of the exalted profession to which you belong. I know that my wishes can be of little avail; but they

are

are sincere: and I can truly say with Achilles, in your favourite Homer,

Ἐχθρὸς γάρ μοι κεῖνος, ὁμῶς Ἀΐδαο πύλῃσιν
Ὅς χ' ἕτερον μὲν κεύθει ἐνὶ φρεσὶν, ἄλλο δὲ βάζει.

In the spirit of which sentiment I beg, my good Sir, that I may have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your obliged

and sincere friend,

HENRY SIDDONS.

Brewer-street, Bloomsbury,
March, 1806.

PREFACE.

THE success of my last book, called "Virtuous Poverty," is the only plea I can urge, in mitigation of sentence against this second attempt at an intrusion on the patience of the Town. When I say *success*, I mean to arrogate nothing more to myself, than the good fortune of finding that the number of copies sold at my Bookseller's, very far exceeded my warmest expectations. I have no doubt but the work had ma-

ny faults; and, that those faults have been severely criticised, both in private and in public. I bear not the least ill-will to those who have thus censured my performance. As there are some disagreeable circumstances attendant on all the concerns of human life, an author must be very vain, or very ignorant, who can, for a moment, hope to taste nothing but the sweets, without the infusion of some bitter drops into his cup of pleasure. I can safely aver, that so far from being surprised at criticisms on my attempts, I should be very much astonished if I found *none*. He who imagines himself all *perfection* must be most egregiously deceived indeed. It would be a false assumption of

of philosophy in any man, to pretend to aver, that the voice of praise or censure is alike indifferent to him. There is something in the sound of approbation and of fame, which exalts the most stoical apathy, and stimulates the exertions of the most timid and the most diffident. My last book met with as much candor as I either deserved or expected. The faults which were found I have endeavoured to mend in this, and shall not be disappointed, if I find that I have yet much to go through, before I can satisfy the expectations of the judicious. I trust to the same impartial justice which I had the good fortune to experience in the former in-

stance, and I trust to it with an implicit confidence.

Many of my friends have complained of my work, as being of too grave a nature. I dare say that their objections are founded on the most reasonable grounds. I am far from being hurt: I am most truly obliged to them for the candid declarations of their sentiments, even although those sentiments happen not to be in my own favor; nor do I, by any means, intend to call their judgment into question, in the defence I am about to set up for myself in this charge. It was always my opinion, that a novel ought to have some strong *moral* for its ground-work: that

it

it should elucidate the happy effects of cultivating the *virtues*, and, at the same time, expose the certain miseries which are attendant on the violation of the *duties* of social life. Such have ever been my sentiments on the subject. I find I am far from doing justice to my own ideas, in the *execution* of my designs; but I have the satisfaction to find, that the same idea has been pursued by men, very far my superiors in the literary lists, and that honors and success have crowned their efforts in the cause of truth and virtue.

I shall take the liberty to mention an instance of this kind, which relates to a living author. MR. PRATT, to

whom the world has often been obliged for many elegant effusions of the muse, once wrote a novel which did a most essential piece of service to the community at large. A book had been published, where *dissimulation* had been recommended as a virtue, and *insincerity* ranked among the arts of life: seduction was painted in the robes of a grace, and every moral duty was laid prostrate before a false deity called *Politeness*. *Declamation* might long have thundered in vain against the growth of such an evil: Mr. Pratt strangled the hydra with the nervous grasp of *ridicule*. The monster fell by his efforts; and the "*Pupil of Pleasure*" soon effected what more laborious attempts had long toiled,

toiled, in vain, to accomplish. Though this work was much connected with *then existing* circumstances, there is so much pointed observation, mingled with such real touches of the pathetic, that any reader may *yet* find his hours well employed, in the perusal of Mr. Pratt's very amusing and instructive work.

I hope the gentleman alluded to will pardon me, for having taken this liberty with his name; but, however he may slight my sentiments on this head, I assure him, that they have at least, the virtue of sincerity to recommend themselves to his attention. The *minor vices* are the game of the novelist; the great-

er crimes must be left to the care of the Persius's and the Juvenals of the day.—

" Yet, not unconscious of this awful age,
" I mark what new conflicting systems rage;
" Systems, which laugh to scorn th'avenging rod,
" And hurl defiance to the throne of God;
" Shake pestilence abroad with madd'ning sweep,
" And grant no pause, but everlasting sleep.
" Blood-guiltiness their crime, with hell they cope;
" No flesh, no spirit, now must rest in hope,
" But, under foliage dark, and cypress gloom,
" The sculptur'd mock'ry marks the marble tomb."

Pursuits of Literature, page 46.

" If these, disgust to serious cares attend,
" And make serene philosophy your friend,
" Pen some choice fragment in the genuine taste;
" Each power combin'd of wit and learning waste,

" Smart.

" Smart and concise, with deepest meaning
" fraught;
" Neat be the types, and the vignettes high
" wrought:
" With frontispiece, to catch the gazer's eye
" Treason the pile, the basis blasphemy."

Pursuits of Literature, page 81.

Here we behold the muse of satire soaring the flights of an eagle: but, the very humble essays of a novel are kept within bounds still narrower and more circumscribed. A book of the last-mentioned species pretends to little more than to amusement: if it can be allowed *utility*, it is a praise, for which the writer ought to hold himself obliged and grateful.

I think

I think it necessary to state *one more* circumstance, before I proceed to the commencement of my work. When my last book appeared, many of my friends took it into their *heads*, that several of my imaginary *dramatis personæ* were *real* characters, and perplexed me by enquiring whether they were meant for Mr. or Mrs. Such-a-one. To put a stop to this unfair mode of questioning, I thus openly declare, that I do not mean to *compliment* or *satirize* any man or woman now living, in this, my present work, entitled, "*The Maid, Wife, "and Widow.*". The fable, whether good or bad, originated in my own fancy; and, if the characters bear a resemblance to any lady or gentleman who may

may chance to read it, I repeat, that the similitude is purely *accidental*; nor have I the least motive or wish, to elevate or decry the character or conduct even of one *solitary man or woman*. Impertinent as this caution may seem, I have found it a very *necessary* one; and the story of the grotesque painter, prefixed to one of our best novels, has, in my instance at least, turned out to be no fable.

A man, while writing a book of the nature of a novel, if he does his duty to society, is bound, during the progress of his work, to guard carefully against the admission of any scenes, or sentiments, that may be offensive to the delicacy

delicacy of the female portion of his readers. While anixous to accomplish this end, he is apt to run into another extreme, and make his book a very *sententious* one. Let it be admitted that this is an error: it will be granted, at the same time, that it is an error on the right side of the question. It would not be at all fair to say to such a writer, do you mean by this to infer, that you are a better man than your neighbours? Do you hold up yourself to them as a pattern and an example? An author thus circumstanced, could only reply, that it was his *book*, not *himself*, that he sends into the world. His own errors can only operate in the confined circle

circle to which he is prescribed, but that he cannot tell what mischief his printed sentiments might disseminate abroad. Against this evil he *is bound* to provide. His compact with society ties him, as a man of honor, to these conditions; and, though I would not plead an exemption from the infliction of critical punishment for being *dull*, yet I will and must contend, that there are some writers who merit a *double* portion of severity, writers, who make their books a vehicle for all which should be concealed from the eye of innocence and purity.

I shall conclude this long preamble, with saying, that, if attacked in the words

words of Horace, I should derive my *defence* from the same author.

" ——— Nunc aliquis dicat mihi, quid tu
" Nullane habes vitia? Imo, alia et fortasse
" minora.

" ——— Lædere gaudes
" Inquit, et hoc studio pravus facis, unde peti-
" tum
" Hoc in me jacis? Est auctor quis denique
" eorum
" Vixi cum quibus? Absentem qui rodit ami-
" cum,
" Qui non defendit, alio culpante. Solutos
" Qui captat risus hominum famamque dicacis;
" Fingere qui non visa potest commissa tacere
" Qui nequit: hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane,
" caveto."

——Ubi

" ——————Ubi datur oti
" Illudo chartis. Hoc est mediocribus illis
" Ex vitiis unum : cui si concedere nolis,
" Multa pöetarum veniat manus, auxilio quæ
" Sit mihi (nam multoplures sumus) ac veluti te
" Judæi; cogamus in hanc concedere turbam."

INTRODUCTION.

THE person entitled *Mowbray Landford* in the following Memoirs, was a gentleman who passed part of his time in writing the past events of his life: he was much aided in this occupation, by having, in early youth, adopted a custom of writing a short memorandum of every day's occurrence in a yearly pocket-book. When he retired to solitude and seclusion, he felt that want of *employment* which is one of the greatest

miseries which can be attached to an active mind. Idleness is the parent of every misery, as well as the root of every evil. To fill up this painful vacuum, therefore, he compiled the following sheets; but not with the least idea of their ever being presented to the public. The Reverend Mr. Alleyn, a man to whom he was under the highest obligations, and of whose probity and piety he entertained the most exalted opinion, begged for permission to read over these papers when they were nearly brought to a conclusion. After he had finished them, he acknowledged that they had a great many errors, and were by no means adapted to the eye of critical disquisition: he added, however, a strong

a strong request, that he might be permitted to carry the papers with him to London, and shew them to a friend of his there. This was a favour that Mr. Landford could by no means refuse him, and the manuscript was carried to town by his reverend benefactor. Mr. Landford afterwards received many letters from thence, warmly pressing for their publication. The two following will suffice for a specimen of this correspondence.

" My dear young friend,

" I have just received your papers " from Mr. ——, who agrees with me, " that it is highly proper for you to al- " low me to publish your Memoirs. We " are persuaded, that they hold out a

"lesson which may have a salutary in-
"fluence on the conduct of fathers of
"families. Mr. ——— is of opinion,
"that a lesson conveyed in the form of
"your book, might have more effect
"than a number of grave discourses,
"delivered in a less alluring shape.
"Your objection, on account of the
"NAMES of your relatives, is a just and
"reasonable one; but if you will do
"me the favour to entrust the super-
"intendance of the work to my care,
"I will so alter it in THAT particular,
"that though the *facts* shall remain en-
"tire, no clue shall be left which may
"guide the reader to any discovery
"which might prejudice the honour
"or the happiness of ANY PART of your
"family.

" You are too good, in expressing
" so much gratitude for the services it
" fell within the scope of my poor
" power to render you a few years ago.
" I did my duty, and I can lay claim
" to no farther merit on that head.
" Pray remember me kindly to your
" little family. I am now growing very
" old and very infirm; but the smiles
" and kind wishes of my friends still
" keep me cheerful and resigned to
" that awful event which, from my
" length of days, I must naturally sup-
" pose to be at no great distance.
" Once more, adieu!

" Answer me directly concerning
" the publication of your papers. I
" must own it is a wish very near my
" heart;

" heart; but whether you *grant* or re-
" fuse my request, I beg you will never
" cease to think, that you have still a
" sincere and affectionate friend and
" well-wisher in

" ALLEYN."

To this pressing solicitation, the following answer was, shortly after, returned:

" My benevolent friend,

" I must and will repeat, that, after
" the numerous favours I have received
" at your hands, it would be the height
" of ingratitude in me to DENY you ANY
" THING. I leave my unhappy story to
" your discretion. The circumstances
" which attended my father were of a

" very

" very DREADFUL nature: I am sure you
" will so *conceal* every circumstance
" that might tend to discover who he
" *really* was, as to put me out of pain
" on that *account*. To hold up a lesson
" to mankind, it is sufficient that *gene-*
" *ral* circumstances should be known:
" there can be no real necessity for a
" disclosure of particulars.

" With this often-repeated CAUTION,
" I *here* give you permission to act as
" you may think proper. Hasten from
" London as soon as possible, to throw
" a cheerful glow of pleasure over your
" friends. Retirement, in your society,
" my dear Sir, can never be justly
" termed *solitude*. Oh! come to mend
" the heart and improve the mind of

" your

" your eternally obliged and ever af-
" fectionate

" M. L——."

This is the history of the means by which the following pages were brought to light. If Mr. Landford has done wrong, it must be imputed to an error in judgment, not to any obliquity of his heart. He long resisted the publication; and only consented at last, when assured, by persons whose opinions he valued higher than his own, that the promulgation of his Memoirs might be the source of some benefit, and could not possibly be of any detriment to a SINGLE MEMBER OF SOCIETY.

THE MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

My father, in the early period of his life, was what was called a young man of the *first fashion*, and had imbibed many of the prevalent failings of the first circles. His passion for play had involved him in so many serious inconveniencies, that on his marriage with my mother he bound himself by a solemn oath not to indulge in this destructive passion for *twenty years* after that period; such an entire domi-

nion had it gained over him, that he considered this solemn tie as the only assurance he could trust to for his self-denial.

He was descended from one of the most ancient families in the North of England: a circumstance, which, through the whole tenour of his life, tended to the ruin of his own happiness, at the same time that it obstructed the felicity of every branch of his family.

I am greatly affected whenever I am compelled to state one fact to the prejudice of a man, to whom I owe life, honor, and duty: yet his failings are so closely connected with the story I am about to narrate, that their omission would snap the grand link, which must necessarily combine the chain of my relation. The pride of my father was *excessive:* he had increased it by an union with a woman of a temper haughty

haughty as his own, like himself descended from the blood of the most illustrious personages in the United Kingdoms. From my father's former fatal propensity, their income was by no means adequate to their lofty pretensions; yet, still they contrived to live in a style of uncomfortable grandeur, upon an estate which had been in the possession of their ancestors for several centuries. About a year after her nuptials, my mother was brought to bed of twins. I came into the world about an *hour* before my brother, and in consequence of that event, had the *misfortune* to be heir to all my father's high flown projects for the *advancement* of his family honors. His expectations in me were unbounded.

My brother, in comparison with myself, was looked upon as a mere cypher; an ordinary plant in the garden

of parent nature, destined to blossom unregarded, or wither on the stem, just as Providence or accident should direct.

Such an odd, such an inconsistent creature is man! One little *hour* had made this wide distinction between two beings born with equal claims to parental affection!

Chance, and chance alone, had given me this superiority over a brother on a level with myself in every other particular, and to whom I might have been considered a very inferior personage, had the *one hour* happened to have been in *his* favour.

As we grew up, with shame I own it, I *felt* the advantages I held over my younger brother, and made some use of them. A just retribution has since overtaken these early follies; and that of which I was formerly so absurdly vain,

vain, has since turned out my scourge and my misfortune.

Gustavus, my brother, was of a temper open, sanguine, ardent. Although he *said* little, he *felt* much: his taciturnity proceeded not from any obtuseness in the contexture of his nerves, but from a refinement in their system. Under the semblance of a mind unoccupied, he carried feelings, which exercised his susceptibility and preyed upon his heart.

I saw the preference which was given me from our days of infancy. Our French and Italian masters perceived how matters stood, and made their court to their employers, by extolling me as a little prodigy in those fashionable languages. Our other instructors were not behind hand; and while my talents were exalted to the skies, those of Gustavus were, with proportionate

injustice, depressed below their level. This was not the *worst* of the matter. If our father planted a tree, he ever looked with pleasing anticipation to the time when his ELDEST SON should repose himself beneath the foliage of its waving branches.

Once, when we were both attacked with a fever, his hopes, his fears, and his anxieties, were for his ELDEST SON alone. In all his bargains, projects, and schemes of future advancement, his ELDEST *solely* was either named or considered. In short, I was accustomed to look on myself as a lordly oak: my brother was deemed a mere shrub, doomed to vegetate under my protecting shade, or cling round my trunk for sustenance and protection.

The mind of Gustavus, however, was not formed by nature to act a subordinate character in the drama of existence.

existence. The fire of independence shed a hallowed ray on his heart: he measured his faculties with mine, compared our separate qualities, and weighed our several energies with as impartial a scrutiny as his judgment was capable of exerting, and found the weight turn in my favour, merely from one *fortuitous hour*. Conviction and reflection followed this discovery: he became proud, sullen, restless, and uneasy. Our father and mother could not, at first, penetrate into the cause of this abstraction: indeed, he was ever so secondary a consideration with them, that they did not often give themselves the trouble of watching those nice shades of character, it is the duty of all good parents to attend to, in those progressive stages which mark the unfoldings of an infant mind.

Neglect, instead of chilling the ar-

dours of Gustavus, served only to pour oil upon the flame: he felt the dignity of injured virtue; and though he endeavoured to bury his feelings in reserve, yet would the flame sometimes break out, and at those periods he could not avoid shewing, that the partial power which can exalt one object, at the price of the feelings of another, cannot destroy the satisfactions of conscious probity, nor deaden the sensibilities of indignant worth.

My father had a distant relative, an old Colonel, who often visited at our house: he was not rich; but, having long served his country with the highest honour, and gained many wounds in her defence, he was constantly treated with the greatest deference and respect wherever he went. This worthy veteran was charmed with the open character of Gustavus, which was almost

most as romantic as his own. The Colonel was the only visitant at our house, who dared run the hazard of offending our parents by venturing to make a fair estimate of the merits of my brother and myself.

Gustavus grew up with me; but coldness and neglect (the inseparable and sure attendants of family partiality), accompanied us on our progress. We blossomed like two flowerets on the same stem, destined by one slight inclination never to approach each other.

Two brothers are surely ordained by the Sublime Author of all beautiful Nature to act as separate bodies inspired by the same soul: they are pledges of defence, ramparts of security to each other. How impolitic, how cruel then is it, to alienate their affections from the very cradle! Yet this is too frequently the case in every quarter of the

civilised globe. Pampered in the lap of luxury, the *eldest* hope looks down on the junior branches of his family as beings of another species: they, in their turn, consider him as the general destroyer of the common patrimony, the Leviathan who swallows up the whole provision. Hence a number of the shocking incidents, which startle and amaze society, break through the bonds of peace, and mar the music of the softer passions. Such conduct in *my* parents for ever divided me from Gustavus. I was young, I was vain. He was sensitive, and, perhaps, inconsiderate. We were frequently separated in the earlier stages of life.

Gustavus was sent to a public academy, where he had to encounter those hardships which were endured by boys whose parents moved in a sphere considerably below that in which Provi-

dence

dence had placed his *own*. He had, however, taken such disgust at the partialities he witnessed under his father's roof, that he gave the preference to that of his school-master, with all its comparative disadvantages.

His friend, the Colonel, often begged to have him at his holidays. A request which was generally eagerly embraced by all parties. I was, of course, kept at home, and had masters of all descriptions provided to attend on me.

When my brother *did* visit us at his vacations, I found that he was making rapid strides in all his studies. I strained every nerve to overtake him, but all my efforts were ineffectual: I was compelled to pay too much attention to the *superficial* to be capable of much advancement in the more *solid* accomplishments. I would most willingly have made Gustavus the companion of

my tasks, the partner of my anxieties; but chance served to widen those wounds the indiscretion of our parents had first inflicted.

One Christmas our family mansion chanced to be full of company. Sir George Sendon was there, with his daughter Juliana, then nearly the same age with myself.

Sir George was rich, well descended, and of high political connection. My parents who had ever an eye to my interests in the most minute occurrences of life, had formed a plan, which was more romantic than sensible, and more affectionate to myself than equitable to *others:* they determined, at this early age, to contract me to the lovely Juliana.

This project was communicated to me; and too young to be inspired with any sentiments but those which were

were conveyed to me through the medium of others, I listened with attention to every proposition which was made to me: yet, to the astonishment of every one, the young lady appeared to give my neglected brother a decided preference over myself.

His retired manners, his sensibility, whenever addressed with the soothing voice of encouragement, added to the interest the mind of Juliana took in every thing which concerned the unhappy, were so many combined circumstances in the favor of Gustavus.

I must confess, I felt a little piqued at this conduct in the lovely girl. I had always been considered the first object in the eyes of every one; to be slighted, therefore, in this instance, was a mortification not to be easily digested. From the silent coldness which had hitherto subsisted between Gustavus

vus and myself, we began to pourtray more evident symptoms of hostility, and frown defiance as we passed each other: so early is the passion of envy capable of taking root and bearing blossoms in the very spring of life! It is of consequence to remark, that there was a very strong *similitude* between my brother and myself; so much so, indeed, that we were *frequently mistaken* for each other. Gustavus had always many advantages over me in point of personal attractions: his hair curled over a countenance which might have served as a model for an Antinous; his form was elegantly turned, and there were but few who could have contended with him in this envied particular. When we were *together*, it would have been impossible not to have given him a decided preference. We were, however, exactly of the same height,

height, our figures were somewhat similar, and the family resemblance between us was peculiarly marked.

In our accidental encounters, Juliana frequently paid me compliments which at first would flatter my vanity; but my self-love was sufficiently punished, on constantly discovering that I had appropriated to *myself* what was intended for *another*. My parents were hurt at this open preference; and, in consequence of it, began to treat the high spirited boy in a manner, which, not even MY tongue could sanction nor my heart approve.

He felt their conduct most severely; but, to every one, except our engaging play-fellow, he was reserved and silent. He went back to his school without a single regret, save that of being separated from Juliana Sendon.

He shook me by the hand as we parted,

ed—the chaise was at the door—he looked on me with coldness—my heart smote me at the moment—I felt that *I* had been the *cause* of his disquietude, though I knew at the same time, my heart could acquit me of any intention to disturb his peace. . . . . "Brother!" cried I, and would have proceeded, but something rose in my throat and suffocated the words as I attempted to give them utterance. . . . I thought I saw a *tear* stand trembling in the eye of Gustavus. He remained suspended a few seconds, as if some gentle emotion was rising in his heart: but, after a kind of shudder, he drew the back of his hand across his eyes, leaped into the carriage, and in a moment was out of sight. I felt *my* pride wounded in its *turn;* but soon remembered that my brother had

some

some argument for complaint, and all my anger vanished at the recollection.

My father and Sir George were frequently closeted together. I observed that they constantly eyed me with tenderness, with anxiety, and were lavish in bestowing on me every token of affection and solicitude. Not so the daughter of Sir George. After the departure of her favourite, her air became pensive and dejected; she seldom noticed me; and, if ever I pressed my attentions, she constantly received them with evident marks of impatience. During his late residence amongst them, the domestics of my father had conceived a strong attachment to the person of my brother: those amongst them who were peculiarly civil to my face, were, I found, most inimical to me in my absence.

Though, as I have observed, my brother

brother and myself were born within an hour of each other, an invidious distinction was kept up, by giving the servants a treat once a year because it was *my* birth-day. To make the injustice of this partiality still more flagrant, the festive occasion was this year deferred till my brother returned to school.

I was resolved to listen unobserved to their revelry, that I might solace my heart with the contemplation of a groupe of happy beings, and taste the delight of being, in some degree, the *author* of the felicity they were enjoying. How great was my surprise, how bitter was my disappointment, when I heard them, as they drained the social bowl, substitute the name of Gustavus for that of Mowbray Landford!! I found that *he* was considered by them a fine, bold, open-spirited youth, ill

treated

treated by his relatives for the sake of one whom they evidently deemed inferior to him in every point of view. The fact was, that Gustavus, from finding himself neglected by those above him, had acquired that sort of deportment which easily finds its way to the hearts of inferiors. He was affable without affectation, whilst there was a pride in my manner, even in the very act of condescending, which chilled the ardours of gratitude.

This discovery sunk deeply into my mind. I examined my heart with all the impartiality which nature would allow me to exert, yet could find nothing there to lay to its charge. I had not designedly given cause of offence to any one human being, yet all mankind seemed combined against me: my brother, Juliana, the very servants were in the league! Born to honors and

and a fortune, I seemed fated to pass through life without a friend!

The alacrity of my attendants, in lieu of pleasing, now disgusted me. Pride and humanity prevented me from making my parents acquainted with their duplicity: to have deprived them of their bread would have been to have *deserved* their hatred. My source of happiness was poisoned. I wanted not sensibility. I had a capacious heart: it was desolated. I envied every peasant I saw: "*He* has a brother "who loves him," I exclaimed, in sorrow; "a brother whom he loves! He "has no *servants*, but he has *friends!!!*"

CHAP.

CHAPTER II.

Colonel Raynall, whose attachment to my brother increased with every hour, wished to have him bred a soldier, and wrote to his father requesting that he might be placed at a military academy. Here he made such a rapid progress that he begged to be allowed to remain there during his vacations, as he was desirous of retaining the acquirements he was making. His father and mother, who had lately viewed him in the light of a rival, not only in the sight of more unprejudiced people, but what was much worse, in the affections of Juliana Sendon, readily complied with the favor he

he demanded. I saw through his motives: I perceived that he wished to shun me. I was touched; I was hurt. I resolved to call pride to my aid, and to show him that I had a spirit, high and lofty as his own. The die was now cast for life. We were cold, we were uninterested for each other: the link was snapped, and the fraternal bond was cancelled on both sides. Our parents irritated instead of soothing our turbulent minds. They wrote him many letters of the most humiliating tendency: they informed him, that although we were so closely related, fortune had placed a wide barrier between us, and that he must henceforward acknowledge a *superior* in an *elder* brother, and look up to him as the representative of an ancient house,—the fountain of bounty, whose refreshing streams were to be distributed

ted amongst his connexions. They concluded by assuring him, in very *plain* though not very *delicate* terms, that he must have no expectation of any settlement that did not arise from *my* goodness. Such rguments were but ill adapted to operate with any force on a mind like his. His reply was, that the profession he had chosen would, he trusted, be a preventive to his ever becoming burthensome to his brother Mowbray; therefore, resolving to ask no *favors*, he trusted he should not be exposed to any *humiliations*: that being born of the same parents, inheriting the same name, he flattered himself he had every right to consider his brother as his *equal*, until he should be so unhappy in his *conduct*, as to degrade himself to the rank of an *inferior*. His father, who considered this high flown letter as an act of open disobedience and

and rebellion, by the advice of his wife would have proceeded to extremities against him, had I not most vehemently pleaded in opposition to any harsh measures, knowing, that all actions tending to the injury of my brother would be generally imputed to myself, and load me with a weight of odium and execration. Colonel Raynall being a soldier of the most romantic niceness on the point of honor, was supposed to have instilled these offensive ideas of equality into the mind of his favorite. Sir George was now with his daughter, at a house he had lately purchased in London. He wrote very pressing letters, urging us all to a visit there. My parents would have complied, had they not earnestly desired to have my education completed, before they would venture to produce me in this great metropolis.

Letters

Letters began to pass and repass between my father and my brother of the most alarming nature; the latter having made use of some expressions, his offended parent threatened never to pardon, unless appeased by the most unqualified apology. Notwithstanding all the coldness which had subsisted between us, I now wrote to Gustavus, and most earnestly entreated him to make the stipulated concession: he complied with my request, yet all was harsh and out of tune. The affair was *adjusted*, not *reconciled*, and the family discord still prevailed.

I now hasten to matters of a nature (to myself) peculiarly interesting. It was about this period, I was one day taking a solitary ride, and was lost in musing and contemplation, when a snappish cur sprung from a cottage door, and by his shrill-toned bark so fright-

ened my horse that he made a sudden start. The shock was so violent and unexpected, that he threw me from my saddle; and, when I found myself on the ground, my torments were too excruciating to allow me to call for help. My leg was violently fractured. I endeavoured to creep towards the cottage, but in the attempt my strength failed me and I fainted. When I recovered I found myself in a neat little apartment: a grey-headed old man was by my bedside, a youth about my own age supported me in his arms, whilst a girl, who seemed still younger, was in the attitude of holding out a glass of crystal water towards me. At sight of *her* I almost fancied myself in the celestial regions, and that some white-robed angel was floating before my charmed eyes to congratulate me on my arrival. Pain and weakness too soon convinced me

me of my error. I heaved a deep groan.

"Thank Heaven, he revives!" said the old man.

"Give me the water, Adelaide," cried the youth: "I will rub his fore-"head with it, and that will refresh him "while I step to the doctor."

I murmured: "Where am I?"

The old man immediately answered: "In my cottage, under the roof "of a man who owes his portion both "of good and evil to your family. He "has been ruined by *one* branch of "it, but never will forget that he "owes his preservation to *another:* "thank Heaven, he is a Christian, too, "therefore can remember a benefit "whilst he can forget an injury."

His son reddened and stopped him short. "Psha! Father! don't talk of "*injuries.*"

" Well, well, boy, I will not: t'was
" wrong, very wrong!"

" How do you feel yourself now,
" Sir?" gently murmured Adelaide, in a tone which gave a pleasing tremor to every fibre in my agitated frame. I cast my eyes around, and was equally surprised at the appearance of the cottage and of its tenants.

The furniture of the former had nothing rich, nothing valuable to set it off; and yet all was arranged with such simple elegance, that it bore the appearance of the residence of grace and taste. It was hung with drawings from Telemachus. Simple wild-flowers scented the apartment: their colours were mingled with such chaste propriety, yet combined with such lively negligence, that imagination cannot picture a more delightful scene than the

the one which now dawned on my reviving senses.

I was soon given to understand that I was in the cottage of old Cuthbert, a tenant of my father's, with whom he had formerly maintained many violent disputes, and carried on a tedious and vexatious law suit. I knew he had suffered many heavy *calamities* from our family, but was at a loss to guess how he could have been at all *benefited* by it. All parties denied me the slightest intelligence on this topic. I had sunk at their door wounded and in distress: they had never once given themselves the trouble of remembering *who* it was; it was quite enough for them, to know it was a fellow creature in *want of assistance.* I found that I had lain helpless and senseless for some time, every creature being too well employed to run to our mansion to

give information of the danger I was in.

Now my senses were recovered the young Frederick shook me cordially by the hand, and wished me better, with a look which appeared to be prompted by the most energetic benevolence. He told me he would now go for my father and a physician: then darted out of my sight. He soon returned with *both* the persons he had been seeking. To see the author of my being in tears, affected me more than all the anguish I endured. It was as much as his friend the doctor could do to keep him within any tolerable bounds. Yet, even at this crisis, his pride conquered his affections. His sorrow was not so much excited for his *son* as for his *heir*: I am sorry to add, if that heir had been fool or villain, his feelings would yet have been keen and pungent. He took

no

no notice of any one person present: he did not even thank my preservers for the care they had taken of me; but sat down lamenting by my bed-side, without betraying any symptoms of emotion for the feelings of others.

The physician assured him my life would be in danger if he attempted to remove me from my present situation: he added, at the same time, an assurance of my meeting every attention from the worthy little family by which I was surrounded.

The benevolent eagerness of their looks confirmed the promise which had been made in their names. My father quitted them without the least notice or attention: he received their assistance as a *tribute* due to his importance. The conduct of their imperious landlord neither shocked nor surprised them. My father told me he would see me

every day, and hit upon some plausible invention for concealing my accident from my mother.

In the cottage of Cuthbert I passed the happiest moments I had ever known during my life. Nature appeared to me in a new garb: it was sure to be an *enchanting*, for it was a *natural* one. The mists of prejudice were dispersing before my eyes. I thought I had at length discovered *why* I had not been *happy*. I had hitherto vegetated a mere insulated being: I had been accustomed to *look* upon, to *speak* to the rest of my species; but this was *all*. I had never yet participated in those luxuries which arise from an intercourse of HEARTS; from the delightful mixture of the social affections!!! In the conversation of Adelaide I forgot the torments I must otherwise have endured, from the very dangerous way in which my

my limb had been fractured. She spoke without art, yet persuasion and conviction hung upon her lips. Various as her accomplishments were, she never made the least parade about them: her remarks flowed sensibly and naturally. I now imagined I had been fortunate enough to attach three human beings to me on my *own* account: I was about to suffer a most severe disappointment.

Adelaide, simple as nature in the first spring of the world, confessed that she felt much interested in my fate, and never should be happy until she beheld me perfectly recovered. I thanked her with transport, and was pouring forth the effusions of my soul in the most ardent acknowledgments, when she stopped me short, by assuring me that she must have been the worst girl in the world, had she neglected any thing

in her power to serve and assist me, had it been only for the sake of my *dear, dear,* brother, to whom I bore so very strong a resemblance.

" How," faultered I: " is it then " to *him* I am indebted for your friend- " ship, Adelaide?"

" SURELY," replied the artless girl, a tear quivering in her eye, " that name " must be ever dear to *me* and *mine.* " Good Heavens! What do we not " owe his goodness? The life and li- " berty of a father! He gave me books, " too, my dearest companions, in whose " society I can never be idle or un- " happy."

I eagerly requested to know how my brother had been fortunate enough to occasion so much happiness. She fell on her knees, and then clasping her hands together, while her fine blue eyes were turned upwards to the seat of light

and mercy, invoked a fervent blessing on his head. I observed that to his name she frequently added that of Juliana Sendon. It was now evident that Gustavus, the apparently sullen and morose Gustavus, had turned his pensive solitary rambles to the noblest of all human purposes, the relief of the sufferer; to the pious act of pouring the oil of mercy on the wounds of the afflicted! Oh Fortune! Fortune! thou indeed *art* blind. What were the advantages of a few hours, days, or years? My brother had the start of me in virtue: *I* was born to *inherit* the estate, *he* to *deserve* it.

CHAPTER III.

THE more I investigated the conduct of Gustavus the greater cause I found for admiration of his sentiments, his principles, and his character. I had neglected the talent entrusted to my care; *he*, on the other hand, had been active to *create* the means of benevolence which fortune had denied him. The favourite of Sir George Sendon's daughter, he had participated in her morning walks, and helped her to discover the mansions of the afflicted. Sir George was liberal in the extreme to this *only* child: she had but to *ask*, and gold to him was dross when weighed against

against her happiness. I was perfectly amazed when I heard the sum of good these young playfellows had been in the daily habit of doing.

The poor of the village hardly looked on them as human creatures, but worshipped them as two descended guardian angels. Cuthbert, the owner of the cottage, stood forth a memorable instance of their indefatigable benevolence.

Cuthbert had been a soldier in his early years, he was a junior branch of a very respectable family: the only patrimony his father could leave him was a blessing, an education, and a sword. Cuthbert fought his way to the rank of lieutenant. He was early in life united to a beautiful and accomplished young woman, the daughter of a friend and fellow soldier. The story was *romantic*.

On

On an evening previous to a celebrated action, the comrade of Cuthbert was remarkably low spirited. Cuthbert begged, with all the unfeigned energy of friendship, to be made acquainted with the cause of his dejection. His fellow soldier grasping him by the hand, told him he was convinced that he should not survive the next day's battle: he had no weak regret at quitting life, save that his heart bled for a lovely girl he must leave behind him, exposed to all those perils which attend the painful progress of a susceptible mind through an ill judging and unfeeling world. Cuthbert swore never to desert the daughter of Howard. The fears of the father were prophetic: he was shot the next day; yet had he the consolation of expiring in the arms of his friend, who eagerly leaped forward to catch him as he fell.

The

The dying man smiled in his face with an expression of placid confidence and went without a groan. Cuthbert religiously performed the promise he had made, and was shortly after united to the daughter of Howard. They had a hard struggle through a world strewed with thorns and briers: two children consoled them for all the ills of life.

The wounds poor Cuthbert was unfortunate enough to receive in various engagements at last disabled him for the service, and hard necessity compelled him to retire with his infant family to a small cottage.

He had a slender annuity; yet still, had he not exerted himself with unconquerable industry, his expenses must have far exceeded his confined income. By his skill in the cultivation of a small garden at the back of his cottage, he contrived

contrived to supply his family with many of the necessaries of life: he was attentive to his poultry, and a cow which he kept afforded them most of their luxuries. The vine climbed with fantastic embrace about his little white mansion, the wild rose and the honeysuckle twisted around the window and breathed odours on the tenants within. The wife of Cuthbert was a woman of refined taste. Her father, in his days of prosperous fortune, took care to have her instructed in drawing, music, and the living languages: these she had preserved amid the frowns of adversity and the rack of wealth. Her father had been stripped of all save his books, by passing his word for a villain: these descended as a sole legacy to his child: it was an invaluable one, for with them she formed the minds and hearts of her little ones.

Frederick

Frederick as he grew up was often obliged to attend his father in the laborious exercises of the garden and the field, of course he caught a glimpse of science when he could: Adelaide appeared to snatch instruction like one *inspired*. Her mind was so comprehensive that she could grasp many objects at once, yet so well regulated, that one idea was never confounded nor obliterated by another.

At ten years old her favorite author was Telemachus, and at that early period she had many of the passages by heart. She was the darling of her father's soul, and her cherub smiles supported him through the most dreadful trial that can afflict a sensible heart.

His amiable helpmate had always been of a delicate constitution. Her unremitting attention to the education of her little ones, had shattered her nerves

nerves and impaired their vigour: whenever she wished to instil any new acquirement into the mind of her daughter, she would sit up whole nights to attain it *herself*. The humble sphere, too, in which she was destined to move, precluded her from a life of mere *contemplation*; the exertion of the *corporeal* was super-added to the fatigues of the *mental* faculties. Her husband often with tears in his eyes implored her not to waste her strength with such unremitted labor; but he begged in vain: she saw *him* toiling for the support of his family, and she both *felt* and *rejoiced* to feel, that heaven had allotted *her* a share in rearing the tender plants she had produced. She took a pride in reflecting that the noblest portion of the task was *hers*, that portion which related to their minds: she felt the sublimity of her employment, and resolved

to

to render herself worthy of officiating at the shrine of nature in one of her noblest sacrifices. Under these trials she sunk; but she sunk with dignity, and with the self-approving consciousness of having completed her task. She had convinced her infants of the beauty of virtue, not by cold *precept*, but by active illustration: she had formed their minds in the midst of solitude and poverty; she had seen them blossom in the desart, and had "opened paradise in the wild."

Her life was amiable and her death was not less so. After enduring the confinement of a lingering illness with the patience of an angel, when at length even hope was abandoned, she called her husband to her bed-side: her two children kneeled down before her and she invoked a blessing on their heads. When the feelings of the husband

band could be no longer smothered and stifled groans broke forth, she placed her fevered hand in his, and pointed to the children. They ran towards her, she smiled on them with affection, and breathed her last in the action of recommending them to the care and fortitude of their father. Cuthbert endured this heavy blow just as his girl had attained her tenth year. His wife was buried in his little garden, and with her all his earthly joys.

From this sad moment the youthful Adelaide roused every faculty of her soul: she felt that exertion on her part would be necessary, as she was now by nature bound to supply the loss which a loved father had sustained. She was successful in these efforts, even beyond her utmost expectations. Time at length blunted the edge of her parent's woe and soothed him to tranquillity.

All

All went on tolerably for some years. On the arrival of Sir George Sendon with his daughter at our family mansion, plans were formed which menaced my repose and that of this little family. In former times our ancestors had been the proprietors of every shed and acre for many miles around them. The imprudence of my father had formerly somewhat diminished the widely extended domains of his progenitors. In his necessities he (to arrange the payment of certain *debts of honor*) had been compelled to cut down his trees, to sell his lands, and part with a number of his houses and cottages to the best bidders: until, the bare dwelling-house, a few acres round it, and a decreased revenue, now bounded the prospects of a man, for whose extensive ambition empires, states, and kingdoms would have appeared confined

and

and narrow. He eagerly thirsted to see his family reinstated in their former honors: for this purpose Sir George Sendon was the most proper man he could have met with in the world. High in wealth, *alliance* was what he sought for. The Landford family seemed to promise him every gratification of this nature. He willingly agreed to *advance* a large portion of the fortune he was to give me with his daughter, that my father might be able to revive his fading dignities.

He had therefore re-purchased a large tract of land, formerly annexed to our estates. One trifling circumstance, however, impeded his felicity: every acre, for a great extent of land, was now his own, with the exception of the little spot on which the cottage of Cuthbert was erected, the old soldier holding it on an unexpired lease. Now for

for the improvements which had been projected, it was necessary that this cottage should be levelled with the ground; a new family mansion was to be erected near it, and the place where the little garden stood was to be covered with a grand range of stables.

The steward waited upon the owner and made his proposals, which, to the astonishment of every one, were steadfastly resisted. Premium on premium was offered, yet still the veteran was inflexible. The fact was, that Cuthbert had much of the *enthusiastic* in his nature. He had *superstitions*, too, of a peculiar kind. In this little nook of ground lay the hallowed remnants of all that once was *dear* to him: he looked upon her grave with a kind of *religious* awe. To remove her body from the spot her virtues had consecrated, would have been to him the worst of

impieties

impieties: to suffer the earth she had hallowed to be debased by the purposes proposed, was a thought from which his soul recoiled with horror and disgust. My father, enraged at his pertinacity, gave orders to his lawyer to proceed against him. This unworthy member of his noble profession, let his employer understand, that although he could not hope to gain his point by the aid of either equity or justice, yet that if he would empower him to proceed, his opponent might be reduced by the unequal war of purses to such extremities, as to be compelled either to fly the country, or throw himself on the mercy of the superior he had thus rashly offended. Cuthbert stood unshaken amidst the storm; but as the attorney had predicted, his purse was soon exhausted, though his spirits were not. About this time young Frederick and Gustavus

chanced

chanced to meet each other: the young rustic, fired with the wrongs of his father, smiled contemptuously: Gustavus, ignorant of the cause, and incapable either of insulting or bearing an insult from any one, immediately challenged him to fight him on the spot. Strong as the young cottager was from hard labor, my brother had so much advantage over him in point of skill and agility that he soon closed the eyes of his antagonist, who continued fighting on, like a lion, in darkness. Gustavus, generous as he was brave, declared that he would continue the combat no longer. The furious Frederick still rushed upon him, whilst he continued merely parrying off his blows, until a third person made his appearance. This third person was no other than Cuthbert himself, who had descried the combat at a distance, and whilst running

ning forward to put a period to it, had witnessed the forbearing gallantry of Gustavus towards his son. When interrogated by his father, Frederick candidly owned he had been the aggressor, not having received the slightest provocation from his antagonist. Gustavus by this time, began to be charmed by the generosity of his enemy, and strolled onwards with the father and son till all three found themselves imperceptibly at the door of the cottage. Cuthbert asked Gustavus to walk in; the request was complied with.

Frederick, wounded as he was, here recapitulated the whole story so much to his own disadvantage that his sister was charmed with the bravery and humanity of the young conqueror.

From her lips my brother first learned the sorrows of this little family, as Cuthbert

Cuthbert and his son were both too high-minded to complain to him of what they imagined he was as well acquainted with as themselves. Here, however, they were very much deceived, as neither Gustavus nor myself had any suspicion of the harsh measures which had been adopted.

My brother was both shocked and hurt at the system of oppression thus opened to his view: every feeling of his heart and mind revolted from what he heard; and when he remembered that these transactions were taking place for *my* future aggrandisement, in his abhorrence of the *effects*, he did not allow himself time to recollect that I was innocent of the *cause* of this distress.

Oh! had he *consulted* me, by joining him in the heavenly task of righting the oppressed, our natures might have

assimilated, our hearts united, and the seeds of fraternal affection taken root in our bosoms! Prejudice, and the misplaced partiality of our parents, had blighted all the lovely produce of this golden harvest. He knew not the heart of his brother! In happiness he was *my* superior: I had no bosom on which I could repose my hopes, confide my sorrows, or deposit the secrets of my soul; he had a gentle, an amiable one!

Juliana Sendon gave him the preference over me, because she saw every other person ranged under my standard: yet was the distribution an unfair, an unequal one. What are crowds of *Parasites* and *Sycophants*, weighed against the solid value of *one* well-tried *friend?* The comparison is ridiculous! Without the cordial drop of confidence, wealth is a burthen, and greatness an incumbrance.

incumbrance. No sooner did Gustavus, the neglected brother, hear the woes of Cuthbert, than he sighed to alleviate them. He knew he had but little interest in the hearts of his parents: to have sought redress from them, he felt, would have been a fruitless undertaking; in me he placed no sort of confidence. In despair, he was on the verge of giving up the cause he had espoused, when he saw Juliana Sendon bounding towards him; health and benevolence blushing on her cheek, and sparkling in her eye. She took him by the arm as she was wont, and begged him to shew her some pretty walk. In his strolls he had marked the country for many miles round, and could select the bold, the soft, the romantic or the terrific, as it suited the fancy of his interesting companion. A lucky thought darted across his mind at the moment

she made her request: he gently led her to the cottage of old Cuthbert; Adelaide came out to meet him. Juliana heard the whole of this little history with tears, tears which flowed from a double cause; the sorrows of the Cottagers was one, but their chief source was an ardent admiration of the goodness, generosity, and delicacy of Gustavus. When she came to converse with Adelaide she was quite thunderstruck: she visited her every day, and begged to be allowed the gratification of calling her by the name of friend: Adelaide blushed consent. Juliana played over all her fascinating arts to captivate her father, and Sir George, who lived but in her smiles, asked what he could do to contribute to her happiness? She seized the propitious moment, threw herself at his feet, and conjured him, as he valued her peace

of mind, to exert his influence in the behalf of Cuthbert. Sir George clasped her to his heart; a stream of rapture gushed down his cheek as he complied with this request.

He had great difficulty in diverting my father from the plans of vengeance he had been contriving for the humiliation of the old soldier. To submit, in any way, to an inferior, was an idea most painful to his pride. Such, however, were the advantages which circumstances had placed in the power of the Baronet, that he found himself almost compelled to comply with his requests: Cuthbert was therefore released from every perplexity. Gustavus, the agent of all the good which had thus taken place, only wished to remain in obscurity: he knew he was no favorite at home, and feared that his interference might prove an injury to those

he wished to serve. He had some reason; for where partiality is shewn in families, errors are sure to cloud and darken the faculties of all parties concerned: every thing is seen through a false medium; the passions are roused but the judgment is perverted: confusion, hatred, jealousy, and mischief are the bitter fruits of the ungracious seed!! The time was arriving when my brother was to return to his academy. Juliana grew restless and uneasy: he had been her friend and her companion; from him she had no secrets. Her father always supplied her with as much money as she desired: she now grew eager to obtain all she could. Arm in arm, they every day strolled to the cottage of Cuthbert: there she enquired of her sister (the appellation she had now given to Adelaide) the state of all the neighbouring tenantry.

Gustavus

Gustavus sometimes went by himself on the same search, and brought her the little histories of all the unfortunates he had met with in his tour.

CHAPTER IV.

SUCH was the account I received from Adelaide: Oh! how bitter then were my self-reproaches! It is true that I was unconscious of having done any *harm*; but how vile, how negative a praise did this appear, in contradistinction to the godlike attributes of doing good? My bed of sickness had been to me my best school of humanity. From the hour that Adelaide concluded her little history, I formed a fixed and solemn resolution to examine my heart and model it anew; to make every concession to my brother, and never to be at rest till I had regained

ed his confidence and secured his affections. I clearly saw that our mutual coldness had originated in the mismanagement of others. I flattered myself it was not yet too late for the accomplishment of these delightful visions: the voice of nature was new to my ear and every accent vibrated on my heart strings.

My father with his physician visited me every day. No poor wretch dreading the amputation of a limb, ever looked with more anxious enquiry into the face of a surgeon. My feelings were, however, very different from those of ordinary patients: I *feared* my recovery as heartily as they usually *pray* for theirs.

The fatal sentence would tear me from the cottage of Cuthbert, from Adelaide, from all I now held dear on earth. Her sense, her filial piety, her

unassuming feeling manners, had made a convert of me. She sometimes read to me for hours together: then would I rivet my eyes upon her face, to mark the fine, the variegated emotions pencilled by that glorious artist, *Nature*, upon her animated countenance. How did I wish Fate had ordained me her brother, or that Fortune had made her my *Equal*. My Equal! Rash, vain, presumptious man that I was! In every thing she was my SUPERIOR; in all that gave dignity to reason, grace to virtue, or glory to humanity!!! I need scarcely add, that esteem was soon converted into passion. The sad moment at last arrived when the physician declared that in three days time I might be removed with safety to my father's house. I shuddered as he pronounced the fatal sentence. My mother had been amused with a fable of my being

on

on a visit with a young nobleman in the neighbourhood, and thus secured from the anxieties she must otherwise have suffered on my account.

As my time for leaving the cottage approached I was pleased to observe a melancholy sadness pervade the features of its tenants. Adelaide seemed to have lost her usual chearfulness. She would sit for a length of time absorbed in silent thought: I could often hear a sigh escape from the bottom of her heart; and once observed tears in her eyes as they were mournfully turned upon me. The day before I left her, I placed a ring on her finger, and sadly murmured, "I must leave you, "Adelaide: would that my wound "had proved incurable. The sufferings "of this moment exceed all I have "hitherto endured. A few days will "pass

" pass away, my memory will be obli-
" terated from your mind, and I shall
" then be to Adelaide as though I *ne-*
" *ver had been!* "

Adelaide observed me with an expression which penetrated to my very soul. She mildly reproached me for imagining she could *forget* me: she added, that she would convince me of the injustice I had done her, then opening the port-folio where she kept her drawings, produced a head which I immediately knew to be my own.

" This is traced from *memory*," said she: " judge then if it is not more re-
" tentive than you have imagined. "

I was petrified with surprise and pleasure. I seized her hand, whilst I passionately exclaimed, " Am I, am I
" then so blest? Does the happy
" Mowbray *share* with Gustavus in the
" heart of Adelaide? "

She

She blushed and trembled; then with an air of candour and ingenuity, which art could neither imitate nor describe, frankly told me, she felt more interested for *me*, than she had done for my *brother*: she confessed, that it would give her the most sincere satisfaction to *hear* of him, yet she thought that to *know* he was happy would be sufficient for her tranquillity; but that her repose would depend on *seeing* me so. The artless creature then knew not that this was the most ample confession of love.

Unconscious of our actions, we pledged our young and inexperienced hearts to each other. I had plighted my faith to a peasant: I, the son of the proudest man in England!

My father entertained not the least suspicion of this nature: he considered himself and family so highly exalted above the rest of the world, that he would

would have thought the circumstance *impossible*. Unluckily for his prejudices, my heart had undergone a thorough revolution: every trace of my former opinion was worn away; visions of the most soft, tender, and romantic nature, had seized my soul, and taken possession of its every faculty. I frequently visited at the cottage, where I was ever welcomed with smiles, The fine eyes of Adelaide sparkled as I approached; never was man more honorably, more deeply enamoured. I had not courage to drop one hint of this before my parents: such a confession would have ruined my hopes for ever! My prospects of reconciliation with my brother, too, were all most unhappily frustrated. A new theme of dispute had arisen from his lofty disposition. He was now arrived at an age when it was necessary that some provision should be made for him.

him: a very advantageous proposal presented itself which was to forward him in the army, but money was requisite for the accomplishment of it. He was now so accustomed to live with Colonel Raynall, that the worthy veteran viewed him in the light of a son. Had he possessed the wanted sum, Gustavus need not have made application to any one; but this not being the case, he wrote his desires to his parents. My father had great projects in my favor then revolving in his brain; to them he had consecrated every guinea he could raise: he was, therefore, unwilling to spare so much to a younger son. Unknown to me, and not content with refusing his petition, he accompanied his denial with expressions which stung him to the soul. He sent an answer, which purported that he would no longer be considered a burthen

then on any of his relatives, and from that moment gave up every claim on all who were connected with him. Shortly afterwards we received a letter from Colonel Raynall, informing us that the high-minded young man had suddenly left his house and was gone—he knew not *whither*. My heart died within me on the reception of these melancholy tidings. He had flown from me, and without knowing how much I both loved and admired him! He had every reason to think me selfish, mean, and ungenerous; that he had been denied the *necessaries* of life, to pamper me in *luxuries!* Innocent as I was, I was shocked to think of his treatment. I communicated all these regrets to my lovely Adelaide. She shed many a precious tear to the memory of her young benefactor; but, at the same time, comforted me with assurances which tended

ded more to lighten that dead weight with which my heart was oppressed, than all the labored arguments of Philosophy could have effected. Cuthbert wished to Heaven he knew *where* he was, that he might have immediately conveyed his little all to him. Spite of the jargon of would-be sceptics and philosophers, the heart of man is *naturally* prone to gratitude, and kindness to inferiors is seldom seed cast on a barren soil! Time at length soothed our regrets; but a storm was now gathering which seemed to menace the destruction of our tranquillity.

My father, one morning, called me into his study, and, in a long discourse, recapitulated all he had done for me from my childhood; told me how much both the world and himself would now expect from me; and concluded by informing

forming me, that he was in daily expectation of the arrival of Sir George Sendon, requesting me to hold myself in readiness to accept the hand of Juliana.

I trembled and turned pale. Sternly eyeing me, he thus addressed me: "I "know, though I have thought pro- "per to *conceal* my knowledge, of your "attachment to that cottage girl, that "Adelaide. I have been silent, be- "cause I know boys will be foolish, "and cannot suppose you have any ho- "norable——"

"How, Sir; and can you think I "would couple *her* name with *disho-* "*nor?*"

He measured me from head to foot. "Mowbray! Mowbray! do I dream? "Quick answer, marriage? No! no! "no! you cannot. Swear, this mo- "ment swear, you *do* not mean it."

I

I hesitated: his frame became convulsed; he hid his face with his hands, heaved a deep groan, and sunk upon a sofa.

CHAP-

CHAPTER V.

When my father recovered from this paroxysm of rage, he wildly rolled his eyes around the room. I approached and gently tried to soothe his agitated spirits. He started from my touch as if he had come in contact with a serpent: he raved like a mad person, accusing me of baseness, perfidy, and ingratitude. When the storm of his passion had subsided he burst into tears, declaring he was justly punished for his behaviour to a son who had never either offended or disgraced him. I threw myself on my knees, and with swimming eyes besought him to compose

pose himself, as it wrung me to the soul to see him thus affected. I acknowledged that my brother was an object infinitely more worthy his attentions than myself, and offered to make any legal surrender of my own claims in his favor. This concession was of no avail: I was his *eldest* son: I might sign away the fortune to another; but *fortune* was not the *object* of Sir George Sendon. I was Heir-at-Law to Lord Rothvale, neither his Lordship nor his brother having any children. Sir George's heart was fixed on the earldom: the *title*, not the *man*, was his principal object.

Though affected by my father's sorrow, I could not avoid thinking that sorrow rather unreasonable. Had attachment to me been his *sole* motive, I could willingly have sacrificed every hope, every wish of my heart to his felicity;

licity; but it was too evident that he wished to devote my happiness to the shrine of his own ambition. He had been persuaded that I considered Adelaide as my mistress, and therefore flattered himself that a slight pension would have adjusted every difficulty.

To all I could now say he only replied by asking the following question in a voice like thunder:

"Will you SWEAR to marry Julia-"na?"

No evasion would answer the purpose. I endeavoured to retire. He caught me by the arm, and employed every method disappointment and fury could suggest. Had he tried the force of tenderness, I had been lost; the tempest was my safeguard. I broke from his grasp, was rushing out of the room: he knelt down, clasped his hands together, and was beginning to imprecate

imprecate a curse on my head. My blood curdled. "Hold! oh, hold!" I shrieked in an accent of horror, and clasping his knees dropped down before him. When my mother entered the room a ray of hope warmed my heart. "She is a woman (said I to myself), "kind, good, and gentle; she can feel "for my situation with a woman's ten- "derness: a better advocate, or one "more qualified to plead my cause, I "cannot have."—I was mistaken, however, in the estimation I had formed. My mother had many virtues; but she was a mate for my father in that error which lost the angels Paradise.

Her pride could only be equalled by that of her husband. When she heard the origin of the tumult which had taken place, her indignation went even beyond *his:* her anger, indeed, was not so *loud;* but, her silence rendered

her resentments more deep and more terrific. Summoning all the dignity she could muster, she exhorted her lord not to degrade himself by making farther conditions with a son who was capable of acting as I had done; then calmly led him out of the room, telling me, as they disappeared, that unless I thought fit to appease the parental affection I had violated, I had nothing either to hope or expect from any interference of *hers* in my behalf. With these parting injunctions they left me to my contemplations. All that had hitherto passed of my life now seemed like the broken fragments of some unconnected dream. How horrid was the alternative my fate now set before me! To live under the curses of those to whom I owed my being! great Heaven! the thought was *dreadful!!!* Could there be a pang so keen? Oh, yes,

yes, there was. I felt there was. What! renounce my Adelaide for ever! give up my hand to another, when every wish, hope, and object of my heart was hers, and hers *alone!* See her no more!—impossible! Half frantic with contending passions, I rushed out of the house. I roved in vacancy: a gate impeded my passage; it was Cuthbert's. I entered, scarce conscious where I was or what I was doing. I found Adelaide at her needle; she smiled on me at my entrance, and the sweet simplicity of her countenance ran like iron through my heart. She told me her father had been just summoned by a servant to our house. I now saw that all was at stake: I well knew neither promises nor threats would be spared to influence the mind of Cuthbert. I felt that a sentence would in a few short moments be pronounced that might for

ever tear me from my Adelaide. I cast myself at her feet, told her the whole of my calamitous story, and conjured her to fly with me to some spot, where, unmolested by the prejudices of the ill-judging, I might make her my own, by the nearest, dearest, and tenderest of titles. Heaven, I was sure, would never abandon two hearts, pure and guileless as ours: industry would enable us to brave distress, and that thousands of families were, at that moment, supporting themselves by their own efforts. I concluded by calling heaven to witness, in the most solemn manner, that honest indigence with her would to me be infinitely preferable to every luxury without her. She was moved, she was affected by my sorrows. I caught her in my arms: she hung on my neck: I felt her tears trickling on my face. Oh heaven, what a sensation was that! As

I strained

I strained her to my bosom the door suddenly flew open. Adelaide looked wildly round the room: it was Cuthbert; it was her father who stood before her. Pale, breathless, and disordered, he stammered out: "you "must leave this house, you must enter "it *no more*."

"Cuthbert! my father! my friend!"

"Young man! young man! But I "will not upbraid you. No! no! the "fault has been equally mine. It was "the height of folly not to know, "that friendship for me and my son "was quite out of the question: I "should have remembered that you "were young and my daughter——"

"An angel," cried I.

"Aye, young Sir, an angel she *is*, "though I her father say so; and little "as your family may think of the "daughter of Cuthbert, she has had

" offers from .... No more of that.—
" She is descended from a race—but I
" would not affront you.—Well, well!
" your father, Sir, has just sent for me:
" he accuses me of wishing to *entrap* his
" son into a marriage which would dis-
" grace his family. My daughter *dis-*
" *grace!* the proud! but he is your fa-
" ther; the father of Gustavus. I have
" told him he may set his heart at rest:
" I have a spirit high as his own. I
" have pledged my word to him that
" you come no more to my cottage:
" then, Sir, as you value the honor of
" a soldier, or the reputation of a sol-
" dier's child, I beg that we may never
" see your face again."

I turned my eye on Adelaide, and we surveyed each other with looks that mocked description. At that moment Frederick entered the cottage: he gazed with astonishment, as he surveyed the

the statues of dumb despair which stood before him. His father related all that had happened. "Father! father! you "are too hasty," said he: "I know "they love each other, and why should "you perplex them so?"

"*Why!* do not his family despise "us?"

"Well, father, and who is to blame "for that? poor Mowbray does not "despise us. Only look at him: his "heart is ready to break. Would you "kill *him* for what his father does? "Now, that seems to me, just as if I "was to beat our lamb, because the "sheep had broke through the hedge."

I saw that Frederick was my friend, I grasped him by the hand. Cuthbert stood musing and suspended. He looked me and his daughter wistfully in the face: he saw that the sorrows there depicted were not *feeble* ones: he was

agitated, he leaned his grey head downward and hid his face in his hands. I hoped that the ice at his heart was beginning to thaw. At that instant I caught the eye of Adelaide: we both approached and dropped on our knees before him. He felt the force of the appeal nature made to his heart: he advanced, extended his arms over our heads in the attitude of blessing us, when.... "DISHONORABLE TRAITOR!" thundered forth a voice, which rivetted us all to the spots where we were placed. I raised my eyes, and saw those of my father glaring full in the face of Cuthbert, with an expression which at once conveyed the idea of anger, sarcasm, and resentment. The cottage was in a moment filled with servants. Cuthbert listened, calm and undaunted, to the injurious epithets which were poured upon him. When the torrent had

had subsided, he raised his head with inexpressible dignity, and spoke as follows:

"Your conduct, Sir, has released "me from a promise, which I *now* own "has been painful to me. You are a "man like myself: I shall therefore "make no more concessions; bind "myself by no more promises. The "young people who now stand before "us are equal in the eyes of their Cre- "ator, they shall henceforward be so "in mine. Heaven has allowed to all "the right of selection, and to heaven "I cheerfully submit."

I must own, this speech comforted my heart, much as I felt for my father's sufferings. He smiled contemptuously at Cuthbert and pointed to me. On the instant I felt myself suddenly elevated on the shoulders of his servants. Every effort at speaking was in vain.

Thy tore me away, with a violence not to be resisted: a carriage was at the door of the cottage; they hurried me quickly into it. I was incapable of speaking, much more so of resisting the rough treatment I encountered.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VI.

My suspense was eased when I found that the chariot stopped at the door of our own mansion. I entered my little study with the sullen dignity of sorrow: but what was my surprise, when I saw iron bars attached to my windows! I eagerly demanded, whether I was a prisoner in my father's house? One of the servants answered me firmly, but respectfully, that strict orders had been given for the alterations which had taken place in the apartment; and that it would be as much as his own, or any of his fellow servants lives were worth, to suffer me to quit

this chamber without the permission of their master. The man then retired, and I heard him carefully slide a large bolt on the outside of the door. My lovely Adelaide now gave me a thousand alarms for her safety: if I was thus hardly used, what might not she be destined to endure? I felt my soul sicken at the thought. My head grew light. I shrieked out her name till fainting nature could support the strife no longer: I then fell into a torpor, an apathy more mournfully terrible than all the agonies which had hitherto lacerated my heart. I must spare the recollection of the dreadful week I then passed. During this time I saw no human countenance, save that of the servant who brought me my solitary meal. Even he was not allowed to converse with me, and the use of pen, ink, and paper, was positively denied me. Oh, soli-

solitude! solitude! thou wert not made for man! Hermits and sages have praised, have practised, yet they never *truly* loved thee. No! no! pride may have made them carry on the solemn farce, in hope of admiration from a staring multitude; but their hearts must have belied their boastings: they have envied the beggar, who, after passing through his day of degradation, cold, and hunger, could retire to a circle of faces like his own, record his sufferings, and relieve them by the drop of holy pity.

In contemplations of this nature did I employ many hours of my confinement. Lucky was it for me that I could sometimes steady my imagination with these sorts of disquisitions; had it not been thus diverted, solitude and disappointed love had urged me on to *madness*. My mother at length came to

to visit me: she appeared somewhat softened, but still spoke of my attachment to Adelaide with the most indignant loftiness. She told me, she had at length, with much difficulty, prevailed on my father to see me, and advised me to make a generous struggle, by sacrificing my own happiness to that of a parent, whose very anger towards me arose from the excess of his affection. I could not help saying: "Ah! "madam, rather call it his *ambition*; "an ambition which would violate the "sacred rights of love, of nature, of "humanity." Her reply chilled my very heart. "Well, *be it* ambition, "since you *will* have it so, ungrateful "Mowbray. What are you to gain "by a resistance to his wishes? You "must irritate *him*, expose *yourself* to "a life of dreary solitude, and heap eternal

" eternal poverty and sorrow on the " head of Adelaide."

Ah! there the blow was felt. My Adelaide! my soul! my all! And could I have exposed her to want and sorrow? *her*, for whose lightest wish I could have died with joy? At this moment my father entered. He extended his hand: upon my knees I pressed it to my parched and burning lips, in broken-hearted humility. He calmly raised me, and after many heart-rending expressions, told me, he hoped I by this time saw the full folly of my conduct: that it was not yet too late for penitence, as he came to rouse me from my error and open the door of my prison.

He then desired me to speak and decide my own destiny. After a moment of reflection I solemnly replied, that nothing could ever eradicate my sense of

of filial duty from my heart. I acknowledged the rights of parental authority: that I owed my *life* to him; but that heaven had endowed me with a gift more valuable than life itself, the freedom of the *mind*. I urged my promises, my *oaths*.

That excuse, he told me, should no longer serve to countenance me in my rebellion. He rung the bell distinctly thrice. A cold dew burst from my forehead: I earnestly gazed on the countenances of my father and mother; but all there was dark, mysterious, and *terrific*.

A servant answered the signal my father had given. A man followed him, muffled up in a cloak. He uncovered his face—it was Cuthbert.

I collected all my spirits. In a few seconds after Adelaide came in; pale, trembling, her hair flowing wildly over her

her shoulders. My mother addressed her as she rose to meet her: "You are "a sweet girl, and are come in time "to give a fit lesson to a very unwor- "thy young man. We will not dis- "tress your feelings by our presence; "only remember your *promise* and be "*firm*."

My parents quitted the apartment. Adelaide raised her tearful eyes to mine: her feelings were too much for her, and she hid her beautiful head in the bosom of her father. I ran towards her, and passionately seizing her hand, devoured it with my kisses.

"You leave me, then, Adelaide? "You abandon me for ever? I see, "I read, I feel it in your looks!!!"

"Ah my beloved, my still revered "Mowbray, speak not with such re- "proach to your poor heart-broken "Adelaide! I was lately resolved to

"share

" share my sad fate with you, and *join*
" to pay the forfeit of our luckless
" loves. I have now thought better,
" and am resolved (wishing you every
" felicity) to be the *only* victim of the
" error I have so fondly cherished."

" Felicity! what's that! without
" *thee?* Oh barbarous! barbarous
" Adelaide!"

Assuming an air of indescribable dignity, she then *released* me from all my vows; and added, that by removing herself for ever from my sight, she hoped my heart and mind would in time regain their wonted tranquillity, and my family be restored to the repose she had so unfortunately disturbed ..... Ye who have feelings, *ye* can conceive my agonies!!! All my tears, all my prayers, were ineffectual. Adelaide, convinced she had an heroic duty to go through, was determined to perform

perform it like *herself*. I addressed her mournful, sobbing father:

"Oh, Cuthbert! Cuthbert! plead "for me, save me: snatch me from "the horrors that surround me!"

He folded me to his heart, and with mingled tears and groans replied:

"Alas! alas! you touch me to the "quick. You know how much I once "loved you: how fondly I once che- "rished the idea of . . . But I was "vain: I was foolish. *Misery* must "be the consequence of your perseve- "rance: misery to my child and *ruin* "to myself."

These last words acted like an electrical stroke upon Adelaide. She collected all her fortitude and spoke as follows:

"Saints and Angels witness, my "dear Mowbray, how much this part- "ing shocks me; but an imperious

"duty

" duty now calls upon me for exertion.
" At this moment a carriage is waiting
" to bear me from you *for ever*. Re-
" solutely I enter it: resolutely I retire.
" Yet whatever be my fate" . . . .
Unwilling tears choaked her utterance.
She was recovered by the entrance of a servant, who in a low tone announced that the vehicle was ready. Trembling every limb, she regarded me.

" Adieu! adieu! my hour is come!" she cried: Cuthbert, violently moved, could scarcely support her as she fell back in his arms.

I could not stir. My feet were rooted, as by some unseen power, to the spot were I stood.

" Oh *night!* oh *death!*" was all I could exclaim. Shadows danced before my eyes: I caught the servant by the arm: I could scarcely distinguish any thing. I strained my eyes to catch

the

the last glimpse of Adelaide, as she floated out of the apartment.

The servant reached me a glass of water; I swallowed it, and it revived me. My sight began to clear; but the only object which could delight or charm it, was vanished, gone, fled, for ever!!!

Misery; universal triumphant misery! could thy malice be carried farther? Impossible!

CHAP-

CHAPTER VII.

A mournful silence, a suspension of every faculty of my soul, followed the melancholy event I have just been relating. I spoke not; I heeded not any thing which passed around me. A fever followed. My father, my mother, and several of the domestics came to my bed-side; but they glided in and out like unheeded shadows. My heart was chill, cold as marble: not so my frame, that was all one furnace.

My illness abated, but left a languor upon me for many weeks. I was reduced to more than woman's weakness: the jarring of a door made me start, the

the slightest accent of tenderness melted me to tears. I sat for hours together staring on the fire, and would there fancy shapes that fed the deep, the full despair and desolation that possessed me. My parents at times seemed to mourn the dejection they had occasioned. The physician declared that nothing but temporary dissipation could remove the alarming symptoms my health was attacked with. A journey to London was proposed. All places were alike to me, and I readily complied. I left the habitation of my ancestors without a sigh: the proud pile had charms for my parents, to me it had *none*.

We passed the cottage of *Cuthbert*; it was almost a *ruin*. The windows were broken, the honeysuckles lay neglected on the ground; all was sad as the sigh I heaved from the bottom of my heart. I saw London

don without emotion. We put up at a large hotel were Sir George and his daughter were waiting for us.

It was now some time since I had seen Juliana: her figure was improved, and she might with justice have been termed a beautiful young woman. But what was beauty *now* to me? We were coldly civil to each other, but we were no more. Sir George Sendon observed this formality in our manners, and glanced some very significant looks towards my father: the young lady herself appeared pleased with my indifference.

Colonel Raynall was now in town. He waited on my parents and was coldly received. I contrived, however, to take him apart, and inquire whether he had gleaned any tidings relative to my brother. With tears in his eyes, he assured me he had made every inquiry

quiry concerning him, but to no purpose. The winter rolled on in all the frivolous amusements of the metropolis. My father insisted on my attending Sir George and his daughter to several public places; but I carried thither nothing but a melancholy countenance and an aching heart. From what was going forward, I could not avoid thinking that my father was duping his friend with hopes, it was never my intention to consummate. What could I do? Miss Sendon was so cold and so reserved in her deportment towards me, that I dared not open my mind to *her*. Nothing could exceed the perplexities of my situation: I was perpetually compelled to appear in public with Juliana, and public report was thus corroborated. This farce was carried on through two whole years.

A heavy gloom saddened her coun-

nance; and the frequent sighs which escaped her, when unobserved by her father, gave evident tokens that all was not well in her bosom. The third winter we spent in London; the news-papers announced our marriage. I could no longer endure the idea of acting with duplicity; I therefore resolved to *write* those sentiments to Miss Sendon, which diffidence forbad my *uttering* to her face. I sat down, thetefore, with an aching heart and trembling hand, and, after many blottings and tearings, produced the following epistle:

"*To Miss Juliana Sendon.*

"MADAM,

"The subject on which I am "now compelled to write is of a na- "ture so very delicate, I am really at "a loss in what terms to address you. "You may have heard, amiable Miss "Sendon,

" Sendon, of the disputes which have
" arisen in our family. I cannot ima-
" gine you ignorant of the *origin* of
" these disputes: permit me, therefore,
" to say, your coldness and silence on
" the subject has much amazed and
" surprised me. With Adelaide, who
" has been torn from me by the vio-
" lence of my friends, I have lost every
" hope, every felicity of life; where-
" ever she may be, my heart is with her.
" What, then, have I to offer any other
" woman? A *hand*, which would be
" the pledge of falsehood! No, love-
" ly Juliana, when I descend so low,
" it shall not be to a heart stored with
" virtue like *yours*: it must be to
" some dull, selfish mortal, willing to
" barter truth and happiness for *interest*.
" If your father is in an error, unde-
" ceive him, I conjure you. I have no
" apprehensions on your *own* account;

" for, though unconscious of having
" merited your coldness, your man-
" ners have been marked too strongly
" to be mistaken by me. You are at
" liberty to read this letter to your pa-
" rent, should you think it expedient;
" and I beg, unhappy as I am, ever to
" be considered,

" Your faithful friend,

" M. L."

It grieved me sincerely to be under the sad necessity of thus constantly pulling down the airy fabrics my parents took such fond delight in raising: but to Adelaide my soul was devoted; Love and Nature had stamped the dear image in my heart, and time only tended to deepen the impression. Miss Sendon's answer to my appeal at length arrived; it was as follows:

" SIR,

" SIR,

" You have, indeed, proved " yourself a man of honor: you have " every right to my *confidence*. I need " not *tell* you, both our fathers are bent " on this unlucky match. What is to " be done? Indulgent on every other " subject, in *this instance* Sir George is " *inflexible*. I have urged every thing; " your love of Adelaide: he answers, " that he is assured you never meant to " *marry* her. . . . . I knew, I admi- " red her virtues: judge, then, my " sentiments of that man, who could " abandon so much truth and purity. " This error is now cleared up, and I " again acknowledge the brother of " Gustavus. What I have said will " account for any seeming coldness in " my manners; I now securely con- " fide in your honor. If you can think " of any *mild* measures to put a period

" to this perplexing affair, you may
" rely on every aid.

" From your friend,

" J. Sexdon."

A melancholy circumstance took place which for a time delayed all explanation. This was the *death* of my mother: that family pride, the source of so many calamitous circumstances to us all, occasioned her dissolution. She was one evening at a large assembly: the room was uncommonly hot: she had ordered her coachman at a certain hour, and the man who had rather overstaid his time, was in such haste to make up for his neglect, that he drove with violence against another vehicle and shattered the windows of his *own* to shivers. The footman gave intimation of the accident. Some young ladies who were present, offered

to

to set my mother down, as they resided in her vicinity. They were the daughters of a very honest and honorable man, who had made a splendid fortune by his mercantile pursuits. My poor mother's pride took the alarm: she feared an exchange of visits might follow the acceptance of this well-intended offer. She coldly rejected the proffered civility, and caught her death from the rain and damp air which poured upon her through the fractured panes. Her illness revived a thousand painful ideas which had lain dormant in my mind. I had hurt her by my obstinacy: I was sorry for it; I would willingly have now devoted my own life for the preservation of *hers*. She seemed moved by my attentions; but, to the last struggle, persevered in the plans which had been formed by my father and herself. She charged me, if ever I again saw

my brother, to let him know that she bequeathed him her forgiveness and her blessing. She wished her fortune had been larger, that she might have left him some more *solid* token of regard: as it *was*, the dignity of an honorable house must *precede* all other considerations.

Peace be to her shade! her virtues were many, and she had but *one foible*: she had *prejudices* which operated against my own peculiar feelings; but I proudly avow, that the turf which covers her sacred remains, covers, at the same time, the relics of truth, honour, charity, sense, and piety.

CHAP.

"on me and the lamented woman now "in Heaven!"

He then firmly read a contract of marriage, and nominated that day three months for the ceremony. I stood aghast, confounded; at that moment I would have given worlds could the earth have opened and swallowed me. A father's fate hung trembling in the scales: a father, too, who had *ruined* himself on my account. To support the dignity of an eldest son, he had plunged himself into expenses which had consumed his means. What was I to do? Adelaide was still triumphant in my heart. He saw me hesitating: he pressed me hard for my answer. I was struggling between the agonies of doubt and fear, when the door flew open and Colonel Raynall entered. He begged us pardon for the liberty he had taken, but hoped

the

sisting on coming to an explanation with Sir George, who, I could perceive, had carefully been kept in ignorance of the real state of my heart. This event she most earnestly desired. She dared not come to this point herself, well knowing how passionately her father's heart was fixed on an intermarriage between the families. Hundreds of parents are daily to be met with, who, like the Baronet, would cheerfully sacrifice almost any thing to gratify their children; destroy their *own* comforts to indulge their most trifling *caprices*; yet will not allow them to adduce *one* argument upon a topic, where no less than their happiness or misery for *life* is concerned. This is a paradox "to "which the time gives proof."

A year rolled heavily away, when my father dropped his mourning, and entered with more eagerness than ever into

He bade me remember that he had every right to dispose of his property, and that the bare *title* of Rothvale was all I was likely to inherit independent of his will and pleasure. Affection, he added, *still* pleaded in my favor, and he was unwilling to give the preference to a brother, hitherto considered in every respect so much my inferior; but that he was resolved no longer to act with injustice towards one, who had hitherto never disgraced him, in favor of a youth who took every opportunity of thwarting all his wishes. I earnestly conjured him to make every compensation to my brother for the hardships he had suffered, and at the same time expressed my readiness to resign every pretension of my own in his favor. I was about to remind him, that his own prejudices, and no *persuasions* of mine, had exposed Gustavus to the trials he had met with;

with; but respect and duty checked the sentiment as it rose. All my humility was not of the least avail; he bade me, sternly, quit his presence, and retire to my own room, where he would send me his written orders. I obeyed him, and, as I gained my chamber, met Miss Sendon hastening to the apartment I had just left. Joy sparkled in her eye.

"Your brother! your brother!" she exclaimed, in accents of gladness, and darted like lightning by me.

I now felt the scene reversing. That Gustavus was the rising sun, to whom every one would soon pay their devotions. I loved him, I esteemed him; yet at the *present* instant could not help a wish to *avoid* him. We had not been cordial when I was the *first* object; then *now* to be so, would have shewn like magnanimity on *his* side, and meanness.

ness on *mine*. No! no! cried I, wiping away a tear, he *would* not suffer me to be dear to him in former times, he *shall* not now. Let me *act* a part foreign to my nature. I had hardly time to make these reflections, before a letter was brought me by a servant. It was from my father, and couched in the following terms:

"As you have made no scruples in "giving me *your* determinations, you "will not be surprised to find me reso- "lute in letting you know *mine*. I suf- "fer no child to act in disobedience to "my commands. I enclose you a bill "for one hundred pounds, with a re- "quest, that if I do not see you in *one* "hour ready to comply with my wishes, "I may *never* see you more. Should "you persist in your present opinions, "I shall have an occasion for your a- "partment *this* EVENING.

"MOWBRAY LANDFORD."

My mind was soon made up. Desirous of not experiencing any humiliation from my brother's acknowledged generosity, I resolved to leave the field open to him. I saw that he was destined to fill my place in the affections of my father, and the heart of Juliana. Happy man! thy love was all I envied. Were Adelaide but mine, thought I, poverty would be a burthen I could bear with smiles. My lot was hard: bred in the lap of luxury, I was now a *wanderer* on the face of the earth. No hope to cheer the deadly sickness at my heart! I yet determined to support my fall with dignity. I would not let Juliana know my destination, convinced she would find her feelings concerned in raising the interest of my brother in my favor. I determined then to take my departure in silence. The servants were rejoicing at the return of Gustavus:

Gustavus: every one seemed eager to review a countenance once so dear, and which absence had rendered still more precious to them. What a contrast to *my* situation! The domestics however, I am convinced, did not, at that time, know of my disgrace; I could not, therefore, blame their happiness.

I gave one of them the following note to my parent; and then, with a heavy heart, launched into the wide world without rudder or compass.

To Mowbray Landford, Sen. Esq.

"Yes, honored Sir, your com-
" mands are now *obeyed*. I do not pre-
" sume to blame them. You have been
" kind, you have been good to me. I
" am unhappy; but, trust me, I ever
" loved and respected you. May Gus-
" tavus make you amends for all my
" errors!

" errors! I shall put up my night
" prayers to heaven for your health and
" happiness! 'Till the last struggle of
" expiring mortality, I shall ever be
" your dutiful,

" Affectionate,
" Unfortunate,

" MOWBRAY LANDRORD."

CHA

CHAPTER IX.

I was now in the midst of a vast metropolis, without any prospect of a future livelihood. Among all the crowds who had bowed and smiled at me in my father's drawing-room, I did not know one person to whom, in my present embarrassed state of affairs, I could apply for comfort, counsel, or relief.

I determined to conceal my name, and hide myself, if possible, from all who had known me in my prosperous days. I wandered from street to street, without meeting any one countenance I had ever seen before. At length the shadows of evening made me recollect that

that it was now high time for me to think of providing myself with a lodging for the night. I walked almost mechanically into a coffee-room in the heart of the city. I resolved to take up my residence hereabouts, as I knew none of my family or acquaintance frequented that part of the town. I walked into this coffee-house, and asked, whether I could be accommodated with a bed? I was answered in the affirmative, and shewn to an apartment. My night was past in very serious meditations. I had now to consider of the sources from whence I was to draw my subsistence. In vain did I rack my invention and put my imagination to the torture. I rose in the morning fevered and undecided. I walked into the public room, and called for breakfast and a newspaper. The politics of the day interested me but little; and, while

while I was listlessly running over the columns, the following advertisement caught my eye.

"Any young man, with a tolerable "knowledge of the French and Ita- "lian languages, and who has no ob- "jection to leaving England for a year "or two, may hear of something to "his advantage, by directing a letter "to Z. B. at the Post-Office."

A ray of hope shot athwart my mind on the perusal of this paragraph: the prospect it held forth had little to charm in the *distance*, yet was something to a man in my forlorn circumstances. Crossed by fortune and by love, to *live* was all that now was needful to me, and I heeded no *how* nor *where*. I instantly dispatched a letter, as appointed in the advertisement, stating my pretensions to the situation there offered. I waited at the coffee-house two successive

cessive days for an answer, and, on the third, received an intimation that I might wait upon the Honorable Mr. Blazon. I attended at the appointed time, and was sometimes kept waiting for hours together and then desired to call again. To me this draught of dependence was a bitter one. Mowbray Landford, the son of one of the proudest men in England, an eldest son, dancing attendance and soliciting for a place! What a school for pride! what a lesson for arrogance! Such things *have* happened, and such things *may* happen again.

At length, however, the Honorable Mr. Blazon made his appearance. He was tall, well made, and appeared to be about fifty-two years of age. His form seemed more debilitated by dissipation than impaired by age. His manners were courteous; but he had not that courtesy which springs from the

the *heart:* and through all his assumed urbanity and shackled graces, a pedantic stiffness shewed, that while the *head* was at work the *feelings* were asleep. I learned from him that he was going abroad for two years to inspect his concerns at *Tobago;* that he had many *foreign* correspondents, and, not understanding French and Italian, was obliged to keep some person to execute that department. As he was soon to set sail, he had not been able to make the requisite inquiries himself, and had been, therefore, advised to *advertise* in the public prints. He was pleased with my appearance, and promised to do all in his power to promote my interests. He added, that he would not talk of *salary* at present, fearing to wound my delicacy, which he perceived was great, for it was his wish to

live with me as with a friend and a companion.

The flattery of Mr. Blazon so completely altered my sentiments concerning him, in one short quarter of an hour, that I felt a real affection for him, and considered him as one of the most amiable, liberal, and accomplished gentlemen the world could produce. He even offered me an apartment in his house till we went abroad; but this kind proffer I had many reasons for rejecting. I saw that he was a man of high fashion and very extensive connection: it was probable, therefore, that he might be acquainted with some of the friends of our family, and an encounter with any of *them* would have been one of the most painfully awkard circumstances that could have possibly occurred to me. I had introduced myself to Mr. Blazon under the name of

Mowbray.

Mowbray. To obviate every difficulty, therefore, I requested permission to remain in my own apartments till the day of our departure, as I wished to provide myself with many things requisite during so long an absence. After several attempts to persuade me to accept the polite tender he had made, he allowed me to follow my own inclinations, simply exacting a promise from me of calling frequently on him.

His condescension towards me increased with every following interview. He asked me a few distant questions concerning my family, but finding the subject was not a pleasing one to me he did not *urge* it. He was willing, he said, to give me every proof of an unbounded confidence, and would take me under his patronage, without troubling me for references to *any* one, being fully convinced that whatever

disputes I might have had with any of my relatives, the fault must have originated on their parts. A great proof of his trust in me, and a vast compliment, which had only *one* draw-back —it was not *sincere*.

I resolved to quit England without letting any one branch of my family know what was become of me. I depended for the present on the money my father had sent me inclosed in his last note; but Mr. Blazon met with so many obstacles to defer his intended expedition, that I began to fear my little fund would be quite exhausted. The time, at length, arrived when we were to set sail for Tobago. I embarked my goods, and, attending Mr. Blazon with a numerous train of his domestics, bad adieu to my native land. I left but little behind me to regret.

It was now long since I had seen my beloved

beloved Adelaide, and though hopeless of again beholding her, her memory still was dear as ever to my affections. Her picture was the only treasure I now possessed on earth. I often walked the deck at midnight, when the pure blue sky was spangled with the stars: the tranquillity of the scene, was congenial with the melancholy which preyed upon my quiet. There I thought often of the angel who had been torn from my arms, and gave with every thought a tear to the ocean below. Our passage was a tedious one: during our voyage I observed with much concern that the manners of Mr. Blazon gradually altered for the worse. The smile on his features gave way to expressions of a more gloomy kind; and I could now perceive, that he was both feared and hated by all who were connected with him. To me he continued tolerably

civil, though I could observe that this was an effort which gave him some pain. He was accustomed to see every one tremble in his presence, and the freedom (though ever tempered with respect) with which I constantly addressed him, seemed far from being agreeable to his haughty disposition.

Mr. Blazon, who had established a very lucrative concern at Tobago, found an elegant mansion ready for his reception, where he resided in all the magnificence of Indian splendour. He had correspondents in all the quarters of the globe, and as he resided more in England than any merchant there, it was his department to fill up posts similar to the one he had allotted me. My occupation was by no means an easy one, as I had to translate and answer letters all day long: in return, however, I had splendid rooms in Mr. Blazon's house,

house, and was attended with the greatest respect. My salary from my employer was not high; but, as all my wishes were gratified at his expense, I had no grounds for complaint.

My patron, Mr. Blazon, was the second son of a nobleman, whose title and fortune, of course, descended to the elder brother: the young man was forced to look out for himself. He obtained a post in the Indies, where he continued for some time. He had the good fortune to make himself agreeable to a young lady, whose father was one of the most considerable traders in Tobago. To marry the daughter of a merchant was disagreeable to young Blazon; but there were so many golden arguments in her favor, that they were irresistible. He led her to the altar of Hymen, and on the death of her father became heir to his whole possessions.

A fever soon carried off the lady; though it was generally believed that her real disorder was a broken heart. Mr. Blazon's brother having no children, he looked proudly to his title. Ashamed of his present circumstances, he never mentioned his family to me; nor did I ever, at that time, take the trouble of inquiring into it: I did not even know he had so noble a relative, he having changed his *real* name. On the death of his wife he went to England, where the two brothers had so violent a quarrel, that neither of them would suffer the other to be mentioned before them. My patron made many voyages to and from his native land. At each visit to England, it seems, he left some artless young woman behind him, to deplore his perfidy and her own credulity. Mr. Blazon, in fact, was what *fashionable* men call a *gallant*, and

what

what *honest* people call a *villainous* man. He thought nothing of ruining every poor girl that came in his way. When he had accomplished his ends, he would retire to his Indian possessions without giving any warning to his victims. Just so the spider, after having feasted on his prey, and thrust his poisoned fangs into the bosom of the frighted fly, drags back his odious form into the dark security of his hiding place.

Had I earlier known the character of this man, I would rather have died than have been indebted to him for the slightest assistance; but his art was equal to his atrocity, and I never suspected him till it was too late to *recede:* till I was far from England; till I had no resource but writing to my father or my brother, and *that* I was resolved to avoid at all hazards. As vice was not contagious, I hoped to steer through

my present situation without stooping to any action unworthy my character. He who loves as I loved Adelaide, who feels the *pure* flame of affection for *one* woman, has entered into a sacred compact with the whole sex: he cannot meditate an evil to *any female* without being a traitor to his vows. Such must be the sentiments of every *really* gallant man.—What are *such* gallant men as Mr. Blazon? Haggard in look, crazy, tottering, bending under premature old age.—Are *these* like men of gallantry? Then tear the roses from the cheeks of Cupid, and place the head of a skeleton on his shoulders, the dart of Death in his hand!!!

Mr. Blazon, after a year's residence at Tobago, began to sigh once more for the pleasures and dissipations of London. He talked of parting with his concerns abroad and settling entirely

ly in England. He was detained, however, the best part of a second year in arranging his business. I, of course, can have little interesting to relate during this period; I shall, therefore, come *at once* to the time of my return to my own country, after a residence of near two years abroad, and several months occupied in my passage backwards and forwards.

My patron was all spirits during our voyage homewards. Released from the shackles of a mercantile life, pleasure and ambition were now his guiding stars. He promised to do wonders for me in time to come. I thanked, but resolved to quit him the first opportunity that occurred, being now convinced that his *heart* was selfish, cold, and hollow, his *manners* superficial, and his *principles* detestable. Gladly did I review my native England, after an ab-

sence which had rendered my country doubly dear to me. Yes, glorious isle, they who leave thee feel thy blessings doubly. The virtues of thy amiable Monarch, the father of the people, thy laws, thy constitution, Imperial Britain, still continue, the pride, envy, and wonder of the world!

THE

THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

ARRIVED at Mr. Blazon's house in London, I began to feel very uneasy lest my situation should be traced by any of my family. I made every inquiry in my power, and was glad to learn that they had all left London. Colonel Raynall was the personage who gave me the greatest grounds of uneasiness; but I was relieved by a piece of accidental information of his having retired to his small estate in Scotland. I de-

I determined to keep as close as possible, and flattered myself with the hope of remaining in obscurity, till some chance occurred of providing myself out of the family of Mr. Blazon. He had now *no longer* any need of my services, and I clearly saw that all his former attentions had originated in *interest*, not *respect*. The thought of owing farther obligations to him was a most painful one: he was now too surrounded by parasites and flatterers of every description. I am thus particular in delineating his character, as these sketches are preparatory to an incident of some moment in the memoirs of my life.

He had taken a house newly built, in a large field, four or five miles from London: the situation was *solitary*, but beautiful. Here we sometimes resided, and here, as the green livery of nature was ever more grateful

grateful to me than the gloom and smoke of cities, I passed many happy hours. Mr. Blazon had never, hitherto, injured my feelings by any insulting proposal, and the respect he paid me in this particular tended to alleviate my disgust at my situation. One day, however, he told me in a laughing manner, that he had an affair to communicate to me, in which I might be of some service to him. I bowed. He desired me to suspend my curiosity till after dinner. I readily agreed; as he *flattered* himself very much, when he imagined that I had *any* curiosity on the subject. When the time came, he told me of a number of stories I had heard before, some of which I had slighted as too barbarous for any thing that wore the semblance of a man. He informed me, when he came to the end of his diabolical history, that there was

one

one woman who had baffled all his efforts, but that he felt his pride piqued to get the better of her. He described her as a miracle of perfection in every respect. Though the mere domestic wife of a merchant in the city, she had mortified his vanity, baffled his artifices, and had left him no other resource but violence. He then asked me if I would be concerned in a scheme he meant to frame for bearing off the unhappy woman from her family.

Had a pistol been snapped at my head it could not have startled me half so much. I was dumb with astonishment, until I was relieved by a kind of hysterical laugh. Mr. Blazon, delighted with my apparent mirth, caught me eagerly by the hand, and swore I was one of the best friends he had in the world. I hastily drew back, and coldly told him, that could I make him *blush* for

the

the actions he had repeated I should indeed be his *best* friend. "But, Sir," continued I, "perhaps you are only "*jesting?* You cannot, you surely do "not *mean* what you have said?"

"I am not much given to jesting, "Mr. Mowbray, especially with those "who are not my *equals.*"

"Mr. Blazon, Mr. Blazon, after "what you have this day told me, I "shall hope your equal is not easy to "be found. Nay, Sir! I heed not your "contemptuous looks; I am an honest "man. Thank Heaven I can lay my "hand on my heart, and say, no helpless woman was ever injured by a "thought of *mine.*"

"You are warm, young man."

"I have reason, Mr. Blazon; for "till this hour, no man ever yet attempted to disgrace or to insult me."

Mr. Blazon bit his lips and muttered, "dis-

" disgrace! insult! Oh, very well, very
" well, Mr. Mowbray. I admire your
" principles, and I wish you joy of them;
" you will find them excellent friends
" *now-a-days!* I beg, however, that you
" will not put yourself to any sort of
" inconvenience on my account. When-
" ever you may think proper to leave
" this house, I can dispense with your
" aid; you will never do for a fine
" mortal like myself, and my manners
" may hurt your *morals*."

" I understand you thoroughly, Sir,
" and, rely upon it, shall not intrude lon-
" ger. With regard to my obligations,
" allow me to say, that my memory
" had never been weak, had not your
" own proved too *strong* for it. I must
" now take the liberty of stating to you,
" that between the employer and the
" employed, the benefit is *reciprocal*,
" and the payment of a little *money*

" can

"can never give one man a power "*over* the *feelings* of another. The "labourer is worthy of his hire; and "thus I balance the account between "us: and pray be pleased to remember, "Mr. Blazon, that I never forgot the "respect which was due to you, till you "addressed me in a stile repulsive to my "feelings, my principles, and my ho-"nor."

"Begone," cried he in a fury, "I "want no more of your morality— "leave me!"

I bowed, and immediately went up to my chamber to put my little property together, determined that no consideration should induce me to remain another night in Mr. Blazon's house. I was more sorry for the cause than the effect; and, summing up his character, could not avoid exclaiming—"and is "there such a man?"

I had,

I had, in the first instance, relied entirely on the liberality of Mr. Bland, that at the expiration of nearly [illegible] years, I was some pounds poorer than when I left my father's house. My property and Adelaide's miniature, dearer, far dearer, than all the rest put together, was contained in a small black trunk. I immediately conveyed it with me in a coach, and without asking any leave of my imperious patron, drove to the house of one of the trades men to the family, who I knew had a small apartment to let. Here I determined to wait till that Providence, which fed the Prophet in the Desart, should put the means of earning an honest subsistence in my way. How great was my surprise and agony, when, opening the little red case which held my miniature, I found that the picture was *wanting!* Those *alone*, who, robbed of the

the *society* of a dear friend, have felt the hallowed gratifications of gazing on a semblance, of recalling past scenes of tenderness and affection at every glance, can conceive my grief and my despair!!! Poor as I was I would rather have parted with every shilling I had in the world. The loss of money might be repaired, but my eye had been accustomed to indulge in the dear delight of feasting on this object; and as there was only *one* Adelaide in the world, how was my misfortune to be retrieved!

I racked my recollection, but could find no clue to guide me. Where could my picture be? I never could have *lost* it, because I avoided carrying it out of my own chamber. Had it been stolen from me? that could hardly be the case: it was not richly set, and who would run the risk of shame and punishment for

for a *mere picture*. How then to resolve? I could not venture to return to the house of Mr. Blazon, without appearing meanly to seek a reconciliation with him. That my heart and pride revolted from. Yet I wished to have the apartment I had vacated searched from top to bottom: I wished to do it *myself*: I could hit on no expedient of accomplishing this desire but by an application to one Will Woodford, a servant who had been with us at Tobago. I had been the means of saving this poor fellow's life on our voyage: one day, overpowered with liquor, he had nearly staggered over the deck; but I flew to his aid, caught him by the skirts of his coat as he was descending, and preserved him at no small risk of my *personal* safety. He had ever been grateful, and, during our residence abroad, had watched all my wishes with the most affec-

affectionate assiduity. To this man, then, I resolved to apply; but near a week elapsed before I had any opportunity of letting him know how earnestly I wished to speak with him. The tradesman, with whom I resided, having occasion to go to Mr. Blazon's retired villa, at last conveyed a letter from me to him, and he waited on me immediately.

CHAP-

CHAPTER II.

When honest William saw the distress I was in, the grateful creature sympathised with all my uneasiness. He told me he feared he should not be able to recover my miniature, as Mr. Blazon had ordered my room to be locked up when I left the house; but that, if I would wait in the garden while he went in that evening, he would try to borrow the key of the house-keeper, and make a thorough search through the whole chamber. Impatient for the recovery of the jewel I so much dreaded to lose, I willingly agreed to his proposal, and told William I would not fail being at the

the door of Mr. Blazon's *country-house* by eleven o'clock at night, when I begged him to inform me of the success which had attended his researches. This point being settled between us, I waited with impatience till the evening drew in.

The dusk no sooner began to obscure the surrounding objects, than I anxiously watched the minute-hand of the clock. Nothing except the loss of the dear original had ever affected me so much as having mislaid the copy of her excellencies. All was dark when I left my lodging: my pace was quick, and I was soon four miles off. Scarce a creature was to be seen on the roads. I at length arrived at Blazon Villa; I walked to and fro' for several hours: the clock struck eleven from a distant church: no Woodford! I was lost in suspense. My curiosity was at length

made several signs to each other which I could not understand: they tapped gently at the door of Mr. Blazon: it opened; the four masks then put down the chair and took a lady out of it. She trembled most violently, and walked as if she was on the point of fainting. She several times made attempts at calling for assistance; but the four villains presenting their pistols in the most menacing manner compelled her to silence.

The door now opened. I felt that some horrid transaction was about to take place: a cold damp burst on my brow, and convulsive trembling shook my whole frame, at the sight of so many men, armed with instruments of speedy death, to oppose any effort made in favor of the unhappy woman who stood before me. As the door opened I perceived that it threw a long shadow

low to the spot where I lay, for the moon began to emerge from the clouds in full splendor. The color of the clothes I had on favored my design; and crawling behind the shrubs, I reached the door and entered it unperceived, as the servant stood in waiting.

A mental energy, which Heaven, in mercy, sends on great occasions, came to my assistance, and I remained, expecting the completion of my adventure, with a calmness of spirit equal to the perils of my situation. To my infinite satisfaction the hardened villain forced the lady inside the door, and told the others, that having now performed their duties they might return to their respective habitations, and rely upon having their promised reward from his master, the very next day. The fellow shut the door upon them with a thundering crash. The poor

wretch then fell prostrate at his feet, and was in the act of lifting up her self to supplicate for mercy and compassion, when he sternly ordered her to hold her tongue, for that his master, far from meaning her any harm, had a great affection for her, notwithstanding all her haughty airs. That he had now gone great lengths to make her his, and that [here he took an oath too dreadful for repetition] nothing could *now* get her out of his hands. The poor creature extended her arms, and heaving a convulsive groan once more fell lifeless at the feet of her gaoler. I was just on the point of springing from my hiding place, and laying violent hands on the barbarous ruffian; but, recollecting that he had a pistol in his possession, reason directly told me, that if I failed in my first design, the consequences might not only be fatal to *myself*, but what was of much

more

more moment, irreparably so to the object I was so solicitous to protect. Footsteps on the stairs likewise indicated, that if I made any attempt of this nature, I should be exposed to the odds of *numbers*. The risk was a great one: the honor and happiness of an oppressed woman depended on the cast, and the stake required more than *courage* to be gained. *Prudence* and *caution* were both highly necessary.

Mr. Blazon now came down with a light. Concealed behind a statue in the hall, I observed his motions. He gazed with savage rapture on the lovely ruin which lay extended before him. He asked the servant many questions; among others, whether all those members of his family were removed, whose squeamish consciences were likely to interfere with his purposes. He was answered in the affirmative: the man

saying, at the same time, that William Woodford was the only one of whom he entertained much apprehension; but, that he had contrived to send him with the coach to Bath, on pretence that his mother was in the agonies of death, and asked repeatedly to see him. I now found how artfully the plot had been laid, and could account for the absence of my worthy William. Mr. Blazon, finding all carefully arranged, gazed most ardently on his prey, who was not yet recovered; then desiring the man to unlock a door of a parlour in the back part of the house, by the assistance of this fellow conveyed her into it lifeless as she was: then taking up his pistol and lantern, ordered his associate to go to bed. His master followed him up one flight of stairs, during which time I took advantage of his absence, and crept into the room where he had con-

veyed

veyed the lady. The lantern cast a dull gloom, and I had just light sufficient to take a survey of the surrounding objects. It was a private chamber of Mr. Blazon's, and looked on nothing but a wild bleak heath. Between the side-board and the sofa stood a large screen, behind which I hid myself, when I heard Mr. Blazon returning.

And now the awful moment arrived. Mr Blazon came back, looked carefully around him, seated himself on the sofa, and murmured: "Proud woman! "have I at last prevailed?" He then poured out a glass of water, and chafed her temples till she revived. Her back was towards me as through the crevices of the screen, I observed all that was going on. When she caught the eye of Mr. Blazon she gave a loud scream, and turning her countenance from *him*, presented it full before *me*,

" by your idle menace of charging me
" with a robbery. I do not *wish* to
" become a *murderer*: have a care you
" do not *make* me so against my will.
" It is my desire to leave you to your
" *conscience*: neither I, nor this in-
" jured lady, can hope for greater ven-
" geance on your crimes. But, though
" my nature shudders at the base idea
" of shedding the blood, even of a
" villain, I swear by that Power, who
" now surveys thy guilt, the instant
" an *alarm* is made to launch thee to
" his presence."

Adelaide faintly (for her strength was exhausted) conjured me not to stain my conscience with the blood of this unworthy man; and seeing that he made no effort to frustrate our escape, I was happy to avoid being driven to extremities. As I grasped him by the collar, however, I had torn open his waistcoat,

coat, when, to my equal surprise and indignation, suspended by a blue ribband round his neck, I beheld the miniature I had lost. I tore it thence with fury, and taking the lovely original under my arm, informed Mr. Blazon that if he stirred or spoke, his death was certain. He made no reply, but pale as ashes, sat biting his nether lip. The key was luckily in the lock, which I turned upon him. We gained the garden before the villa. Palpitating with fear, we spoke not till we saw the lamps of the metropolis, and heard the watchmen on their rounds. When I thought we were out of all danger, I clasped my arms round her waist, and would have imprinted a kiss upon her glowing cheek. She violently repulsed me. "Adelaide! Adelaide!" said I, with mournful surprise, "thus cold, "thus unkind?"

She

She turned away her head, and wept. I again attempted to embrace her; but she stopped me, by delivering the following words in an impressive tone.

" Mowbray, you were once honourable, " you were once generous: I see, I " feel, *you are so still.*"

" What means my love?"

" To put an end to the indulgence " of hopes, which may lead to much " future misery: Mowbray, you now " no longer behold me my own mis- " tress; I am now the wife of Mr. " Durnsford."

The wretch who, reprieved from execution for *one* crime, is taken on the spot, tried, and condemned for *another*, could only feel what I felt at that moment. Adelaide *found!* but only found to be ravished from my hopes for ever: this was blow on blow. While I mourned her absence I had yet the melancholy

melancholy consolation of thinking, that though distant from each other, there was no earthly power which could divide our *hearts:* but now a general *desolation*, an universal *wreck* of all I had to live for, had seized upon my soul. The tears which rolled down my cheeks were drops of despair, which extinguished every spark of comfort in my breast.

Adelaide saw it. She would not, she said, attempt by vain *philosophy* to heal those rankling wounds, which time alone could cure. She begged me instantly to lead her to her husband, who lived in the city, and had often heard her speak of *me*. "He is not," she added, "the exact man, perhaps, "that you may expect to find: He has "numbered years enough to be my "Father. Circumstances, however, "have united our fates, and I have "found

" found him worthy all the respect and
" tenderness I can shew him. Since
" my Father's death he has been more
" than a Husband to me, and more
" than a Parent to my Brother."

" Cuthbert, then, is no more!" I exclaimed with a sigh.—She wiped away a tear.

The morn was now broke, and the labourers passing the streets to go to their work, stared at seeing a well-dressed man and woman abroad so early: to avoid their curiosity, therefore, we quickened our pace.

We at length reached the dwelling of Durnsford. " *This* is my Husband's " house," said Adelaide. As she spoke the door flew open, she rushed in, and I followed.

CHAP.

CHAPTER III.

An old servant, almost breathless with anxiety, conducted us up stairs. He led us to a folding-door, which he burst open with the most violent action. A grey headed figure then presented itself to me, his face hid in his hands: he was seated in an arm-chair, his legs wrapped up in flannels, and two crutches placed by his side. I could hear him sigh bitterly as we ascended, and from the vehemence of his feelings I concluded that the sobs we had heard proceeded from the husband of Adelaide. I was not wrong in my conjectures; he no sooner heard our footsteps than

than he started up. He caught the eye of his wife. His fine grey head presented one of the most sublime objects I had ever beheld in the course of my life. Joy, hope, and pleasure gave him a momentary ray of youth. He pronounced her name, spread out his arms to her and made an effort to rush towards her. The exertion was too much for his strength, and quite overpowered he fell back into his chair. Adelaide darted forwards, and clasping his knees, exclaimed, " my dear, dear " husband!"

It was some time before either of them were able to converse with any degree of calmness; but when the tumult of the passions was subsided, a thousand endearing inquiries succeeded. She introduced me to Mr. Durnsford by the title of her preserver. I approached his chair and he grasped me by

by the hand: it was the nervous pressure of gratitude and of friendship. This simple action spoke more than volumes. The husband and wife seemed both exhausted by the trying situations into which they had been thrown; I therefore made a motion of retiring. Mr. Durnsford still clasping my hand, exacted a promise from me that I would call on him the next day. The proposal was a delicate one. I looked Adelaide full in the face, and thought she seemed as if she wished me to comply. Every doubt was overpowered by this persuasive eloquence, and Mr. Durnsford repeating his invitation, I at length pledged my word. The servant who had opened the door for us saw me down stairs. He muttered a blessing on my head at every step we took. The tear stood in his eye as he pronounced a warm eulogium on his master

ter and his young mistress: it was a tribute honourable to *all* parties. The incense of a grateful heart rises pure amid unsullied skies, and mingles with the radiant beams of Heaven!

When arrived at my lodgings, I went to *bed*, but not to *rest*. The picture was found; but in the act of its recovery the *original* was lost for ever. All my hopes were at an end. I now knew not one object which could endear existence to me: father, friend, mistress, brother, every link which connects man with his fellow, was snapped asunder! Lost in astonishment at myself, I could not help exclaiming—"Good Heaven! and is it possible? "*am* I the eldest son of the proud "house of Landford? Is this forlorn "forsaken being, the identical per-"sonage who was brought up with so "much care and cherished with such

"in-

"indulgence? Adelaide is gone! what "then remains for me? To return to "my father? pay court to my brother? "to throw myself on the generosity of "Gustavus!! What! could I do *that?* "no." Lost as I was to every hope, excluded from every prospect of felicity, the pride which I had inherited from my ancestors still adhered to me. —And could pride be a virtue? Let Philosophers decide that question.

I expected to hear in an angry way from Mr. Blazon, who in spite of all his failings, was what we call a man of honor, that is, one who will forfeit his reputation, and then fighting for a *shadow*, murder or *be* murdered by those who call it in question. To my surprise, however, I heard no more of him. I rather imagined that on reflection he found the affair so scandalous, that he rather chose to bury it in oblivion

vion than make it notorious by an appeal to the sword. He was one of those men who are *careless* to expose themselves in a *good* argument, and *fearful* to risk the censure of the world in a *bad* one. I had many doubts in my own mind whether I should return to Durnsford's house or not. I could not look upon Adelaide without loving her: habit and nature had made such a task almost impossible. As the wife of another man, a sacred rampart was now erected against the most distant idea of future tenderness. I knew her well, and knew her sensibly alive to all the impulses of love; but I likewise knew that a stronger power had empire in her soul, the power of honor. She had never been accustomed to estimate the value of virtue by the opinions of *others*. In her former conduct towards me, she had proved herself capable of the most he-

heroical sentiments. *My* trial now staggered me. After my former sufferings for the dear hope of calling her mine; after abandoning fortune, family, and friends; after submitting to the degradation of owing my existence to a man I despised; after long months of dependency, dependency which the hope alone of once more meeting *her* could have reconciled to my fiery soul; was it not enough to make me think my fortune hard? to make me wish, that death had closed my eyes, before the present painful period had arrived?

Resolved, however, to keep my promise with Mr. Durnsford, I rose the next morning feverish and unrefreshed. Whither to turn, I knew not. At all events I was resolved to remove from the habitation of Adelaide. Yes, I determined to fly from *her*, whom a few weeks ago I would have shed every blood-

blood-drop in my veins to have approached. How sudden are the revolutions in the History of Man!

When I called the next day, I found Mr. Durnsford up to receive me. He made some excuses for his wife, who was not yet risen. The shock she had recently endured, rendered all *apology* superfluous. I entreated the worthy man not to distress himself, and begged leave to retire. "Not so, Mr. "Mowbray Landford: I cannot part "thus with a person to whom I am "under so many obligations. I know "well the former position of affairs "between yourself and Adelaide. She "*first* made all the circumstances of "your mutual attachment known to "me, and I had afterwards the particulars from her father. From a high "admiration of your character, added "to a most firm reliance on the can-

"dou-

" dour of my wife, I shall consider
" you as one who never knew her by
" any *other* title than that of *friend*."

I was so agitated, that it was some moments before I could reply. " Oh " beware! beware, Mr. Durnsford! " there are some trials to which men " of honor would *act* honorably by not " exposing themselves to the danger of. " Cast back your memory, and be upon " your guard: recollect, Mrs. Durns- " ford was the first object that made " an impression on my youthful heart. " Accustomed as I have been to consi- " der her as the only woman formed to " make my earthly happiness, can I " answer that reason and philosophy " will always stand my friend? Ah, " Mr. Durnsford, who, like the Jew- " ish legislator, can sway the sea to " his commands? Who could live

" near Adelaide, and cease to love
" her?"

The old man eyed me with a penetrating look, he appeared to pity my agitation. He assured me, that he was well convinced, I did not do justice to my own character, and that it was the wish of Adelaide and himself, that I should live with them both, on terms of the strictest friendship, as a *brother* to the *one*, a *son* to the *other*.
" Ah! Mowbray," he added, " I *once*
" possessed a son, who, had he lived
" to have resembled you, would have
" been the joy and pride of my heart!
" But no more on a subject, which
" made me old before my time, and
" dashed my cup of life with bitterness
" and sorrow." Then, to encourage me to comply with his request, he told me he would instantly give me a proof of

of his confidence, by letting me into every circumstance of his whole life and character. I bowed, and he then began the ensuing narrative.

As much of this history is connected with subsequent accounts, given by Adelaide, of her adventures since our separation at Landford-house, I shall not repeat it, as coming from him, but abridge the events as well as I can, and select the most material.

SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

MR. ISAAC DURNSFORD,

By Mowbray Landford.

Mr. Durnsford was descended from a very respectable family in the north of England: he was the son of a gentleman, who sent him to a public school. Here he acquired the reputation of being a *dull* boy, because he *could* do what all the rest *dared not attempt:* I mean that he was attached to the study of the *mathematics.* So intensely did he apply himself to this *one* pursuit, that nothing could rouse him to an admiration of the Greek and Latin authors. His father, who wished him to

(do

(do what no man ever yet did) make his *fortune* by being a *scholar*, was hurt at being informed, that Isaac was a good dispositioned, industrious boy, but no *genius*. If he had a passage from any of the learned languages to render into English, it cost him an infinite deal of trouble. The beauty of a simile, or the sublimity of an allegory, were nothing to Isaac: he would constantly ask this dry question—is it *true?* His favourite study addicted him to measure every other object by *this standard*, and his learning always ended in the ascertainment of a *truth*: in fact, his whole faculties seemed absorbed in this propensity: in consequence of which, throughout the course of a long life, his *parts* had sometimes been doubted, but his *integrity* had never been called into question, and if his *fancy* was weak, his *judgment* was strong. He was daz-

zled by no fine names, by no fine characters, and saw every thing through an unclouded medium. He could not despise frailty in a *poor*, and bow to it in a *rich* woman. He called a seditious orator, a *bad man*, and an eloquent one no better, if his elocution was exerted in a *bad cause:* He never named an atheist by any other title than *fool:* in short, he was what we call a *plain spoken gentleman*. The father with an aching heart, seeing him so fond of figures, at last consented that he should go into business, and got him taken into the firm of a large sugar-house. He was here so exact in his accounts, so attentive to his business, and performed his duty to his superiors with such unremitting industry, that he not only advanced his own prospects very high in life, but was the means of placing several branches of his family, who

who were not overburthened with money, in eligible situations. His father was in the daily habit of meeting with people who informed him that Isaac was one of the most industrious young men in the city of London: the parent, at such times, would answer with a deep fetched sigh, "I thought it "would end so: every one tells me of "his being *industrious*, but I hoped to "have seen him a *genius !*"

The father, himself, had been what is called a genius: he had lived with men of genius; till they had exhausted all his property; from the industry of Isaac, he derived that aid which *genius* had denied. *Genius and feeling are by no means synonimous ! !* Supported by Isaac, the old man was constantly lamenting that his name would die: that no one would transmit it to posterity; for Isaac was too dull to set the world a

wondering. He died, receiving every comfort from the young trader, and his last words were, " Isaac! Isaac! you " are a good young man; but what " would you have been, if you had " turned out a scholar!"

He was of a placid temper, and was never known to be irritated by the unreasonable complaints of his father, or any other person; to cast up his accounts, or to solve a problem, were at once his business and his amusement. Stern as Mentor, he smiled at the attempts of Cupid: and yet he *married*. —Why?—Did he feign a passion he did not feel?—no! one of his patrons in business had a daughter he wished to marry off his hands; the young lady wanted to leave her father, that she might avoid ten quarrels a day with her mother: she had no *dislike* to young Durnford, he had no *aversion* to her.

He

He could square the whole transaction by the rule of right; the line A. B. was found equal to that of D. E., and thus the affair was finished. Let me try to sum up the characteristics of this worthy man: economy without meanness, coolness of head without hardness of heart, justness of thought without labor of the brain, were formerly the chief ingredients in his composition; time and circumstances had ameliorated the more chilly and unamiable particles, at the same time that they had invigorated all that was generous or praiseworthy. As I have said he married without passion, it may be supposed that he made but an indifferent husband: on the *contrary*, that calculating, cool disposition, which enabled him to draw just conclusions on every other subject, was the means of his deducing proper arguments from that of

matrimony. He solved the problem of married life as well as he was able: some of the angles are sharp, he would say; but take the good with the bad and they will prove *equilateral*. His wife turned out a very bad-tempered woman; but he bore it with a patience that evinced, that while some of his neighbours thought him a *dull*, he was, in reality, a wiser man than the major part of them.

His affairs now called him to one of the largest sugar islands in the West-Indies. His wife attended him on this voyage, which she rendered as unpleasant as possible to him by her perpetual complainings and ill humours. A year after their residence there, she was delivered of a son. Durnsford was in hopes that this pledge of affection would have softened the asperity of her temper; but his hopes were vain.

vain. He bore his troubles like a man; and, as Fortune crowned all his other schemes with success, he could not think that one unlucky difficulty could mar the whole beauty of the *problem of life.* His son grew up to man's estate, and gave him farther theme for uneasiness; he lived perpetually among the slaves, and imbibed notions from a gentleman who came to settle on the island of the most dangerous and alarming tendency. This new-comer was tinged with the modern philosophy, and had fallen out with the present system of things: he had, likewise, taken a great affection to that kind of animal, which our *illuminé* are pleased to denominate a *social savage.* Young Durnsford had caught this contagion till it was quite *incurable:* he panted for the life of a wild Indian: he longed to hunt down his food by day and to sleep in a cavern

by night; to repose on feathers and be clothed in skins. The sociableness of meals and the graces of conversation, he affected to despise. He heated his imagination until he began to long to put his system into execution. His father had a female slave, called Zayda, to whom he had most firmly attached himself. In vain had all his friends attempted to set the folly of his conduct before his eyes. His boyish brain was turned with his own chimerical projects, and he literally ran off with his swarthy companion, leaving the following note for his parents:

"From this hour I renounce the "foolish, the frivolous art of writing; "from this hour I become the son of "Nature, the tenant of the world. "With Zayda I fly. I abandon the "idle society of those, who *miscall* "themselves *civilized*. I go to live

"as

" as man was formed to live; with " Nature for my judge, and inclination " for my law. Adieu! May you be " happy your *own* way: suffer me to be " so in *mine*. All attempts to seek for " me will be in vain."

Mrs. Durnsford lingered several years after this accident; but an Indian arriving, who brought word that the young man and his companion had been found starved to death on a mountain, she grew evidently worse, and at length died of sorrow. Durnsford, left alone in the world, gave way to a deep melancholy. He could no longer find resources in his darling Euclid: age was coming fast upon him, and he now began to see existence on its most gloomy side. He staid abroad after these melancholy events until he had amassed a considerable fortune. He then came to England, and built an elegant house.

house. The reputation of his vast [illegible] drew a number of persons around [illegible], and his mind began to be diverted with [illegible]. During this period he made many observations on the human character, and comparing them according to his early precision, formed in his latter days his opinions of mankind, viz. That the mass of men is neither so good, nor so bad, as is generally represented by partial persons on both sides of the question: that to live with the world required some *caution* with a little *prudence*, properly blended; as too much of the one made a man *hateful*, and too large a quantity of the other exposed him to be a *dupe*. With all his exactitude, however, he yet lived to be deceived.

A man of habits similar to his own, came to reside in his neighbourhood: a cool reflecting personage, and like himself

himself a great proficient in the mathematics. As he found a life abstracted from business, after having been accustomed to it from his early infancy was attended with tedium and disgust, he was rejoiced to find a companion with a soul in unison with his own; one with whom he might pass most of his hours in a kind of mental calm, with whom he might solve problems, smoke a tranquil pipe, and converse on trade in all its branches. This man seemed so cool and so unimpassioned in most of his undertakings, that Mr. Dumsford placed the highest confidence in his judgment and his knowledge of the world. His friend had formed a scheme which was (as he made it clearly appear) certain of realising a large property in a very short time, but was prevented from putting his projects into execution by the want of a *capital* to begin

begin with: though, he said, he could give any one who would assist him with the requisite sum, a surety of making twelve per cent for their money, by allotting them a share in the concern. The worthy Isaac saw that the want of money to prosecute this scheme made him very low spirited. Norbury, his friend, had a large family who looked up to him for support. Isaac Durnsford was one of those men, who do not perform *foolish* actions at every request of unreasonable friends; but, spite of all his care and circumspection, no man was capable of doing more *generous* ones. He had been called a close-fisted fellow, because he had refused some *hundreds* to a couple of idle cousins to pay their gaming debts: but, twice in his life, when two relatives had an opportunity of settling themselves in a lucrative line of commerce,

merce, he became bound in their behalf for *fifteen thousand.*

I give these traits of his disposition, that I may, at the same time, curtail my narrative, and present a full-length picture of the man.

CHAP-

CHAPTER IV.

Sketch of the Life and Character of Mr Isaac Durnsford, continued.

After much deep contemplation on the subject, Durnsford thought it a great pity that his friend Norbury should fail in prospects which appeared so feasible, when a little money might put him in a way of retrieving a life, which, without any apparent imprudence, had been crossed and thwarted with such an uncommon portion of ill luck: he determined therefore to advance him the specified sum, at the same time making up his mind to secure a branch of the busi-

business in his own hands. Norbury was all gratitude when he learned the generous resolutions he had formed in his favor. The writings were drawn up, the money lent, and the property purchased in their joint names for a series of years. Isaac thought he had reason to congratulate himself on having performed this liberal action: all of a sudden, however, Mr. Norbury and his family *vanished*, with notes, bills, and property to an immense amount.

The fortunes of Durnsford sunk beneath this heavy stroke. He was advancing fast towards old age, and his grey locks daily informed him of the mournful truth. His coolness, however, did not forsake him: he sold his fine house, applied (to those whose fortunes his former industry had raised) for employment, and, such was the high esti-

" Is your perfect woman a young o
" an *old* one, Barbara?"

" Why, as to that, master, I know
" more than *one*: but *age* has nothing
" to do with it; no, nor *beauty* neither
" though beauty is very different in per-
" sons—*some* folks at forty-five or fifty,
" look as well as *some* folks at nineteen
" or twenty."

" Methinks, Barbara, this is not a
" direct answer to my question."

Barbara, whose attention during the latter part of her speech had been wholly directed to the *glass*, now started as from a dream, with a " no, no,
" ..... I, I ..... beg pardon, Sir.
" What was I going to say? Um!
" um! Yes, now I recollect, I was
" going to say that Miss Cuthbert is
" quite as beautiful in person as in
" mind. She lodges with my old friend,
" Mrs. Nixon. I went to drink tea

" htiw

" with her the other evening, and she " told me a story that would have made " your heart ache. Oh, Sir! a lovely " angel like this, sitting by the side of " a sick father in a garret, holding his " aching head in her lap, and forcing " smiles into her face, while her heart " is breaking." The tears gushed down the cheeks of Durnsford: he dashed them away, and after a fretful " pish!" bad the old woman go on.

" Well, Sir, the young lady has a " brother, who works all day at a car- " penter's shop, and at night brings " home his hard earnings to his father " and sister. But you know, master, " that can be but a *trifle*. They have " only twenty pounds a year; and what " is that when there is sickness in a fa- " mily? I am sure they are all starv- " ing, because the landlady told me the " young lady only makes one meal a

" day, and that is seldom more than a
" little tea. Mrs. Nixon says, too,
" that the brother looks very thin and
" faint, though he tries to talk it highly
" before his father and sister. The
" other day he tumbled down in a fit
" upon the stairs, and she says she is
" sure it was because he had fasted too
" long."

Durnsford raised himself on his crutches, and stared her full in the face; it was three minutes before he stammered out—" Get me a coach immediately;
" and, do you hear? to avoid loss of
" time, make as many *internal* angles
" as you can."

" Sir!"

" Go, go, Barbara, go! You are a
" good woman; but you do not under-
" stand *terms* at all: you must there-
fore take the *perpendicular*."

" Master!"

" Call

"Call a coach, I tell you."

She went out to do so; and Durnsford continuing to draw figures, like one of the philosophers in the Flying Island, was wrapped up in this employment, until Barbara returned like one of the *Flappers*, to rouse him from his trance. She informed him the coach was ready; and, assisted by her and the driver, he was soon seated in it, and began to renew his calculations.

He found on his arrival at Mrs. Nixon's, that worthy Barbara had told him the truth. By some previous conversation with the Mistress of the house, he learned the whole story of this distressed little family: the tale was an affecting one. They had occupied their present lodgings above a year and a half. On their first arrival, they appeared to live with decency and comfort; but their means visibly diminished with

each ensuing quarter. Frederick, in hopes of a post in the army, which had been promised him by a wealthy friend, kept up the spirits of his father and sister; but finding that every day only brought a new defeat of hope, he resolved to found his only expectations on the labor of his own hands: a foundation much more solid than any *hope* can build on the smiles of patronage or the promises of power. He had been bred to the laborious exercises of the field; toil had strung his nerves, and he shrunk not from the encounter of hardship nor fatigue. He had as much pride as any young man could have; but his pride fell when he saw two beloved relatives perishing for want. He hired himself to a carpenter, and out-toiled all his competitors. Adelaide assisted by taking in any plain-work she could obtain by Mrs. Nixon's means.

About

About the period of her brother's petition for a post in the army, Adelaide had attracted the attention of Mr. Blazon. his man was the person to whom Frederick had been directed to pay his court by an infamous agent of his shameful pursuits. He took an opportunity of calling on Frederick one day when he knew he was from home, and by this artifice got an introduction to Adelaide and her father. He was charmed with her innocence, youth, and beauty: he made professions of doing wonders for the brother; and the glow of grateful tenderness which crimsoned on the cheek of the lovely girl, heightened at once *her* graces and *his* passion. Depending on the poverty of the father, and the hold his patronage gave him over the future prospects of the son, he wrote a letter to the former, in which he made a proposal no parent can think

of without shame and confusion. What an effect, then, must it have had on the mind of an old soldier? In his cottage he had spurned the idea of *marrying* his daughter into the Landford family by stealth: his girl, too, had conquered a passion, pure as angels can conceive or breathe. The old man was outrageous: Frederick acted with more policy. Seeing his father agitated and confused, with great persuasion and entreaty, he at length got a sight of the letter. He pretended to be very calm: he called the aid of religion to his father's passions, and bad him remember, that he was a *Christian*, as well as a *soldier*. Cuthbert was lulled by this device.

Nothing was more distant from the thoughts of the young man than tamely putting up with the insult his sister had met with. In his language and manner he had somewhat of the peasant,

sant, but in his sentiments he had more of the hero. Early next morn he knocked at Mr. Blazon's gate, and was informed that he was not at home: this did not satisfy him; he brushed by the servant, and forced his way up stairs. He at last found Mr. Blazon at breakfast, with a numher of papers before him. He desired his unexpected visitor to sit down: Frederick did so.

"I am come, Sir."

"I beg pardon, Mr. Frederick: but "... pray have you breakfasted?"

"No, Mr. Blazon: but my business "is of a nature which requires brevi- "ty."

"I know it, my dear Sir, and am "really quite ashamed of having kept "you so *long* in suspense: but you "know, I had other people to con- "sult, and ..."

" You misunderstand me. You en-
" tirely mistake me, Sir."

" Give me leave, my dear Sir, you
" must let me explain *myself;* I will
" then with very great pleasure, hear
" *any* thing you may have to *say.*"

As Frederick had made up his mind to be as cool as possible during the whole of this affair, he thought he could not, with the least propriety, refuse to let him make an end of what he had to state.

Mr. Blazon, however, was a man of too artful a character to suffer his surprise to get the better of his prudence, and had been too well accustomed to perplexities of this nature to allow them to throw him for a moment off his guard. He made a long flourishing speech, which did not contain one word to the purpose of Frederick's visit, though he obliquely hinted at it every

every now and then. As he concluded he presented him with a commission, saying, at the same time, he had given the young gentleman some reason to suspect him of coldness, but flattered himself *this* would be an *excuse* for any error he had *inadvertently* fallen into. There was something so very artful in this obscure reparation, which contained an apology without either an excuse or a confession, that the young man, unused to the ways of the world, stood perplexed and confounded with the paper in his hand. After a moment's thought, however, he threw it indignantly down on the table.

"What do you mean, young man?"

"I mean *honestly*. I came to give "you a challenge for your vile insult on "my sister: if you mean what you "have been saying for an *apology*, you "have prevented me."

" Why! I am not much used to mak
" excuses, young gentleman: howeve
" to shew you my regard, I will cor
" fess, that if I *have* injured any pa
" of your family I am very sorry for it.
" That *must* be enough, then."
" Take the commission with you."
" Never—I can *forgive*, but I can
" not *forget*. To owe any favor to you
" would be granting you the liberty o
" insulting us again."
" I have said I am sorry."
" I have said I *forgive* you."
" Suppose I should now intend *ho*
" *norably* by your sister?"
" How do you mean?"
" Marrying her."
" She would not listen to you."
" No! Why?"
" For two reasons."
" What are they? tell me."
" Why, *firstly*, you are *wicked* an
" sh

"she is *good*: *secondly*, you are *old* and "she is *young*."

All the harsh things which Frederick could have thought of, would not have wounded Mr. Blazon like the last reflection. In vain did he attempt to *force* his favors on the young man. Frederick resolutely told him, that henceforward he gave up all manner of communion with him; concluding with a repetition of what he had stated before, that though he might *forgive*, it was out of his power to forget.

The threatened vengeance of Blazon greatly alarmed old Cuthbert. He was, at length, released from his apprehensions by the haughty man's intended expedition to Tobago. Little did I imagine, when I accompanied him on that voyage, that we were rivals, that the same image filled the bosoms of both! While we were abroad, all the

affairs of poor Cuthbert went to ruin and decay: sickness and poverty overtook him at the same period. About this time he became acquainted with Isaac Durnsford, by the means of Barbara. Although the temper of Durnsford had been somewhat soured by his former experiments of the married life, he had never formed any rigorous opinions to the prejudice of the sex: on the contrary, an inherent tenderness for this beautiful part of the species was a leading trait in his character. He introduced himself to Cuthbert's little domestic circle with that frankness which is above all the grimaces of unmeaning compliment. A friendship in a few days took place, of a more perdurable nature than a thousand of those which are daily moulded out of bows, smiles, curtesies, cards, morning visits, and all the mummery of what is called acquaintance.

quaintance. Isaac Durnsford went surely to work, and without any parade or profession, convinced the old man that he was sincerely his friend. He by degrees brought him, his son, and his daughter, into his own house, and managed this in such a way, as to convince old Cuthbert that he considered *himself* the person obliged in the transaction. In a few weeks he procured the post for Frederick he had so long been soliciting from the unworthy Mr. Blazon. The young soldier embraced his father, kissed his sister, thanked his benefactor, and shortly afterwards set out for the Indies, his heart light and his mind full of gratitude. The malady of Cuthbert increased rapidly after the departure of his son. He grew uneasy at the thoughts of leaving Adelaide behind him, in a world where she might be

be exposed to many trials, pain
young woman of her susceptibili

Barbara, the house-keeper, wa
a great favorite with her master.
bara was one of those sharp-sight
derly gentlewomen, who are the
discover the symptoms of *love*.
symptoms she had discerned in h
tron. Notwithstanding the grea
parity of their years, she was co
ed her master looked on Adelaide
other eyes than those of friendship
gave him many hints of these d
which he answered with his usual "
and pshaw!" Yet would he smile,
though the gout was then putting
to the most excruciating torments.
intelligence did Barbara conve
Cuthbert. The fond father wish
might be *true*, but kept the hints h
received to himself, until the beha

of Dumsford (which was from the most solid and serious converted to the most vacant and abstracted) convinced him that Barbara was right. Euclid was thrown aside, and every symptom was confirmed.

In poor old Cuthbert's fatal illness, as Isaac sat by his bed-side, and heard him give vent to his apprehensions for the future welfare of his daughter, he stammered, made many apologies on the score of his age, blushed, hesitated, hinted a *proposal*. Cuthbert was pleased with his frankness: he promised to mention the offer to his child; adding that it was his dying wish to leave her to the care of his friend. "Just so," said he with a sigh, "just so did *I* re-"ceive her mother from a dying friend. "I have done *my duty*; I know you "will do *yours*."

Cuthbert broke the matter to Adelaide,

laide, and pressed her to accept the generous offer which had been made; adding, at the same time, that her compliance would send him to the grave in peace. What could she do? Far removed from the hope of ever again seeing *me*, or if she ever did, too lofty-minded to think of heaping ruin on me by sacrificing my interests to her own. She never could love Mr. Durnsford, it was true; but, she had veneration, she had esteem for his character and his virtues; added to which, her father's last moments might be made happy. Prevailing nature conquered: she kissed the burning hand of her parent, and assured him, that if, after having been made acquainted with every circumstance of her former life, Mr. Durnsford maintained his present sentiments, and could be contented with her *esteem*, she would be *his*. Durnsford was too reasonable

sonable to expect that love would result from a match where the ages were so unequal, and he accepted her offer with the greatest transport. Cuthbert had the dying satisfaction of seeing them united and of expiring in their arms. They paid every tribute to his memory friendship and filial piety could suggest.

Long did they live in the greatest tranquillity, pleased and satisfied with each other, till Mr. Blazon came from abroad. Meeting her by accident, all his former flames rekindled in his bosom. He made many attempts to get her in his power, but all proved abortive. Desperate with disappointment, he at length resolved to run all hazards; and hearing she was going to a play, from whence she was to return in a chair, he bribed the men who were to carry her, employed some of his own desperate followers: and Heaven knows what might

might have been the consequences, had not *I* providentially arrived to her assistance.

I have here endeavoured to give Adelaide's story, as far as it relates to her husband, with all the brevity the subject would admit of. I hope to be able to explain the other particulars of her narrative more fully, in a letter from her to myself.

And thus were all my airy hopes destroyed: the vision of felicity burst like a watery bubble from my sight. She was married! Adelaide was married! Her husband persisting in his resolution of retaining me in his house, called in the

the assistance of Adelaide to persuade me: overpowered, I consented. Was I wrong? Ye who condemn, place *yourselves* in my situation!

CHAP-

CHAPTER V.

He who never knew temptation, cannot judge for him who has gone through the fiery, the painful ordeal! Placed under the roof of Durnsford, behold me once more living near my Adelaide, once more in daily contemplation of the charms, the graces, which first fired my soul! Mr. Durnsford was as anxious for my welfare as if I had been his own son, and began to instruct me in the business by which he had enriched himself. Had not malice and detraction levelled their deadly darts against our tranquillity, we had been three persons, happy as the imperfect state

ate of terrestrial beings could have dmitted of.

By the soul of honor! though my eart was deeply wounded by the loss f Adelaide, I never indulged one wandering wish which could have rendered me undeserving of the confidence of her generous husband! Every spot of ground on which I trod, every object which presented itself to my sight, was sanctified, was hallowed. Gratitude had placed her seal upon my heart: yet did *calumny* attack my character. Had I been the rascal I was described, the mean, creeping, dirty, insidious villain, who stabbed my benefactor in the tenderest part, I should have thought, that, like a serpent, or any other odious, slimy reptile, I deserved to be crushed under the foot of the first honest, indignant passenger that came

in

in my way. Alas! then, my present (comparatively) happy situation, was about to be forfeited.

To keep my unconnected wanderings as clear as possible, I shall *here* insert the letter of my Adelaide: more particularly, as it contains the principal part of her story since our last melancholy parting. When she resolved to give her hand to Mr. Durnsford, she thought that honor, gratitude, and duty, made it necessary for her, at the same time, to renounce every idea she had cherished in *my* favor. She knew not then how to address herself to me; but as she imagined chance might bring us together at some future period, and that the rencontre would consequently be painful to both parties, in order to provide against so very awkward a conjuncture she wrote the following letter, which

which she constantly kept preserved in her port-folio, to be delivered whenever an occasion should present itself.

"*To Mowbray Landford, Jun. Esq.*

"It is done: your father may "now be at rest. No longer can Ade- "laide, the daughter of Cuthbert, give "cause for uneasiness to any branch of "Landford house. Yes, Mowbray, "I will own, nay I *have* owned to the "worthy being who is now the sole "disposer of my destiny, that I have "long carried your image in my heart. "To tear that image *thence* has been "an effort, a most painful one: but "the very act of its accomplishment is "a pledge for my religious performance "of it. We must meet *no more*. You "will probably be anxious to know "what became of me after the painful "separation which took place at Land-

"ford

" ford house. As the most scrupulo
" propriety cannot forbid *this*, I sh
" let you know our little history in
" few pages.

" Sir George Sendon waited on h
" father, and used every argume
" which reason could suggest, to co
" vince him of the fatal measures h
" was pursuing, in setting himself
" opposition to so powerful a famil
" On *him* these *hints* had no effec
" wrapped up in conscious integrit
" neither threats nor blandishmen
" could, for a moment, stagger th
" settled resolution of his soul. Wi
" *me* he had much better success. S
" George Sendon was a man I cou
" not help respecting: he spoke
" me with tenderness, with gentl
" ness, and with delicacy: eve
" accent penetrated to my heart.
" ' You must in a short time, my de

" gi

" ' girl,' said he, in the most friendly
" tone, ' see the folly of your present
" ' pursuit: a pursuit which must end
" ' in the *displeasure* of the parents of
" ' the man you love, and in the *ruin*
" ' of your own. Mr. Landford, you
" ' may rely on it, will use every effort
" ' in his power to prevent his son's en-
" ' tering into such a connection. But
" ' I will take that point of view,
" ' which is most alluring to the *present*
" ' wishes of you both. I will suppose
" ' you are united. Good Heavens!
" ' does not your heart shrink from the
" ' scenes which must ensue? Ena-
" ' moured with the acquisition, with
" ' what raptures will he gaze *at first*
" ' upon his new-found treasure! Con-
" ' sequences will either be not seen at
" ' all, or seen in far distant *perspective*,
" ' until each unpleasing object is
" ' lessened to a point. Yet time *must*

 " ' soon

" ' soon unveil the sad reality: Pe
" ' *must* rouse him from his g
" ' dream. How is he to maintain
" ' From his father's fortune? No
" ' is out of the question. Mr. J
" ' ford senior's doors will be fo
" ' shut against you. Will his *own*
" ' tions be sufficient? How! a
" ' man, a spoiled child, the
" ' hope of a great family; c
" ' support a wife, and offsprin
" ' *cottage*? Such dangerous chi
" ' have misled many inexperi
" ' young persons; but they
" ' obtain no more credit with r
" ' able and well-governed minds
" ' dwarfs, giants, knights, sp
" ' or any other of the *farrago*
" ' mances. Poverty, then, is
" ' unavoidable consequence o
" ' pertinacity. But *you* can
" ' poverty without a murmur. '

" 'be so; and as far as it merely con-
" 'cerns *yourselves*, I have little to urge
" 'against the justice of your plea;
" 'But *children*, Adelaide!... pause
" 'but a moment to reflect, and then
" 'let your *own* heart be judge. Though
" 'you may doom *yourself* to a life of
" 'poverty, can you with any equity
" 'pronounce the same sentence on
" '*their* heads? on those poor inno-
" 'cents who will look up to you for
" 'support? When you give them
" 'life, shall you not wish to make
" 'that life a comfort to them? Can
" 'you do this in the present crisis of
" 'your affairs? Suppose a little fa-
" 'mily around you: imagine them
" 'looking up to you for bread; their
" 'eyes sunk, the roses fled from their
" 'cheeks, their infant limbs wasted,
" 'and tottering with weakness, and
" 'with hunger. Suppose.....'

" ' Oh! say no more, say no more!
" ' You affect, you distress me.'
" ' But do I CONVINCE you, Ade-
" ' laide?'
" ' You do, you do, *indeed* you do!'
" ' Why then, my dear girl, I will
" ' now *change* the scene. I shall sup-
" ' pose that you make an heroic effort,
" ' that rising above the common weak-
" ' ness of your sex, you sacrifice your
" ' own happiness to that of your fa-
" ' ther and of your family. Mr.
" ' Landford has declared, that if you
" ' will quit this part of the country,
" ' and give your solemn promise, ne-
" ' ver to take any steps with regard to
" ' his son, which may be contrary to
" ' his wishes, he will *enable* your fa-
" ' ther to maintain a comfortable ap-
" ' pearance in any other quarter of
" ' England.'

" A number of motives, each sanc-

" tioned

" tioned by honor, virtue, filial piety,
" the best, the purest emotions of the
" human heart, at once conspired to
" make me pay every attention to the
" propositions of Sir George. He beg-
" ged for my definitive answer; but
" finding that some prejudices were
" still struggling within me, he very
" generously told me, he would not
" urge the subject at the present in-
" stant, as he wished to convince my
" *mind*, not to surprise my sensibility.
" I shall not recapitulate the conflict-
" ing ideas, the various, the painful
" sensations, which were the conse-
" quences of this interview. I made
" my father acquainted with what had
" just passed. His behaviour was, as
" usual, full of tenderness and gene-
" rosity: He left my own conduct
" to my own decision. My brother,
" full of the fire of youth, was for

" braving all dangers, rather than sub-
" mit to be trampled on by *any one*.
" I saw a tear standing in my father's
" eye: that tear decided *all*. I had
" only to renounce my fatal love, and
" he was placed beyond the reach
" of want. I wrote a card to Sir
" George Sendon, informing him that
" my resolution was taken, and that
" I was now willing to agree to any
" terms he and his friend, Mr. Land-
" ford, might think fit to propose.

" I had scarcely dismissed my mes-
" senger before a young lady eagerly
" inquired for me at the cottage. I
" hastened to meet her; it was Juliana.
" She begged me to favor her with a
" few moments' conversation, as she
" had something very particular to say
" to me. My father and brother were
" just gone out, and I therefore solicit-
" ed her to step into our little parlour.

" She

" She thanked me, and, when we were " seated, frankly began the following " discourse :

" ' I rather think, my dear Adelaide, " ' that you have lately had some con- " ' versation with my father ?'

" ' I *have*, madam.'

" ' And on a subject of no small im- " ' portance to us both. Nay ! we " ' have no time for *ceremonies*. I have " ' long known that my Adelaide was " ' my *rival*; but assure you, I have " ' never loved her less on that account.'

" ' You honor me extremely.'

" ' No, my sweet girl, I look on you " ' as my superior in *many*, as my " ' equal in *all* things. I wish to treat " ' you with the candour of a friend, " ' with the frankness of a sister : have " ' I your permission to proceed in this " ' manner ?'

" I bowed assent. Juliana took me

" by the hand in the most assuring, the
" most encouraging manner, and pro-
" ceeded thus:

" ' It may appear somewhat like a
" ' want of delicacy in me to come to
" ' the point at once: yet, as what I
" ' have to state may probably have
" ' much concern with the future hap-
" ' piness or misery of *both* our lives,
" ' some degree of form may be over-
" ' looked. If I guess aright, the con-
" ' versations you have lately had with
" ' Sir George have been chiefly rela-
" ' tive to a connection between myself
" ' and a young man, whom....whom
" ' ....Upon my word, I feel most pe-
" ' culiarly awkard in mentioning the
" ' circumstance: but, if....if....I....
" ' I have not been very much misin-
" ' formed, Mr. Mowbray Landford is
" ' not *quite* indifferent to my amiable
" ' young friend?'

" Miss

" Miss Sendon's candour gave her
" an undoubted right to equal frank-
" ness on my part. I endeavoured,
" then, to lay my whole soul before
" her—yes! I told her all I had felt, all
" I had undergone, in making up my
" mind to the trial which was to ensue.
" I assured her, at the same time, that
" now my resolution was once taken,
" it was beyond the force of any hu-
" man power to shake it; that I would
" answer for my conduct, though I
" could not be responsible for my sighs
" or my regrets.

" 'Generous girl!' (she exclaim-
" ed) 'What is wealth, what is power,
" 'that it should look down on merit
" 'that would grace the most exalted,
" 'and shed a lustre on the lowest
" 'ranks of life? I am the daughter
" 'of a rich, a powerful man; yet own
" 'with a sigh, that when I come to

" ' compare my own character with
" ' yours, whether I consider your for-
" ' titude, your integrity, or your filial
" ' piety, I feel myself diminishing to
" ' *nothing*. *I* cannot, like *you*, sacri-
" ' fice the object of my choice to the
" ' happiness of a father, though that
" ' father has ever been to me a gene-
" ' rous, a kind one. He has fixed his
" ' very soul upon my being united to
" ' the man, who will in future, be the
" ' Earl of Rothvale. Mowbray Land-
" ' ford is *that* man. But, alas! Mow-
" ' bray is not the man I ever *did*, I
" ' ever *can* love. I think it a duty to-
" ' wards *you*, my dear girl, to make
" ' this confession. If from any mis-
" ' taken generosity, you have sacri-
" ' ficed the object of your affections
" ' to *my* peace, I am bound to unde-
" ' ceive you: let me, then, solemnly
" ' assure you, that, at all events, I
" ' *never*

" ' *never* will be the wife of Mow-
" ' bray.'

" I paused a moment. I saw that
" Miss Sendon had acted from the im-
" pulse of an ardent, generous temper.
" She stopped for my reply, which I
" delivered to the following effect:

" ' My dear Miss Sendon; though
" ' I make no merit of my conduct
" ' towards you, yet I should not treat
" ' you with that openness your libe-
" ' rality demands from me, did I deny,
" ' that in the conflict I have passed,
" ' your prior claims have had *some*
" ' weight. I thought you, in great
" ' measure, attached to Mr. Mow-
" ' bray, and that I was consequently
" ' interfering with a very solemn right
" ' —a right, than which nothing
" ' but marriage itself can be more sa-
" ' cred.'

" Here ended our conversation: and

" having mutually performed our du-
" ties to each other, we separated with
" much emotion, and many expressions
" of kindness.

" Sir George called on me the next
" day. He found my mind much more
" softened to his purpose than he could
" have expected: he improved the mo-
" ment, and made a kind of offer from
" Mr. Landford senior to my father:
" To provide for the venerable man, to
" whom I owed my life, was a tempta-
" tion too strong to be resisted. I yield-
" ed. The pangs you suffered at our
" separation ran like iron through my
" heart; yet was I soothed amidst all
" my woes, by the reflection, that the
" pains I endured were to terminate in
" the felicity of the two persons *most*
" *dear* to my heart: that they would
" ensure *liberty* to you, and *independency*
" to my father.

" We

"We retired farther north, on ac-
"count of the promise given; but on
"a *sudden* our little stipulated income
"was *withdrawn*. We wrote to Mr.
"Landford senior; but to no purpose:
"every trial to obtain an answer was
"in vain. We then addressed our-
"selves to Sir George Sendon: he re-
"turned us for answer, that having bro-
"ken all manner of *connection* with Mr.
"Landford, he could not, at present,
"speak upon any subject which related
"to him; but, that if we were labor-
"ing under *distress*, he would most as-
"suredly relieve us on his *own account*.
"This reply was highly offensive to my
"brother Frederick, who exclaimed,
"'Does the proud man take us for
"'*paupers?*' Both he and my father
"then expressed their regret at hav-
"ing suffered themselves to be over-
"persuaded by me to accept of any
"favor

" favor at the hands of the Landford
" family. I pacified them as well as I
" was able, and endeavoured to per-
" suade them to hope for better days.
" We had taken a small farm, where
" we expected, by our industrious ef-
" forts, to be able to weather the storm
" which threatened us. It was all in
" *vain*: an unlucky season destroyed
" the harvest; every thing went ill
" with us; and we were on the point
" of perishing, when Colonel Raynall,
" who lived in the neighbourhood, and
" had heard of our distresses, most ge-
" nerously stepped forward to our as-
" sistance. He no sooner saw my father
" than his face turned pale, and he be-
" trayed symptoms of the most violent
" agitation.
" ' You have been a soldier?'
" ' Yes, Sir.'
" ' You

" ' You were an officer in the time
" ' of our conflict with America?'
" ' Yes, Sir.'
" ' Your name is Cuthbert?
" ' It is so.'
" ' Good God! then you are the
" ' very man to whom I owe my life.
" ' You remember once heading a body
" ' of brave fellows who bore away a
" ' wounded captain from some Indians
" ' who were in the act of plundering
" ' him as he lay weltering in blood on
" ' the ground?'
" ' Aye, poor fellow! we *did* so.
" ' He was a brave youth. One of the
" ' savages had raised his weapon to
" ' dash out his brains, but I shot him
" ' dead in the action. I never shed
" ' blood *before* without a tear; but
" ' to kill a wounded man! fie! it was
" ' cowardly! it was *devil*-like.'
" Colonel Raynall flew into his arms,
" while

" while he exclaimed, ' Oh, Cuthbert!
" ' *I* am the officer whose life *you*
" ' saved.'

" We were all much surprised at
" this affecting scene. My father had
" never named the circumstance be-
" fore: for, though remarkably fond of
" recording the gallant actions of *others*,
" few men could be more timid in nar-
" rating any event in which he *himself*
" had been a *principal*.

" ' I think,' said he to the Colonel,
" ' I have seen your face at Landford-
" ' House; but you were so altered,
" ' that I could not have supposed you
" ' were the young fellow whom our
" ' party saved in America.'

" ' At Landford House, my old friend!
" ' have I then been so *near* you? In
" ' poverty, too—Well! I have been a
" ' sad ungrateful fellow! Once, indeed,
" ' I *might* have returned your goodness;

" ' but

" ' but *now*, brother soldier, I am not
" ' over rich: however, I will try to
" ' convince you that I am not unmind-
" ' ful of your former favors!'

" The Colonel kept his word with
" us; but his riches (as he had informed
" us) by no means kept pace with his
" good intentions; and there was no
" remaining in our present little happy
" retirement. My brother was very
" much attached to Colonel Raynall,
" who frequently came to see us. We
" found that he was the great friend of
" your brother Gustavus; we had al-
" ways adored his character; and the
" Colonel painted him as the most ge-
" nerous, the most heroic of men. He
" was sure, he said, he would prove
" himself such. But enough on that
" subject. The poor Colonel was our
" guardian angel. In the most delicate
" manner possible, he settled twenty

" pounds

" pounds per annum on my father, out
" of his own confined income. My
" brother soon caught the flame of mi-
" litary ardor from his father and from
" Colonel Raynall, who were constantly
" repeating the tales of former heroes in
" his presence. The Colonel soon per-
" ceived this, and wrote to a friend he
" had in town, beseeching him to in-
" terest himself in behalf of this young
" *enthusiast*. This friend sent word for
" answer, that he had applied himself to
" a Mr. Blazon, a man of consequence
" and affluence, who had promised to
" do all that lay within the scope of his
" abilities, for the advancement of the
" interests of the young man. With
" these hopes we sat out for London.
" The parting with Colonel Raynall
" was a melancholy one. We arrived
" in London safe, and took lodgings
" at ——————.

" Here

" Here we became acquainted with
" the generous Mr. Durnsford * *
* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

" As I began this letter, so must I
" end it, with a solemn resolution to
" perform my every duty to the worthy
" man who has received my vows,
" pledged

---

* The above *hiatus* was filled up with all the particulars which have been *before* stated in the history of Isaac Durnsford; it would be superfluous, therefore, to relate them in this place. The conduct of Blazon to young Frederick has been noticed. This young man, in his former leisure hours, had diverted himself by working in a carpenter's shop. He soon became a powerful artist, and was of much use to his employer. The subsequent service he rendered his family, through the means of this talent, is a proof that *no art* is to be *despised*: in sudden reverses of fortune, it might be happy for many had they such a resource to apply to.

" pledged at the altar. Hear it, o
" most honored shade of Cuthbert
" record it, all ye listening angels!!!

" To *explain* these various circum
" stances to you (should I ever *more*
" behold you) would be painful: I have,
" therefore, *written* the progress of my
" life and sentiments. My epistle has
" exceeded, much exceeded the com-
" mon bounds of a letter: I have wished
" to be rapid, but I have found it im-
" possible. Even now, instead of hav-
" ing said too much, I dread lest my
" aim at *brevity* should have rendered
" me *obscure*.

" Should this ever meet your eye,
" consult your own heart, and I am
" confident *that* will teach you how
" to act. Mr. Durnsford, who is ac-
" quainted with every passage of our
" former story, has given me permis-
" sion to think of you as a *friend*. If

" that

"that sacred character, then, adieu! "Sincerely wishing you every happi- "ness, either in a married or a single "life,

"I remain, &c.

"ADELAIDE DURNSFORD."

CHAP-

CHAPTER VI.

Such was the letter Adelaide h
resolved should be the only commu
cation which was to pass between u
The very important service I had be
fortunate enough to render her alte
this determination of her mind. M
Durnsford, who loved her with th
mingled affection of a husband and
father, freed her from any sort of di
culty the peculiar delicacy of her situ
tion might have occasioned. He hi
self broke the matter to her. He ha
heard from her of my present forlo
situation (which she gleaned from m
as we made our escape from Mr. Bl
zon

on's house) and begged her to assure me, that after having been the preserver of at once his peace, his honor, and the being much more dear to him than existence itself, he should look on himself as the most ungrateful of mankind, if he did not use every effort in his power to soothe my sorrows, and make me some reparation for the injuries my fate had done me. I long struggled, long resisted: I doubted my strength, and would have willingly flown from a combat, in which I did not find myself adequate to the contest: but, as I have *said*, Mr. Durnsford would not allow of this, and the entreaties of Adelaide threw a weight into the scale, which overcame every scruple, and vanquished all my resolutions. In the character of Mrs. Durnsford, however, there was something so truly saint-like, so divinely pure, that 'ere I had

I had remained long in her fa
my impetuosity began to subside,
til I at length was enabled to v
the wife of Isaac Durnsford in
light of some near and dear *relat*
My passion became so chastened, t
I regarded her as a darling sister,
whose happiness I was tenderly al
for whose feelings I was interested,
whose well-being I would have willi
ly resigned my life, but whose hor
at the same time, was more dear to
than even life *itself*. The more I s
of her husband, too, the greater ar
ment I found for admiration and estee
He was equal in temper, cool in m
ner, but impassioned at the *heart*.
acquainted me with the story of
life, with the progress of his sentimer
He owned that he had once felt so
rancour at the ingratitude of those w
formerly belonged to him, but that

h

had soon grown ashamed of it. He wished his relatives no *ill;* but, with regard to the fortune he had been so long acquiring, he judged that every law of equity and right put the disposal of that entirely in his own power, without the most distant possibility of a murmur or a cavil. His wealth had been entirely of his own acquiring; he had obtained it unaided by the efforts of *any one.* Kind and good, even to the most distant branches of his family, he had resolved, in days of yore, to leave all his possessions among them. In the hour of adversity they had proved themselves *unworthy* his benevolence, by avoiding him in his difficulties, and shunning him in his need. He then thought it *necessary* to look some *other* way for the balm of consolation, for the comforts of friendship. Affection is a current coin: every other spe-

cie is an infamous *alloy*, a downright *forgery*. Had Durnsford's son lived, all his doubts would have been decided. He ever looked on the child as the natural, the undisputed heir of the parent.

I give the character of Durnsford thus at full, as I am apprehensive least any one should judge unfavorably of his conduct towards his relatives, who spread all the infamous falsehoods slander could suggest, to the prejudice of his peace and happiness. Their first aim was to turn himself and his wife into ridicule; but *ridicule*, when undeserved, had no effect upon the mind of Durnsford. He had all his life been accustomed to plain mathematical reasoning; to examine every opinion by the honest standard of *unsophisticated truth*. The worst his enemies could say, was, that an *old man* had married a *young wife*: a circum-

circumstance which has sometimes justly attracted the ridicule of the world; but, it is allowed, that every general rule may have its *exceptions*, and Isaac Dumsford was the exception to *this*. He was a withering tree, under whose shade no floweret blossomed. Was he to sicken in solitude? was he to drag out the remainder of an upright life in gloomy silence, when he held the means, in his own hands, of securing to himself a most amiable companion? With an opportunity of making his declining day *pleasant* to *himself* and *useful* to *others*, was he to reject the means of happiness? By his marriage, he secured the most tender friend, the most disinterested relative, and the most affectionate companion. He could not have enjoyed any of these comforts by any other means than marriage. No other circumstances could have secured

to him the great, the unbounded happiness he at present possessed. How then was he wrong? Content is the end, the search of all mankind. Pause then, and examine your own heart, before you ridicule the character of Durnsford. Such was the man with whom I spent some time, and whom I shortly began to reverence as a parent.

Of my own father I could hear *no news*. Convinced he was in *prosperity*, I had some alleviation on his account. If he grew conscious of his harsh conduct towards me, I knew he had it in his power to recall me to his affections, whenever he might think it most expedient. He had sold his estate in the North, and I could glean no tidings concerning him in London; I therefore concluded, that he, my brother, and Juliana, had gone abroad together.

Adelaide

Adelaide sometimes corresponded with Colonel Raynall, and I requested her to inquire of him, whether or no he had heard any news relative to the parties in question. His *answer* never arrived. This confirmed my original idea; and, though melancholy and dispirited, at being thus cut off from all intercourse with my family, yet I found some consolation in reflecting that I might now go where I pleased, without the hazard of meeting with persons who would distress me by their inquiries, and interest themselves in my fortunes more than I was desirous that they should do. I do not recollect that in any former period of my life, I had ever enjoyed the same series of calm, quiet felicity, I experienced in the house of Durnsford. I assisted him in his concerns; and employment, the only *real* lenitive for sorrow, prevented me from brooding over

the corroding afflictions, to which, thus early in life, I had been exposed. My conscience, too, rewarded me for the victory I had gained over my passions. The confidence of Durnsford was unbounded: he knew my heart and did justice to my principles. Adelaide, too, treated me with the most unreserved friendship; and

> "I, as a brother to a sister, shewed
> "Bashful sincerity, and comely love."
>
> SHAKSPEAR.

Yet all our caution, openness, and candor, was of no avail. Malice soon began to make free with our little domestic circle. Many whispers and murmurs began to be muttered around. Though Mr. and Mrs. Durnsford hardly kept any company, they soon found that *privacy* was no safeguard against *detraction*. There are a set of busy, meddling personages, who are the great-

est

est curses with which society can be infested: *one* such ill-minded man or woman, like the plague, can send the fatal pestilence abroad: a pestilence, which strikes, like the impartial dart of *death*, the peasant and the monarch; no rank, no character can elude the infection, and the first, the brightest ornaments in the world, are tainted before they have the slightest idea of the danger by which they are pursued. This began to be the case with Mrs. Durnsford. The noxious breath of one of these idle women had breathed upon her reputation and her peace of mind. She began to be talked of all around her neighbourhood. Had the mischief *ended* here, the consequences, however disagreeable, could not have been so serious nor so fatal: but there is no confining this malady. She had many unmerited enemies. Mr. Durnsford was

very rich, and when a man is either rich, prosperous, or high in his profession, he has a very great chance of having a thousand foes, without the least possibility of ever knowing what he has done to deserve them. The whisper went from the City to the most fashionable part of the town.

Lady Spawnley, a woman who lost her own character at an early period of life, and had been forty years repairing the injury herself had done the cause of virtue, by the rigorous remarks she made on the inadvertencies of *others*, happened to be at a Mrs. Claggit's rout. Mrs. Claggit was one of those whose vices are hid in a large lump of fashionable affectations: she had every thing of frailty, but the initial blush, which proves that the *conduct* is not sanctioned by the *judgment*. The party was a large one; and, as Sir Peter says, "a character

"was

" was dead at every sentence." The *fashionable* circles of their acquaintance were all reduced to their *own level*, and, could you have believed *them*, there was not such a thing as a really honest man, or truly modest woman, in the whole county of Middlesex. They had hunted down all the lordly animals of the forest; and, as they had not yet half expended their quivers of spleen and venom, they were at last compelled to seek for inferior game. Lady Spawnley put a stop to the dead calm which had ensued, by observing, that the times were so bad, they exceeded all that ever had been heard of in former days, that the manners of the West end of the Town had pervaded the very *City;* and that merchants' wives were beginning to ape the vices of their superiors.

Mrs. Claggit, who had only waited for

for her eue, began to play her best cards into the hands of her partner in mischief. "Oh!" cried she, "I suppose you allude to the affair of Mr. "Durnsford, the rich City merchant— "shocking!"

A Mrs. Dexter, who was present, and happened to be a distant relation of Durnsford's, immediately began to feel a most anxious curiosity to learn the whole particulars of the affair. Amongst the other relatives of this worthy man, she had ever nourished a cordial hatred towards the person of Adelaide, whom all parties imagined the grand bar to the distribution of his wealth in their favor. Mrs. Dexter was a thorough bred *chatterer*: without any real blackness of heart or malevolence of intention, she did much more effective mischief than the most evil-minded of her associates; for, as good-nature was her general

eneral characteristic, *she* was often *ieved* when *others* were not; so that, ithout any of the depravity of their otives, she was equally dangerous with he worst of them. She did nothing ut *talk* all the day long. Her *own* afirs could not supply her with themes r conversation, so that she was frently compelled, by mere *vacuity*, to uch upon the concerns of others. ith such a talking *furor*, it is exmely difficult to be always *just*: the ords come out before the thought can e weighed, the circumstances digest-l, or the consequences examined. he other ladies, knowing the townier himself could not be so well calated to make the loss of *any article* well known as the above-mentioned ly, imagined that no person could more fit than herself, to proclaim the s of Mrs. Durnsford's *reputation*.

Perceiving

Perceiving that Mrs. Dexter was extremely *fidgetty*, they led her on to b for a full explanation of the who which Mrs. Claggit gave to the follo ing effect:

" Why, Ma'am, it is a very delic " affair for me to speak on. I had it " from a particular friend, who son " times visits in the *City*. For my o " part, I do not think it right to be " quainted with folks at that end of t " town; for too much familiarity, y " know——"

" Certainly, certainly, Madam," ca Mrs. Dexter, bridling up and smilir " Mrs. Durnsford is a *sort* of a kind " a *relation* of mine; but I give y " my honor I *never* visited her for " that."

" I am extremely happy to hear " say so, my dear Mrs. Dexter," joined the Lady Spawnley; " her c

" d

"duct has lately been such as no de-
"cent person can countenance."

"What do you mean, ladies?"

"Bless me! what have you never
"heard of the young man Mr.—a—a—
"oh! aye! a Mr. Mowbray, a son of
"one of Mr. Durnsford's clerks in the
"sugar-house. Mr. Durnsford was very
"good to the boy, and had him put to a
"charity-school, where he was bred up
"at his sole cost and expense. Well,
"then, you know the.—I beg pardon.
"He is a relation of yours; or else I
"was going to have said, *the foolish*
"old man."

"Oh pray do not check yourself on
"that account, Madam; for, surely, no
"persons have had better reason to ac-
"cuse him of folly than his *family*."

"Well, Mrs. Dexter, out of respect
"to you, I shall say the *imprudent* old
"man, after marrying the daughter of

"an

" an old soldier who came begg
" his door, brings home the youtl
" then—But I make it a point
" to injure the character of any
" son. I am told that Mr. Dun
" is *wise*; that he understands th
" *thematics*. He may have acte
" rightly. I say nothing. The
" City may talk as much about
" they please; only I shall take
" that the name of Mrs. Claggil
" not be tacked to the lie of the

Mrs. Dexter had two motiv
wishing that these insinuations
have a foundation: a dislike to
Adelaide, and a great love of a
So away she went, full primed, t
charge her blunderbuss of scanc
mongst her acquaintance. She ta
she hinted, she tattled; scandal
abroad like wildfire, from the fas
able end of the town to the City.

last reached the ears of Barbara, who rewarded the person that brought the intelligence with a slap on the face. Durnsford called in his housekeeper, and insisted on knowing the cause of the riot he heard. When she had related the whole history, "pish," cried he; "let the fools alone; they will talk "till they are tired, and then they will "be quiet." The worthy man then gave her a most solemn charge, not to mention one word of the nonsense she had been repeating, either to her mistress or to myself. He was conscious that I should feel most painfully situated, could I for a moment suspect myself of being the innocent cause of such a world of mischief.

Durnsford, you did me no more than *justice:* so may Heaven deal with me as I then dealt with thee! I have had many faults, *heavy, grievous* ones; but

but in this instance I can firmly answer for the unsullied purity of my intentions.

END OF VOL. I.

Cox, Son, and Baylis, Printers,
Gt. Queen-Street.

THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW,

A TALE.

3

THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW,

A TALE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY HENRY SIDDONS,

AUTHOR OF VIRTUOUS POVERTY.

VOL. II.

Le donne antiche hanno mirabil cose
Fatto ne l'arme, e ne le sacre Muse;
E di lor opre belle, e gloriose
Gran lume in tutto il mondo si diffuse.
Arpalice, e Camilla son famose,
Perchè in battaglia erano esperte, ed use.
Safo, e Corinna, perchè furon dotte,
Splendono illustri, e mai non veggon notte.

Le donne son venute in eccellenza
Di ciascun'arte, ove hanno posto cura;
E qualunque a l'istorie abbia avvertenza
Ne sente ancor la fama non obscura.
Se'l mondo n'è gran tempo stato senza,
Non però sempre il mal'influsso dura.
E forse ascosi han lor debiti onori
L'invidia, o il non saper degli scrittori.

ARIOSTO

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR R. PHILLIPS, BRIDGE-STREET, BLACK-FRIARS.

1806.

Cox, Son, and Baylis, Printers,
Great Queen Street.

THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

NOTWITHSTANDING the caution of the husband of Adelaide, who did all in his power to prevent these disagreeable reports from coming to the ears of his wife, the world was not so good natured. The scandal, which at first had only been heard in whispers, and sullen murmurs, now began to reverberate loudly around: Fame with her hundred tongues, and Slander with her thousand serpents, proclaimed and hiss-

ed a tale, which had no foundation but in the fertile heads and malignant hearts of the propagators.

Adelaide knew her own innocence. What then? A truly virtuous woman must ever shrink from the bare idea of being made the subject of public conversation. She who affects to despise this may be a great, a sublime, a lofty, but can never be justly termed a *delicate character*. When Adelaide found herself thus involved, without any fault or knowledge of her own, she did not even for a moment *pretend* to conceal her uneasiness. Had she sternly braved the opinions of the world, she would no longer have appeared amiable in my eyes. What the great Roman *said* of his wife, she *thought* of herself. In her first moments of anguish, therefore, she applied to Mr. Durnsford, as was her custom when any thing distressed or perplexed

perplexed her. She had the highest opinion, both of his tenderness and his judgment. She found by his manner that he was no stranger to what she had to relate. He treated the reports which were flying abroad with a coolness of temper, which evinced the high confidence he reposed in her. It was her request that he would immediately think of some means of removing me from under their roof. He paused a few moments, and then sedately told her, he thought that there seemed somewhat of *injustice* in making *me* answerable for the follies and villainies of *others*, and that, for his own part, he could not help feeling uneasy at the idea of turning a young man out of his house, whom he had found so much difficulty in persuading to enter it. He added, at the same time, that as I had been made an inmate of the family, en-

tirely at his *own* request, without even the most distant hint of such a circumstance having been let fall upon her part, the whole blame of the imprudence of the step, if there really *was* any in it, must devolve entirely upon himself. He concluded, by observing, that he had long lived in the world, had always squared his conduct by the rule of right, and contrived to keep his *compass* in order; notwithstanding which, he had ever found some busy person or other, ready to carp and cavil at him, let him act with all the care and precision he *could*: from a conviction of this kind, a conviction confirmed and ratified by experience, he now kept fast to this one strong safe anchor, "a clear conscience," and resolved never to give up his own axioms to others, when his heart told him, he was neither meditating nor acting any one thing

thing prejudicial to the interest, or the happiness of his fellow creatures.

Adelaide, although far from being convinced, acquiesced in the opinions of Mr. Durnsford. The fatal calumny at length reached *my* ears. I was amazed: I was distracted: I knew not what to do. I strove to retrace every action of my life, during the year I had resided with Mr. Durnsford. After the most strict, the most impartial examination, I could not recollect any *one* instance which could have afforded materials for malevolence. I flew to my host: I talked to him in the most impassioned tone, lamenting that I had ever been born, since I appeared fated to be a burthen to others as well as to myself. I seemed like a man assailed by murderers in the dark. I was stabbed in twenty mortal places, yet could not distinguish one hand which gave a

blow. I! the seducer of Adelaide? of the wife of my benefactor! Great God! who could have suggested the base, the false idea. Had Blazon, enraged at the obstacles I had thrown in the way of his infernal designs, laid this artful snare to ruin me; oh, if he wished revenge, if he desired to rend, to agonise my heart, he could not have taken a more *effectual* method!

The generous Durnsford would willingly have persuaded me to set my mind at rest upon this subject, and let the slander perish as it rose. I too well knew, that my fatal presence must tend to fan and keep the flame alive: were I away, the tempest might, would, subside. Blazon, in having driven me from my shelter, might think his vengeance had done enough, and cease to persecute an unoffending woman.

I resolved, then, to bid adieu to this beloved

beloved mansion, and go. . . *Whither?* I was houseless, friendless.—" Father, " brother," I exclaimed, " where are " ye! Gustavus! beloved Gustavus! " why were our hearts from infancy " divided? Dear, dear parents! I must " not accuse, I will not reproach you: " your fortune you had a right to dis- " pose of as you pleased; but when " you deprived me of fraternal love, " you tore me from a blessing, no time, " no chance can ever give me back " again!!" I resolved to leave the house with speed and secresy. I had yet the small profits of my former post remaining, and on this stock I determined to subsist, until the same Providence, which had formerly assisted me under similar circumstances, should again exert its influence in my favor.

From the manners of Adelaide, I could plainly perceive, that though she

was too just to blame me, my presence excited painful sensations in her mind, She endeavoured to conceal these perceptions as well as she was able; but she was not sufficiently versed in the rudiments of deception to succeed in the attempt. Isaac Durnsford was eager to make up for his wife's deficiencies by the warmth of his own manners and expressions: as she cooled, he kindled; yet in his warmth there was a sort of *over* eagerness, which evidently shewed me, circumstances were altered, and what was formerly a pleasure, was now become a restraint to *both* parties. I waited but for a convenient opportunity of withdrawing from the house, and one soon presented itself to my wishes.

Mr. and Mrs. Durnsford, weary of London, its noise, its scandal, and its malice, had resolved to retire to a beautiful

tiful cottage he had lately purchased in Surrey: they insisted upon my accompanying them, and I seemingly complied. One fine day, when they were gone to see what furniture it would be necessary for them to convey to this rural retreat, I packed up the few things I had, and sat me down to address a letter to the master and mistress of the mansion. I left my epistle with the picture of Adelaide, sealed up and directed to Mr. Durnsford, giving the servant positive orders to put both into his hands when he returned. I entered the hackney coach I had ordered with a heavy heart. The coachman asked me where he should drive? I was absorbed in thought: the fellow repeated the question. "To the Hummums," cried I, peevishly. He obeyed.

As I am looking over the old papers and pocket-books from which these

memoirs are compiled, I find in one of them the *original* of my letter to Mr. and Mrs. Durnsford. I insert it, therefore, in this part of my work. As my materials require some trouble in their arrangement, I must consequently be often liable to error, and have frequent cause to solicit favor and indulgence.

" *For Mr. and Mrs. Durnsford.*

" Adieu! 'Ere you read this, I shall " have left a house where, though I " have had some struggles, some pangs, " I have also experienced some of the " most soothing, the most delightful " moments of my existence. Under " your roof I triumphed over my pas- " sions, and reaped the glorious harvest " of my labours. What can I say to " you both? By an effort of exalted " virtue you struggled against the pre-

" judices

" judices of the world, and took me
" into your hospitable mansion.
" Ah, my dear friends! we are me-
" lancholy instances, that what are
" called the *prejudices* of the world are
" not to be neglected with *impunity*.
" Wisdom, which ever comes too late,
" has impressed this truth upon my
" mind. The more exalted *your* cha-
" racters appear, the more depressed
" is *mine* by the comparison. I should
" have resisted all your generous efforts
" with a manly firmness. I suffered
" myself to be over-persuaded, and in
" the moment planted thorns in *your*
" bosoms and daggers in my *own*. I am
" well convinced, that as long as I re-
" side in your family, scandal will ne-
" ver want wings to fly, calumny and de-
" traction will never tire in the pursuit.
" Remove the *cause* and the *effect* may
" cease. There is something sublime in
" your making so many efforts to retain

" me with you, in spite of all the malice
" of an unfeeling world; but there would
" also, be something more than selfish,
" there would be a depraved baseness,
" in my persisting to expose the cha-
" racter of your wife to danger.

" I go, then; but, 'ere I depart, let
" me make one more sacrifice at the
" altar of esteem and friendship: a sa-
" crifice, great as any my swelling
" heart can allow me to render. With
" this letter will be found my minia-
" ture of Adelaide: it was traced in
" those blessed days when neither of us
" would have blushed at being suppos-
" ed to love each other. Oh! often
" have I gazed on it with all the ar-
" dour of new springing hope; and it
" has calmed the dæmon of despair.
" How great was the shock when I
" first discovered that this delightful
" talisman was eternally destroyed?

" I found

" I found in your *friendship* some balm
" for the wounds of bleeding *love:* now
" that consolation is denied me. Oh
" fate! how have I merited to be left
" so supremely destitute? I have but
" one consoling thought to cheer the
" darkness of my soul. Yes; when
" the actions of my life shall be re-
" corded, when the good and the bad
" shall be weighed together, one regret
" will be off my conscience: — To
" Dumsford and to Adelaide I have
" performed my *duty!* That Heaven
" may bless with every comfort, every
" happiness, those whose tranquillity
" he has fatally, though innocently de-
" stroyed, shall be the everlasting pray-
" er of the unhappy

" M. LANDFORD."

Such was the letter I left behind me. When set down at the place of my destination,

tination, I endeavoured to collect my scattered thoughts, and form, if possible, some scheme for my future support. During my residence with Mr. Blazon abroad, and my stay with Mr. Durnsford in the city, I had acquired some knowledge of what we call *business*, and was tolerably well qualified to work my way with any merchant who might find himself disposed to receive me. Yet, how was I to make myself known? To whom was I to apply? Through the interest and recommendation of Durnsford, I might have obtained many settlements amongst *his* friends: but I well knew that this would have been repugnant to his generous heart. He would have insisted upon my *returning* to *him*; and thus must all our former contests, troubles, and anxieties, have been renewed.

After some deliberation I formed a resolution

resolution of withdrawing to Edinburgh, where I imagined that my person must be unknown, and there endeavour to introduce myself to some gentleman in business, who might chance to want an assistant. My vanity led me to imagine, that there was something in my air and manners which might plead in my favor, and do away any unpleasant prejudices attending my want of the usual recommendatory credentials.

I was always fond of long walks, and knew that, in the character of a *pedestrian*, I could equally accommodate myself to my inclinations and to my finances. I had heard Adelaide talk in raptures of the romantic beauties of Scotland: I had likewise heard that Edinburgh was one of the first cities in Europe. My choice, then, was determined. I sent my small box by one

one of the conveyances, and set ward on my journey, with nothing a little bundle to encumber me. loveliness of the scenery around tended to harmonise my mind, when I reached my inn at night, th bours of the day prevented me brooding long upon my sorrows. I ed through Newcastle, reached town of Berwick, and thus attaine borders of Scotland.

In a rocky situation, between last-mentioned town and Edinburg I stood on a hill observing the gran of a most magnificent prospect, a rode up to me, and addressed m the Irish dialect. " Ah, honey! " is it your own good-looking self " knew we should be after meetin " at last: so you will please to c " along with your humble servant " And pray who are *you?* "

" W

"Whom am I? Arrah, but that's a "good one. Do you think I am any "body else but myself: or would you "make me believe that *you* are any "body else but your *own self*."

"Prithee, fellow," answered I, half smiling and half angry; "pursue your "own journey and do not interrupt "mine."

I was going to pass onwards; but he pulled out a pistol and presented it to my breast.

"Do you mean to *rob* me?"

"And is that a question to axe a "jontleman? I only mean humbly to "request the favor of your good-look- "ing company in a civil way, d'ye see; "and this is a little bit of an argument "I always carry about me, to convince "people who don't understand what "true politeness is."

More words arose. I found that the man

man was really no highwayman; though he persisted in carrying me away with him. He jumped from his horse, and attempted to seize me by the collar. Unused to submit to liberties of such a nature, I told him to stand off, or to beware of consequences. He rushed upon me—we struggled—I only heard the report of the pistol, and found myself on the ground, weltering in blood. The man, after asking many pardons, calmly assured me he had never intended to fire, but that the pistol had gone off of its own head: then, wishing me a good morning, he galloped away, leaving me in this truly deplorable condition.

CHAP.

CHAPTER II.

I ENDEAVOURED to crawl onwards, but in vain. I was shot in the thigh, and the blood flowed so fast from the part affected, that I fainted away. How long I lay in this condition I am unable to ascertain. When I recovered from my trance, I found myself in a very comfortable looking house. By the bedside sat a venerable looking man: piety and goodness were stamped on every lineament of his countenance. I started up, and instantly demanded where I was?

"Be not agitated, young gentle-
"man," said he; "but let it suffice,
"that you are under the care of a
"christian."

" christain." My heart told me, that I was also under the care of a friend. He informed me, that a neighbour of his, going to the next market town, had been much frightened by stumbling over what he at first imagined to be a dead body. The poor fellow knew not how to act, being fearful that if he meddled with the corpse before him, it might be the means of bringing him into some kind of trouble: he was therefore about to pass on, and take no notice, when an idea of the cruelty of leaving a fellow being in such a piteous state came forcibly across his mind. He stood rivetted to the spot, divided between fear and charity. At last a lucky thought came to his aid, which was, to go and ask advice of the parson, whose house was hid in a tuft of trees a few yards off. He had a high idea of the pastor's wisdom, and did not think

there

here could possibly be the slightest danger in anything he was concerned in. He went therefore directly to the house of Mr. Alleyn, and informed him of the adventure he had met with.

The good parson gave him many praises for the conduct he had adopted, and assured him, that, so far from having acted a wrong part, any man, in conscience, was an accessary to murder, who could see a human creature in want of the assistance which might preserve his life, without instantly affording it. He desired his neighbour to conduct him to the spot, and by his assistance (for he was a very strong man) conveyed me to his own humble, but hospitable dwelling.

There was something in Mr. Alleyn's manners peculiarly soothing and prepossessing. He was calm, chearful, learned, and pious. I had no other medical

medical aid but that which he rendered me. He had studied a little of physic, for the sake of his parishioners. A benevolent heart is no bad master in any of those sciences, to which a man applies himself, from a motive of doing good to that species of which he constitutes a part. Luckily my wound was not in a mortal part: the bullet had passed through the *fleshy* substance of the thigh, but had not shattered the *bone;* so that though extremely languid from the profusion of blood I had lost, the remedies were simple and efficacious.

I knew not how I could return the goodness of Mr. Alleyn. I assured him, that, slight as my finances were, I should feel much gratified in the making him any return that way within the scope of my confined abilities. I saw that he was extremly offended at my

my *hinting* any pecuniary return for his labours. He once or twice expressed a curiosity to know my story, *who* I was, and how I came to be found in this remote part of the world, under such peculiar circumstances. I candidly informed him that my name was Landford, and told him (with the suppression of some of the titles of persons) the whole history of my life. When I had done, he said that I had met with many afflictions for so young a man, and added, with a sigh, " I was for-
" merly acquainted with a *branch* of
" your family.—Pray, Sir, are not you
" distantly related to Lord Rothvale?"

" Very nearly."

" Do you know his brother?"

" I know he *has* a brother, though
" I cannot exactly say I ever heard
" his name."

Mr. Alleyn appeared to be much agitated.

agitated. " Forgive me, my young
" gentleman," he continued in a so-
lemn tone, " and allow me credit for
" not intending any *personal* insult to
" *you*, when I am speaking of your
" *relatives*. I have never yet flattered
" the vices of any man, however ex-
" alted his rank, situation, or fortune.
" Could I have done so, perhaps you
' had not now seen me in my present
" lowly state. I knew Lord Rothvale
" and I knew his brother too; well,
" very well. My Lord was a foolish, a
" vain, an inconsiderate man; but I
" am sorry to say his brother, Mr. Bla-
" zon, was a *wicked* one."

" Blazon! Blazon!" cried I, start-
ting with horror, " I know *him* too;
" I have reason to know him: but
" surely he cannot be the brother of
" the Earl."

" Be calm," rejoined Mr. Alleyn
steadily.

steadily; "as Mr. Blazon he has "blinded *many*. When Mr. Rothvale "(for that is his *real* name,) entered in- "to the mercantile line, he was very "much ashamed of it, as many very "foolish men have been before him, "and so changed his appellation. He "and my Lord have had a great many "quarrels; but upon this point they "are perfectly agreed. Lord Rothvale "having no acknowledged children, "his brother is, of course, the heir "apparent to his fortunes and his title. "Mr. Blazon has resided so much "abroad, that he is hardly known at all "as Mr. Rothvale. The late Lord "did, *indeed*, send this younger son to "Paris, under a French tutor, when "he was a child; but as he died, and "left him a most scanty provision, the "young man was forced to look out "for himself. After some years he en-

" tered into trade, and, on receiving a
" stipulated sum from his brother, (now
" vested with the title) meanly promis-
" ed to renounce the relationship while
" this imperious elder was alive. You,
" Sir, now see, that I am acquainted
" with some of the secrets of your fa-
" mily, and humble though I seem,
" may one day or other be of *use* to *you*.
" I charge you, however, as *a man of*
" *honor*, and by all the holy expressions
" of that *gratitude* you have vowed for
" those services I have been fortunate
" enough to render you, that you will
" never *utter* what I have thus told you
" in the most sacred *confidence*, till you
" have my full *permission*, so to *do*.
" That time will arrive, and then eve-
" ry thing shall be *cleared*."

" Shall I bind myself by . . . ."

" No! not by any *oath*, young man.
" If I can read your countenance a-
" right,

" right, honor and gratitude will be " stronger ties upon you, than any " other motives in the world."

I could not see any reason for refusing him the promise he required, and, therefore gave it very readily.

We began to have a great attachment towards each other; and, as my wound grew better and less painful, he would sometimes condescend to beguile the impatience I felt at the tediousness of my cure, by giving me the little narration of his life. It was short and simple.

William Alleyn was the eldest son of a stock-jobber in the city of London. His father, on a visit to an acquaintance at Edinburgh, married the sister of his friend, a lady of no great beauty nor fortune, and was somewhat more than thirty-five years of age. In opposition to these disadvantages, she had one very

solid recommendation with mon[illegible] men; she understood the price of ev[illegible] article, from the elegancies of the pou[illegible] terer and the fishmonger, to the le[illegible] fashionable retailers of chandlery and green-grocery: she could make her *eight-pence* go as far as another lady's *shilling*.

There are some men who would pre[illegible] fer a house-keeper to a wife, were they not rather apprehensive that the house-keeper might have some temptations to plunder them. Old Mr. Alleyn thought the most efficacious way of putting these temptations out of Miss Mara-dath's power, would be to take her to himself, so that, if she felt any inclination to invade his property, she might have no real remuneration for her industry. He was much deceived in this speculation, however, as the young lady very frequently over-reached him,

for

for the mere pleasure of knowing *herself* to be more *cunning* than her *husband*. She could not gain one shilling by her skill: yet would she have been miserable, had she not practised her ingenuity. He allowed her so much money a quarter for house-keeping, and so much more for her pin-money. Out of these, she usually contrived to save one *half*: she would then honorably enough, give the produce to her lord and master, to be placed in the stocks; but the puzzle was, how to account for having such sums of money by her? This would have much perplexed a plain matter-of-fact woman, but your very saving ladies have most excellent inventions. She would *find* a piece of lace in the street, which saved her *so* much money; she would *win* an article of furniture at a *raffle*; she was fortunate in *picking up* muffs which had been left in hackney

coaches; and had more prizes in the lottery than any three persons within twenty miles of her.

Two sons were the issue of this prudent marriage. William, the eldest, was placed at an early age under the care of his uncle in Edinburgh, who sent him to the high school, where he received a most excellent education. The youngest, who had a most disagreeable countenance and person, attached himself to business, and, under the auspices of his careful father, became one of the darlings of the monied men of the metropolis: He married a very foolish, extravagant, young woman, with whom he parted for serious reasons, and then changed his name.

As Mr Alleyn seemed anxious to pass with lightness over the characters of his brother and his wife, I did not think it right to press the subject upon him.

Mr.

Mr. Alleyn was one of the first scholars at this excellent seminary. He was afterwards sent as a servitor to Cambridge at the joint expense of his father and his uncle. He afterwards entered into orders: then became private tutor to Lord Rothvale, and was abroad with him for several years. His Lordship had, he said, several good qualities; but being somewhat tinctured with *atheism*, there were certain subjects upon which he was less scrupulous than he ought to have been. He declined going farther into the business.

On the death of Mr. Alleyn's father, the younger brother came into all the business: Mr. Alleyn was, of course, left entirely dependant upon Lord Rothvale. He accompanied the young nobleman for several years, until, at length, the freedom of his advice, and the un-

perious temper, who wished to d
the bitter drop of reflection in th
cious cup of riot, and smooth th
rowed brow of care with the syco
tic smile of adulation.

To get rid of him in as handso
manner as possible, it was propos
give Mr. Alleyn the retirement
he then possessed. It was a little
tenement, standing near a small ch
erected for the use of such of th
rounding gentry as were attached
tenets of the Church of England.
was the worthy man growing grey
was he waiting for some even
which he yet hoped to be the fa

time was rapidly approaching, when he might be so: and, that very probably, I should soon see this apparent enigma explained at full.

Such was the account I gleaned from Mr. Alleyn; an account in which much was suppressed by his delicacy, and more which was contained in remarks and broken observations, which alluded to matters of which I had not the least conception. I could easily unravel enough of his character to perceive, that he was a worthy, honest, upright man, and an ornament to the sacred order of which he was a member.

In the mean time my wound began to heal: nothing but a languor remained; and I began to think with regret of the moment when I should be compelled to bid adieu to the mansion of this truly *good Samaritan*. He would not permit me to think of taking my departure till my wound was entirely

healed, and I was beyond all possibility of danger of suffering from the fatigue of the journey I had yet to undergo.

As I got better, I strolled around the neighbourhood of Mr. Alleyn's mansion. It was wild, romantic, and beautiful. His house was not a large one; yet was it sufficiently so to render it elegant and commodious; and the capacious heart of the owner more than supplied all that was wanting in magnitude or splendor. The lower part was composed of two rooms and a kitchen: the lesser apartment contained a number of well-selected books: there was most of the real philosophy of ancient and modern times; but he was not fine gentleman enough to give the writings of Rousseau or Voltaire places on his shelves, thinking their style of thought was not *exactly* adapted to the morals of a *clergyman*.

There was another parlour, hung with views

views taken by a young artist from the boldest scenery in Scotland. Every thing was neat and comfortable in this elegant little room, which being surrounded by tall trees, was equally protected and shaded in summer and in winter time. He had a bed for himself, another for the old lady who resided with him and superintended his domestic concerns, with a third for any friend or bewildered traveller chance or misfortune might conduct to his door. Before the house was a terrace, which commanded a view of a wide extended heath: a rich purple glowing in full bloom upon every little bush, gave the most sublime and picturesque appearrance to all the surrounding scenery. Upon this terrace I would sometimes walk for hours together, ruminating on the past, and revolving many a project for the future.

Mr. Alleyn informed me, that a stran-

ger of a very mysterious appearance had lately been observed in the neighbourhood, and had been remarked to have directed a most particular attention towards his house; that he was wrapped up in a large green plaid; appeared late at night and early in the morning, walking backwards and forwards on the terrace in great agitation, and looking in at every window in the house with evident perturbation. Mr. Alleyn said he could not at all reconcile this singular visitation with any circumstances at all relative to himself, and could only solve his doubts by a supposition that the stranger must be, by some means or other, connected with *me*.

I was not able to give him the least insight into this affair at the present moment; but, two days afterwards, a man dressed as above described was again seen on the terrace. I instantly went out and walked by him. He looked at

at me most anxiously, and exclaimed, in a voice I had often heard before, "Thank God! he is *alive!*"

"Who *are* you?" answered I, in a firm tone of voice: "who are you, that "are thus interested in the life or death "of an outcast, who thought his being "an object of indifference to every crea-"ture upon earth?"

"It may be so; but *I* should be "truly afflicted to be the cause of the "death of any man in the world, par-"ticularly so of Mowbray Landford."

"You know *my* name?"

"Better than you appear to remem-"ber the name or voice of Sir George "Sendon."

"Sir George Sendon!"

"I *am* that man."

"Good God! Sir George! and could "*you* have any thing to do with the "wound which I received?"

"I fear I *had*. But dare you venture "to

"to take me into a room of the house "where you are now residing?"

Well assured that Mr. Alleyn would willingly excuse such a liberty, I led him through the back door on the terrace, into the little library described above. When seated there, Sir George demanded whether I had lately heard any news of my father? I replied that I had not gleaned any one article relating to him since the day he had banished me from his house and presence. Sir George seemed surprised at this intelligence. After a pause of a few moments, he inquired, in a very earnest tone, if I was equally ignorant with regard to my brother Gustavus? I solemnly assured him, that I knew not a single article which related to the fate of either the one or the other. He two or three times muttered to himself "That is very strange!" and then added,

lded, " You would perhaps like to be made acquainted with the events ' posterior to your departure from ' Landford House."

I answered in the affirmative. He continued :

" Mr. Mowbray, I owe you much, " having been, in some measure, the " cause of your late accident : to gra- " tify your curiosity in this particular, " will therefore be the least return I " can make you."

The Substance of Sir George Sendon's Narrative.

It appeared that after I had left my father's house, that enraged parent used all his arguments to induce Sir George to allow my brother Gustavus to be the husband of his daughter Juliana. Sir George resisted this new arrangement with

with great firmness: his darling hope had been ever to see Miss Sendon united to the man who was to inherit the *title* of Rothvale.

Sir George Sendon's estates lay contiguous to that of the Earl; and it was imagined that the two, if joined together, would form the finest thing in the three kingdoms. He had a high regard for my father; so much so, that he had often lent him large sums of money, which were by this time raised to so immense a *total*, that his own fortunes began to stagger beneath the exertion. The little my father had it in his power to transfer to my brother, would make but a poor appearance: it was the *Rothvale estate* alone which could smooth the difficulty. No effort of parental power could rob me of that title and inheritance, provided the two brothers should die *without children*, which

which was pretty certain to be the case, as they were now both very considerably advanced in years, and *unmarried.*

My father could never bear to hear my name mentioned after my departure, so enraged was he at me for thus having thwarted the nearest and dearest wishes of his heart. My compliance would have gratified all his ambitions, and have removed all his perplexities: as it *was*, he was involved in a labyrinth from which he knew not how to extricate himself.

A connection with Sir George Sendon was absolutely *necessary* for his peace and for his credit. He had, indeed, now no other hold on his forbearance. He found a warm advocate in Miss Juliana; she really had a very warm attachment to my brother; an attachment she had always been unwilling either to dissemble or to conceal.

ceal. She was of a romantic turn mind; and would have preferred a c tage with her Gustavus, to all the vantages of rank and splendor with i self. My brother had loved her alm from infancy.

It must be remembered, that in c sequence of the partiality of his pare he had withdrawn himself from tl protection. During the time of his sence he had suffered incredible h ships and fatigues. In the ardent s of youth, he had presented himsel an officer who was raising recruits; told him he was a young man bor better hopes than his present circ stances might seem to import; tha was eager to serve his king and cou and anxious to evince his zeal, u the inspection of any gentleman whose military abilities he had an nion. He had heard (from his fr

Col

Colonel Raynall of course) of his gallant conduct in the American war, and that he was the friend of merit wherever he found it; and that a brave fellow in the ranks was held in equal estimation, by him, with an officer at the head of his troops. "With these sentiments," said he, "I am come to lay my person and "my services before you."

The officer, charmed with the ingenuous frankness of his manner, admitted him immediately as a volunteer; and interested himself so warmly in his behalf, that he was made an ensign very speedily afterwards. He was present at the battle of ——, where his cool courage rendered him so conspicuous, that he was universally admired and beloved by all who saw him. He was sorry when compelled to return to England; in hopes of promotion, he would more willingly have remained *abroad*, where

where personal courage would have had many more opportunities to manifest and distinguish itself.

On his arrival, he first learned the death of his mother: he was deeply affected by the circumstance. Notwithstanding many unkindnesses he had endured from both parties, he had ever retained a most sincere affection for his parents. Passing the street one night, he heard an uncommon noise, and marching up to the scene of action, beheld one gentleman fighting very hard with three ruffians. Gustavus immediately ranged himself on the side of the weaker party, and the robbers were soon put to flight.

My brother insisted on accompanying the gentleman he had rescued to his lodgings. By the aid of a lamp which shone full in his face, as he was bidding

bidding him adieu, the stranger had leisure to contemplate his features. "Pray," said he, "is your name Gus-"tavus?" The young soldier would have instantly darted out of sight, had not the other caught him by the arm, and stopped him with an exclamation of "Stay, stay, my dear boy: I am "Colonel Raynall!"

These words rivetted him. They were in each others arms. Raynall insisted on his going in with him. He used so many arguments, that he at last convinced his young friend that it was his duty to pay his respects to his father, more especially after the heavy affliction he had so lately endured. This last motive was one not to be resisted; but as the Colonel knew the pride of the parent would be wounded at his son's sudden appearance before him in his present

present condition, it was agreed that he should clear the way for the interview which was about to take place.

The Colonel entered the house at the very moment of my warm dispute with my father. [Vide Vol. I] When Gustavus first returned to the paternal embrace, it was wholly unknown to him that I was in disgrace and banishment. When it at length came to his knowledge, he grew gloomy, wretched, and unhappy. Much as he loved the amiable Juliana, he would rather have perished than have obtained her at the price of *any* man's ruin: How must his feelings, then, have been heightened, by the consciousness, that the man his felicity would whelm in sorrow, poverty, and shame, was his own brother! All recollection of former coldness vanished from his mind, and Mowbray, the haughty, sullen, and imperious,

erious, was not for one moment con-
unded by him, with Mowbray, the
ejected and unfortunate.

It was my father's design to cut me
ff from all his *own* property, and trans-
fer it to my brother. This was his only
remaining hope of ever becoming a re-
lative of Sir George's. The bond of
family alliance was, he feared, the *sole*
tie which could restrain the Baronet
from pressing hard for those large sums
of money which were now becoming
daily his due.

This arrangement was highly agreea-
ble to Miss Sendon; but her father, as
the Rothvale estate constantly haunted
his mind, seemed to hesitate. Gusta-
vus was firm in his principles and rigid
in his resolutions; all that his father
could urge, he never for one moment
faultered in declaring, that he would be
concerned in *no contract*, that might by
any

any means tend to prejudice the interests or happiness of his *eldest brother.* In vain did Raynall endeavor to prove to him, that by persevering in such a conduct, he not only stood in the way of the advancement of his own prospects in life, but was in reality doing me a disservice, instead of a benefit, inasmuch as opposition from all parties would only irritate, and drive him into more violent measures than those he had already adopted. These arguments had no weight. He only answered, that though he should be sorry for his brother's being a sufferer by *any* means, it would most certainly soothe his own regrets, in some degree, to know that he was no actor in the scene of his calamities. From this fixed anchor, no consideration could remove him.

The rage, anxiety, and vehemence of our father was extreme. The whole fabric

abric of his hopes was alternately destroyed, first by the *eldest*, and now again by the *youngest* son.

Gustavus, who really doated upon Juliana with all the enthusiasm of the most refined affection, found that the struggles he had to encounter grew too painful for him. Colonel Raynall's counsel was not of the least avail. He saw that his young friend had once more involved himself in the anger of a father. Circumstances called the veteran to Scotland: he left Gustavus with a sad presentiment on his mind, which was soon after verified. He was scarcely arrived in Scotland, before he heard that the impetuous young man had once more withdrawn himself. Juliana Senlon became melancholy, Sir George houghtful, and my father desperate. Accident threw him into the company of a set of men, who constantly gained

for large sums of money. The low play is generally fatal to its votar whatever may be their fortunes, ra or situations. All my father's long gotten furor revived: the period of oath, not to game for twenty years, now elapsed.

In hopes of being able to repay George the large sums he owed h he passed whole nights in this misera and precarious pursuit. His declin finances sunk under the unequal con with men, whose whole lives had b passed in making calculations u games of chance.

Sir George Sendon became invol in some circumstances, which mad necessary for him to call in his de A letter was dispatched to my fa among the rest of the persons h owed him money. Shame, pov and ruin, now stared the unhappy

in the face. He had no resource. His pride was not diminished though his fortune was crushed. Could he own himself a beggar? a dishonorable one too? appear among his grand connections in all the lowliness of humiliated rank? daily be exposed to the eyes of Sir George, which would *tacitly* accuse him of having defrauded him of the money which was his due? What accumulated horrors for a proud man! He could not *bear* it. His house was menaced with an execution: he demanded three days grace, and, before the expiration of that term, hired a post-chaise, drove wildly to Dover, and, finding a packet there, set sail for Calais.

Poor Juliana felt much on this occasion. Sir George, for his own part, was rather pleased than otherwise at the late events, and had been peculiarly rejoiced at the removal of Gustavus. He

now thought he had received so ma
injuries from the Landford family, th
it was high time to put an end to all i
tercourse with every part of it. He b
gan to listen to the proposals of M
Montaval, a foreigner of birth a
fortune.

This gentleman was, in every
spect, disagreeable to Juliana.
George informed his new friend of
daughter's previous attachment to G
tavus, whom Dermot, the servant
Mr. Montaval, recollected to have o
seen. From many letters, which w
daily brought to Juliana, and a you
man being frequently observed ho
ing about the mansion of Sir Geo
they had reason to imagine, that G
tavus was in the nieghbourhood w
some unfair design. Dermot was s
with loaded pistols to explore
country round, and had orders, if

chan

chanced to find him, to bring the young soldier along with him by force, to the present residence of Sir George, which happened to be but a slight distance from the Rev. Mr. Alleyn's. Dermot rode on, looking carefully round him all the way. He chanced to espy me, as I stood admiring the surrounding scenery. The very strong similitude between my brother and myself instantly flashed on his mind, with the force of conviction. The attentive manner in which I was musing, my timid method of avoiding passengers, every circumstance tended to confirm him in his suspicions, and the unluckly fracas, in which I received my wound, was the consequence of this mistake.

Dermot rode back, a good deal terrified, and told i employers he feared that he had murdered Mr. Gustavus. He then related all the circumstances of

his adventure, which filled their minds with the most gloomy apprehensions. Juliana saw the great anxiety of her father, who was terribly shocked at the sanguine event which had taken place. He dared not, however, inform her of the melancholy particulars, lest the story of the miseries of a person so dear to her as Gustavus, might be too much for her fortitude!

Sir George soon heard that a dying man had been carried to Mr. Alleyn's and thinking that every thing was preferable to the miseries of suspence, he had resolved to *disguise* himself, and endeavor to learn the fate of the wounded person. He was so situated as to be compelled to delicacy in the questions he asked, and the enquiries he made. He was happy in making the early discovery, that the man was still alive. He resolved, therefore, to persevere in his

his researches, till he might have some opportunity of a conversation with the person he was in search of. This occasion had, at last, luckily arrived; and, though sorry that I should be the sufferer, he confessed that a great load was taken off his mind. It appeared that my resemblance to Gustavus had nearly been fatal to me.

CHAPTER III.

I HAVE been compelled to crowd the narrative of Sir George Sendon into a very small compass. I hope I have not quite lost sight of the *lucidus ordo*, so much recommended by the Roman poet.

Sir George was as delicate as possible, with respect to the circumstances which related to my father; though I could very plainly make out from the texture of his discourse, that the loss of the sums he had formerly lent had very much confined his circumstances and embarrassed his affairs. I could also plainly perceive, that all his parental

rental authority was ineffectual to do away her early impressions in favor of my brother within the gentle bosom of Juliana.

The real fact was, (although delicacy would not allow hm to hint this to me) that Sir George had found his fortunes so much shattered by the imprudence of my father, that, from being a most wealthy and desirable match *herself*, Miss Sendon had no chance of maintaining that state of elegance and affluence to which she had been brought up, but by a matrimonial connection with some gentleman of rank and *fortune*.

Sir George, who had much of the old English hospitality in his composition, could not bear the thoughts of retrenching any of those expenses which tended to the comfort of his vassals. He had introduced the cheerful bene-

violence of his ancestors into his Scotch possessions. He had seen his example followed, and was hurt at the thought of being the first to *infringe* the customs he had been himself so very anxious to *revive*.

Sir George would have made me any reparation for the misfortunes he had been, in some degree, the means of bringing upon me; but he had suffered quite *enough*, by his late anxieties, for any error he had inadvertently committed. He described Mr. Montaval as a soldier and a man of honour, one who was a good deal shocked at what had happened to Dermot, whom he would have chastised on the spot, had not the poor fellow fallen on his knees, sued for mercy, and taken many oaths that the pistol had gone off without asking his leave. The real fact was, the circumstance was purely accidental.

The

The poor author of it had ever since suffered the most excruciating pains, both of mind and body. Convinced that he was a murderer, he could seldom sleep at nights: when he *did*, he dreamed of nothing but the gallows, and never saw a stranger coming towards the house, without imagining the ministers of justice at his heels. He trembled if any one looked at him, and hid himself in a hay-loft for three days, upon a justice of the peace coming to pay a visit at Sir George's house.

Montaval, though very far from agreeable to Miss Sendon, was what most ladies would have called a handsome man. He was tall, well formed, and his features, though much sunburnt from having lived abroad, were bold and impressive. He was however so little acquainted with the forms of the world, and had, at times, such a

strange peculiarity of thinking and expressing himself, that he was by no means adapted to the elegancies of polished society. His bravery was a predominant trait in his character: and when he heard *how* I had been wounded, he began to fear that an imputation might be cast on his courage. He was now anxious for his own *reputation*, and groaned in bitterness of spirit, that he had not been present *himself*: for, he observed, that, had that been the case, all this unpleasant business would have been avoided. As when he had seen his mistake, he could have presented *me* with another pistol; and given me the fair alternative of a gentleman. Mr. Montaval was, notwithstanding all his peculiarities, a man of high honour, large property, and of a cheerful temper.

The dear Rothvale title and estate was

was yet very closely wound around the heart of Sir George; but, *that* being out of the debate, no one thing so advantageous as a match between Mr. Montaval and his daughter presented itself to his election. Had I been *then* inclined to have temporised with him, it is my firm belief, that he would have renewed the former terms on which I stood with regard to Miss Sendon; but that was an idea too full of dishonor towards a brother, who had acted in the noblest way to me, to take up my attention even for a moment. Had I *loved* Miss Sendon, his conduct would have demanded every forbearance on *my part.*

There was an unaccountable perseverance in Sir George upon this subject which greatly puzzled me. He never seemed to consider, that, from the precarious

carious state of the case, it was possible that I might yet miss the highly-valued title he laid so much stress upon. Indeed it had always, to myself, appeared a remote hope, a kind of castle in the air. When any event, however, is adapted to a man's particular inclinations, he very often frames his mind to consider it as a *certainty:* he cherishes it with a partial fondness, till his own belief is so confirmed that he is quite astonished at the *scepticism* of other persons.

This had long been the case with my father and Sir George: sad realities had awakened the *former* from his golden dreams; the *latter* seemed still rooted in his opinions and prejudices. I had now discovered that Mr. Blazon was in reality the brother of my Lord Rothvale; and I well knew, that neither myself, nor

nor any one connected with me, would be likely to receive advantage from events he had any power of defeating.

I parted with Sir George upon rather friendly terms. Finding that I was resolved to bend my course towards Edinburgh, and there endeavour to pursue my fortune, he would *insist* on giving me a letter to an acquaintance of his, a Mr. Mainfort, who resided in that city: he added, too, that it would not be long before himself, his daughter, and his intended son-in-law, Mr. Montaval, came to reside in the capital of Scotland, when he should be happy to shew me, that the breach between himself and my father had no sort of influence in prejudicing his mind against me; and that, until his arrival, he was convinced his old comrade, Mr. Mainfort, would shew me every attention and civility in his power.

There

There was a frank something in the manner of Sir George, which I found it quite impossible to resist. We parted on the best terms, and he wrote me the promised letter in Mr. Alleyn's little study.

When I met with my worthy old host at supper, I related every thing which had passed to him. He spoke of Sir George, as of a man well respected in the neighbourhood: one, with no other fault in the world, but an inordinate wish for lofty connections, which sometimes led him into errors he might else have very easily avoided. "When," added Mr Alleyn, "called "from my retreat, to adjust many con- "cerns which must be cleared up be- "fore I die, I shall have a word or "two to say to Sir George among the "rest. I dare say that I seem a very "mysterious character to you, my "young friend; but I again most so- "lemnly

" lemnly charge you, by all the attentions
" I have endeavoured to shew you, since
" Providence and misfortune first cast
" you under my roof, not to give the least
" hint or inuendo that you have *seen*
" me before wheresoever we *next* may
" chance to meet. You will do me the
" credit to suppose, that, with one foot
" in the grave, and after a life of sixty-
" five years, which malice and calum-
" ny has never yet dared to arraign, I
" cannot now have any projects which
" can tend to the sordid advancement
" of my own interests: you must like-
" wise do me the justice to believe,
" that let what will happen, I shall
" always be a friend to *you*. Should I
" have occasion to touch on your affairs,
" I shall do it with delicacy; and de-
" pend on it, that, if it shall not lie in
" my department to render you any
" great

" child! be virtuous, be industrious
" and then you cannot fail of being
" happy!"

I would have replied to him, but *could* not. He had been so very good to me in my hours of pain and sickness, that all words appeared too faint for the expression of the boundless gratitude I owed *him*.

When a beneficent heart, tried and experienced itself in the ways of the world, looks with a benevolent interest on the sorrows and the struggles of youth and inexperience, when it condescends to temper juvenile fervor with its own steady reason, such a friendship can only be imagined by those who have felt it.

CHAP

CHAPTER IV.

HAIL! fair Edina, Queen of the North! Thou may'st vie with the proudest of cities! A new metropolis is starting up at every corner: elegance and taste seem to direct the powers of the architect, and animate his labors. Country of the gallant Wallace! Soil of the patriot Bruce! Never can modern refinement deface the deeds of those plaid-covered chieftains, who once worshipped the Goddess of Liberty on the cloud-aspiring mountains of Caledonia! The rural song of Burns shall, at once, perpetuate *their* names and his *own!!!*

Such were the reflections I made, upon

on my entrance into this noble city. I was surprised to find that it nearly equalled the metropolis of England in its buildings, and was inferior to London in nothing but *bulk*.

I entered an elegant inn, where I was treated with as much attention and civility, as I could have met with at the first tavern in any part of His Majesty's dominions. There is a winning something in the manners, even of the domestics in the Scotch inns. Hospitality is the grand characteristic of the country, and every one is tinged with the prevailing national color.

We sometimes find people at taverns attend us with a kind of *surly* obedience. They know that we come to them for our own convenience; imagining that we chuse the best house in the place; if they execute our orders, they are apt to suppose that they have them done

done enough; that it is a mutual compact, and so the business ends. In Scotland they are inclined to look on the stranger as their *guest*. They take money, it is true, like people of their calling in every quarter of the globe; but they do their duty, as if the pleasure of obliging you had *some* share in their gratifications. For my own part, I would much rather wait upon myself than not be attended by *cheerful* faces.

There was a coffee-room in the hotel, and I walked into it with the intention of reading the news of the day. I called for some refreshment and placed myself at one of the tables.

Opposite to me sat a young man, who interested me much in his favor the first moment I placed my eyes upon him. His figure was below the middle size: his face was thin; and was not, perhaps, what would be generally called

ed

ed handsome; but his eye seemed preg-
nant with the fire of genius and sensi-
bility. His coat had *once* been *black*
but time had now converted it into
russet brown. His linen was perfectly
white, and a certain gentlemanly air
was apparent through all the poverty of
his general appearance. He was lean-
ing his head on his hand when I first
sat down. He bowed to me, on per-
ceiving that I was a stranger, and
handed me a newspaper; after which
action of courtesy, he resumed his for-
mer thoughtful posture. He heaved
several deep sighs from the very bottom
of his heart, while I was perusing
the paper. I took several opportuni-
ties of stealing unobserved glances at
him. He seemed affected with some
heavy sorrow, and tears gushed in tor-
rents down his cheeks. He was once
agitated so much, that he sobbed aloud

A

A few moments after, a little man came into the coffee-room of an appearance the very *reverse* of the personage I have just been endeavouring to describe. He was somewhat about four feet high, and nearly equal in length and breadth: his face was expanded to twice the circumference of that of an ordinary man, and was, in colour, somewhat between a scarlet and a purple: his nose, like that of *Bardolph*, put his beholders in mind of "Dives burning in "his robes." His countenance was all on fire, and, glaring over a red waistcoat, gave no very bad idea of that poetical creature, a salamander. I could perceive the young man start at his apparition, and try to avoid his eye; but the other fascinated him, as a serpent is said to attract the optics of a bird. He waddled to my bench, and placing himself by the side of me,

his own fiery visage in direct con with that of the youth.

The party thus attacked, coug hemmed, and gave many sympton uneasiness. It was all in vain ; his relenting persecutor stared him ful the face for the space of a mom then fetching a deep groan from th ry bottom of his lungs, produce most terrific noise, which I can like nothing but the howl of an elep wounded in the proboscis. The w house shook as he vociferated " " Davy! Davy! Davy!"

" My dear Sir! and will you " sist in putting me to so much dis " for so *small* a sum?"

" Davy!" was *all* the other w reply; but he accompanied the v with a shake of the head, which see to intimate that they differed very m in their several ideas of the word *s*

The poor victim of this perseverance shewed that he had been long subjected to the tyranny of the other, by the several replies he almost mechanically made him: "And can five pounds be "such an object to any one, as to ren- "der it necessary for me to be dunned "in this manner, and in a public cof- "fee-room, too?"

Nothing but groans, sighs, and "Da- "vy! Davy!" followed this appeal.

Shocked at the brutality of the man's conduct, I resolved, poor as I was, to tear away his prey from his fangs, by lending the young gentleman the five pounds, which seemed to be the object of debate. I happened to have a note of that value in my pocket. I looked the youth in the face—it was an *honest countenance!* I presented the bill to him, begging that he would do me the honor to make use of it, and return the

sum whenever it might chance to be convenient.

He gave me, in return, one of those looks which

"Whisper the o'er fraught heart,"

and very frankly accepted my offer.

Then presenting the sum to his tor mentor, said, "There, Sir: *now* are you "satisfied?"

"Yes, Davy:—but only mind one "thing."

"What is that?"

"I never *asked* you for the money, "Davy."

With this cool, evasive speech, he made a low bow and straddled out of the room. It is not in my power to re peat the many handsome things the young man said to me, when he was thus delivered from his tormentor. I shall only remark, that they were the liberal overflowings of a grateful mind, the

the spontaneous offerings of a thankful heart. He informed me, that a very serious duty called him from me for the present; but most earnestly intreated for my *address*, that he might call on me the next morning. The question was at that moment a perplexing one. The ideas it awakened were of the most painful nature: it called to my mind, that I was now, for the *third* time in the course of a very few years, a friendless, houseless being. I collected my thoughts, however, as well as I was able, and informed him that I had no particular place of residence for the present; but that if he would favor me with his company to breakfast next day in the coffee-room we were *then* in, I should esteem it an obligation. He left me with his eyes suffused in tears, giving me, at the same time, a promise

of being punctual to the appoin
we had just made.

He had no sooner taken his
ture, than I entered into conve
with a personage of a very differ
scription, who seated himself by m
and *would* discourse with me, all
I gave him little encouragement
so. He seemed a man of vast
tance; for he talked of all the
men who had seats in the ne
England with the most easy
arity: they were all Tom, Dic
Ned, and Frank, with him. I
peared, likewise, intimate with
of the gentlemen of Edinburgh;
lecting, therefore, my message
Mainfort, I distantly asked him
knew such a gentleman.

"Why! aw—aw—aw—um—
"Sir, are *you* well acquainted
"him?"

"Not at all, Sir."

"No! God bless me! There is "not a better fellow in the world than "Malcolm Mainfort. He has been a "soldier, too—between you and me, "a bit of a *bouncer*—does not mind a "*crack* or so—but a devilish jolly dog. "*Madam* his wife rules the roost—"she keeps famous company; though "nothing under a duchess will go "down with her—I like her parties "very much—capital suppers—Emma "Mainfort keeps all alive—so dashing, "so *shapey*—the handsomest girl in all "Edinburgh."

Thus he went on, giving me the whole history of the family: though, for a person who seemed to live on terms of intimacy with them, his language did not seem over respectful. He knew London, too, *well*, he said: was at all the routs; was acquainted

with all the performers at the theatres dined with ————, and supped with ————. He was a great politician, too, and was hand-in-glove with all the famous speakers on both sides.

After he was gone, I remained for some time lost in admiration of his character; but, looking out of the window, I was much surprised to see him tripping along with a pair of rusty saddle-bags under his arm. The waiter coming accidentally by, I had the curiosity to ask him if he knew that gentleman? "O! very well, Sir," replied the fellow: "he comes here twice a year; "there is not a man-milliner does more "business in his way than *he* does."

The mystery was now quite solved.

"Oh, pride! pride!" said I to myself; "I can no longer wonder that "thou hast been the bane of *my* peace, "the ruin of my poor father's fortunes!

"*h*

" *he* had some fuel to *feed* the flame: " but it is evident, that the passion of " pride is as natural to us as the air we " breathe; we all are proud of *some-* " *thing;* and if no innate conscious- " ness of superiority presents a *real* ar- " gument for arrogance, like the boast- " ing coxcomb who has just left me, " we borrow our light from some sur- " rounding object!"

With these reflections in my mind, I retired to my chamber, and, as soon as my head was reposed on my pillow, breathed a fervent prayer, imploring Providence to comfort and support my unhappy father under his misfortunes, wherever he might chance to be. My limbs were tired with long exercise; sleep therefore soon came upon my eyelids, and, for a few short hours, buried the memory of all my sorrows in oblivion.

THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW.

PART IV.

CHAPTER I.

I WOKE early next morning, with a fine sun shining in at my windows, I dressed myself with alacrity, and desired that I might have a small room to myself. This request was complied with. I ordered breakfast for two, and desired that if the gentleman who was with me the last night should inquire for me, he might be shewn where I was.

"Mr. Spankley; or Mr. Davy Middleton, Sir?"

The name of Davy gave me my cue,

and I was not at all inclined to renew my acquaintance with my friend the *traveller*; I therefore informed the waiter that Mr. Middleton was the *only* person I wished to see. Till he came I amused myself in my constant employment of making memorandums of my life for the past week, in a large pocket book I always carried about me for that purpose. I was not long thus occupied before the young man made his appearance. He said he hoped he had not kept me waiting, and in a moment afterwards began to pour forth a thousand professions of gratitude and acknowledgement. I stopped him short in the middle of these, by begging him, if he did not mean to distress and render me extremely uncomfortable, not to say another word on the subject. He bowed and complied with my request. Our conver-

ation then began to turn on the mon topics of the day.

found him a very superior being to general herd of mankind. He ed on all subjects with elegance and ncy, and seemed to have derived his owledge from the best source, an servation of the manners of man-id. I felt so much real friendship for s young man, that I made him ac-ainted with my present posture of airs, simply concealing the family me from his knowledge. He seemed ocked to find me so destitute of nds, but observed with a sigh, that man might have the most *prospe-us* relatives, and yet never reap the st advantage from their success or rtune. He did not pretend to *whine* er my calamities: that is the ever-ady coin of those *obliging* people, ho will not be either at the pains not e expense of relieving your anxieties; yet,

yet, that they may be deemed kind and tender hearted, will do you the favour of *pitying* them.

The life of David Middleton, though short, had been full of trials; he knew, therefore, the just value of this meretricious generosity: he had *proved* it, and found it hollow, false and specious. The cant of *feeling* irritated him more than all the other jargons of hypocrisy. He gave me a look, no more; but that look spoke *volumes*. The tear drop stood big in his eye; he dashed it away, and with a forced smile endeavoured to turn the conversation into a different channel. I told him I had some letters to deliver which would find me employment for the morning, adding, at the same time a hope that we might shortly meet again. Mr. Middleton then let me know that he was a frequent visitor at the Coffee-house, as all his letters and parcels from

south were directed thither, and
t he hoped he should speedily receive
ittances from thence, which might
ble him to discharge his debt to me.
oining him to silence on that subject,
quested that we might meet the next
ning at the same hour; to which he
lily assented.

CHAP-

CHAPTER II.

I IMMEDIATELY waited upon Mr. Mainfort, at his house in one of the principal streets of the New Town, and, strange to say, was rather sorry to find him at home. Amongst the number of those disagreeable occurrences with which life is crowded, I always thought the delivery of recommendatory letters one of the most irksome. I found him sitting in his study, wrapped up in a dirty flannel gown. He was employed in reading a large book which he closed as I entered the apartment: I observed that it was a "*Gro-*

"*tius*

tius, de Jure Belli." His room was ng round with full-length pictures of enerals, and a variety of prints were sted on a screen which stood before m, descriptive of armies, battles, c. &c. Over the chimney hung a word, gorget, sash, and other mili- ry insignia: in short, every thing ourtrayed the habitation of the retired oldier. He had very little of the na- ional accent; and, though rather pom- ous, was perfectly well bred. He no ooner heard I came from Sir George ndon, than he politely urged me to e seated. He read the letter with ttention, surveyed me from head to oot, and insisted on my staying to dine ith him. He pressed me so very hard, at there was not any possibility of re- sing him: I promised, therefore, to turn again at half-past four o'clock. le shook me cordially by the hand as we

we parted. I was conducted to door by a tall raw-boned man in li but with a head dressed in the mil fashion. He gave me the *salute* left the house, faced to the right, disappeared.

I amused myself with gazing the antiquities of Holyrood-House, strolling round the town, till the appointed for dinner arrived. Wl returned, I found Mr. Mainfort d ed. He wore a plain blue coat; ye he affect a military stile. The lady of the house seemed detern to behave *genteely* to every body her over eagerness discovered som gusting traits, which might othe have lain concealed. His daughte a most elegant and beautiful youn man, lovely in her person, and o most extreme simplicity in her dres manners.

A very large party was assembled, and continued increasing, till a servant announced dinner. During the whole course of this meal, Mr. Mainfort began to relate several stories; in the midst of which, his Lady constantly put him out, either by asking him some very frivolous question, or politely insinuating that he was amusing himself with *falsehoods*. All this he bore with the fortitude of a *stoic*. The daughter frequently appeared quite distressed for her father, and sometimes not a little ashamed of her mother.

The mistress of the house was very attentive to *me*. As personages of *title* appeared to be the very gods and goddesses of her idolatry, she imagined that she could never pay a higher compliment to any one, than by finding out some accidental resemblance which they bore to a lord, a duke, or a marquis.

quis. She made every feature in face relish of quality. I had the e the Earl of D....., the chin o Duke of B....., the nose of count F....., and the dimples o John C..... Her poor husband peared to be sitting upon thorns, w she ran on in this strain, and endeav ed to play off a general or a colone a counter-check to her peers and rons. He had, however, but a poor chance in this contest, and a heroes were fairly beat out of the The gentlemen, of course, listene her, in preference to Mr. Main who began one story five or six t rent times; but finding he had no chance of being suffered to proceed remained on the tenter-hooks til cloth was removed.

This ceremony was, however sooner performed, than he seemed brig

righten up, and his countenance grew radually more and more cheerful till is wife left the room. After her departure he gave a smile, not very unlike that of Macbeth, when, on the disappearance of the ghost of Banquo, he exultingly exclaims,

" ———Why so—being *gone*
" I am a *man* again."

Summoning us all to profound observance, he recommenced the often interrupted narrative, and appeared fully resolved to make ample amends for the time which had been lost. He rubbed his hands, filled his glass, and seemed to be suddenly exalted from the deepest dejection to the highest summit of human felicity. I do positively think he story he related to us took up three ours and a half, during which time hardly paused one second, and made many digressions, branched out into

to

der the effort of tracing him thro
unconnected labyrinth.

The adventures he recounted
the most extraordinary nature.
peared to have seen more than a
had ever seen, and to have don
than any man had ever done befo
Falstaff's miraculous account of h
escapes were no longer *wonderful*
compared with those of Mr. M
Bullets had passed right betwi
nose and his chin; chain-shot had
through his legs; and his hat ha
blown off his head by the whiff of
There was an air of truth and ca
his countenance, that accorded
with the falsehoods he appeared
uttering, and kept you in the b

delivered rhodomontades, which in the mouth of *another man* would have drawn down roars of mirth and incredulity.

The following is a slight specimen, (greatly shortened) of the narratives he gave his company the first day I dined at his house.

"I was once engaged in an action," said he, "where we were in the most "imminent danger. Colonel Maddi-"son, whom I have been telling you "so much of, was made a general "about that very time. He was an "excellent soldier, gentlemen, and "I think, if he were now living, he "would say more in my favor than— "I shall say for myself. He had the "good fortune to gain preferment. "Mark, when I say *good fortune*, "Heaven forbid I should mean to de-"tract from the *merit* of any man: but "merit does not *always* get forward

"in

" in the world, gentlemen. When I
" left the army a captain—if I did not
" hate boasting, I might venture to say
" I had as good a right to have looked
" up to a generalship as Colonel Mad-
" dison, or any other colonel in his
" Majesty's service—but I was never
" the man to set any value on myself,
" and was ever happy when I saw my
" brother soldier get forward. Well,
" gentlemen, I shall not trouble you
" with any more remarks on this head,
" because it is a subject none but we
" soldiers can be supposed to under-
" stand.

" When a man is telling a story, he
" ought to go the shortest way to work,
" and not be beating about the bushes
" like an army in an enemy's country—
" for suppose, now, that I had to take
" a town—well, then, if I could not
" find a short cut to lead my men to

" the

" the action, what should I do? would
" there be any use in marching them in
" a circumbendibus round and round?
" would it not all be loss of time, and
" labour thrown away? why, to be *sure*
" it would.—Now, when a man is tell-
" ing a story, it is just the same thing:
" he ought to proceed to the matter in
" question at first, and not keep beat-
" ing about the bushes to shew his own
" learning, or prove, forsooth, how great
" an orator he is. A plain tale is always
" best told in a *plain way*; every flou-
" rish is quite foreign to the purpose.
" Now what has any body *here* to do
" with Maddison's concerns? why, no
" thing at all, to be sure! and you would
" call me a very tedious fellow, if I were
" to tell you a long story of a cock and
" a bull, and never say a word on the
" subject I began with.

" Well, gentlemen, you must know

" that Colonel Maddison—no; I beg
" pardon; General Maddison: for, I
" I recollect, I told you he was made
" general, and, as I assured you at the
" same time, I was very glad of his pre-
" ferment; for I should be an odd man,
" indeed, if I did not wish every man
" to reap the reward of his labour.
" Well, then, *General* Maddison con-
" stantly wore a tremendous large pair
" of *boots*. Gentlemen, they were the
" largest pair of boots I ever saw in the
" whole course of my life: much larger
" than those they wear in Germany.
" I remember I once saw a very mon-
" strous pair on a postilion at Amiens,
" which is a very beautiful town *en*
" *Picardie*: I believe there are few
" finer towns in France. I could tell
" you a great many pleasant stories
" about Amiens; but, as I have ob-
" served, digressions are extremely un-
" pleasant

" pleasant things: only the mention of " General Maddison's *boots* put me in " mind of the postilion at Amiens, as " I told you before.

" I was waiting for my chaise, and " was quite enraged that the driver was " not ready to attend me. The master " of the inn was bawling after him " until he was almost black in the face; " 'La Jeunesse! La Jeunesse! La Jeu- " nesse!' he screamed out. *La Jeu-* " *nesse* in the French tongue, gentle- " men, gives you the idea of extreme " *youth*. At length out comes La Jeu- " nesse, a man near *seventy* years old, " bent double with infirmity, a pipe in " his mouth, and a whip in his hand, " which trembled with age and weak- " ness. 'Me voilà,' said La Jeunesse. " I should not have introduced this " story *now*, gentlemen, because no- " thing spoils a tale so much as mix-

" ing one anecdote with another: only
" La Jeunesse's jack-boots put me so
" much in mind of those poor General
" Maddison used to wear, that the
" anecdote dropped in quite *naturally*
" General Maddison's aid-de-camp
" a young man, by name Wilkins, out
" of compliment to him, had case
" himself in just such another pair of
" boots; in addition to which, he had
" a very heavy pistol tucked in each
" side of his girdle. He followed Ge-
" neral Maddison, who rode about en-
" couraging his men to perform their
" duty. The English soldiers are all
" brave fellows: they know they have
" more to fight for than any other troops
" in the world; and that is the reason
" why no troops in the world fight so
" well as themselves; but they like to
" be talked to by their officers. As for
" us, gentlemen, at least if I may judge

" by

" by myself, we do not need any one to
" remind *us* of *our* duty: we are scho-
" lars, as well as soldiers; we know
" that, as a Roman poet says,

" 'Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori,
" 'Mors et fugacem persequitur virum.'

" That, gentlemen, is as much as to say,
" that it is sweet to die for one's coun-
" try; and that Death overtakes the man
" who runs away, as swiftly as he over-
" takes the hero who falls in the dis-
" charge of his duty. Well, gentle-
" men, whilst poor Wilkins was whis-
" pering something to the General,
" smack comes a ball from the enemy
" and carries away his *head*. Our
" trumpets, at that instant, happened
" to be blowing a hollow, aweful blast.
" The horse of the aid-de-camp stalked
" slowly down the ranks; the dead
" man's jack-boots and pistols kept him

" upright, balanced upon his sad
" away he rode, without his ha
" wards the enemy, who wer
" discomposed at this sight, tha
" were at the heavy fire we gav
" a few minutes after."

I have related this story, mer
it may serve as a specimen of Mr
fort's character and manners. I a
fident, that I have retrenched tw
two-thirds of his digressions, and
have preserved the whole main
his narration. From the trait
given, it may be easy to conce
character of this truly singular
age: on future occasions, I m
have the same necessity of be
lise.

After Mr. Mainfort had favo
with another anecdote, which t
about an hour and a half, his co
left him. I was about to take m

with the rest, but he desired that I would remain, as he had something very particular to say to me. After a great many coughs and hems, he informed me that Sir George Sendon, the man in the world for whom he had the highest esteem, was so warm in my praise, and spoke so very highly of Mr. Mowbray, (for Sir George had pledged his word that he would not describe me by my father's name) that both himself and Mrs. Mainfort were particularly anxious to detain me near their persons. They had lately parted with a young man, who had been accustomed to assist the ladies in their studies. He did not, by any means, propose that I should fill up this vacant post on the terms usual in such cases; but that if I would have the goodness to superintend Mrs. and Miss Mainfort, in their study of the languages, he should feel himself highly

honored in shewing me all the attention in his power.

I perceived that Mr. Mainfort was taking a very elegant method of offering me a settlement in his family. I had not the slightest objection to gaining my livelihood in the way that he pointed out, as I ever *did*, and ever *shall* firmly believe, that he who possesses the talent of conveying useful instruction, is always a character to be respected; nor ought any pecuniary compensation, which the injustice of fortune may compel him to receive, to subtract one iota of the deference which is due to him from those who are benefited by his labours. After many pauses Mr. Mainfort informed me, that himself and Mrs. Mainfort were exceedingly vexed that they could not make me that return my talents demanded: that fifty pounds per annum was really

as much as they could possibly tender, though a gentleman like myself would be a very great comfort to them, and would be treated, in every respect, like one of their own family. He concluded by saying, he had observed the attention I had paid to his *stories*, and found, by my countenance and manner, that I was a young man well acquainted with the world, of good capacity, and one who knew how to appreciate things according to their just value. I bowed very low at this compliment, and, after a moment's reflection, closed with the offer he had made me.

The situation which presented agreed but ill with my former prospects in life. Yet what had I to do with pride? The trifle I was worth would soon be spent, and then, like my poor father, I might learn that pride and poverty assort but ill together. Mr. Mainfort appeared

kind and good: the love of talking was his foible. It was a foible, however, which did not injure any one living being.

I promised Mr. Mainfort that I would wait on him the next day, and returned to the coffee-house, where I met my new friend, Davy Middleton, who had been waiting there for some time in the expectation of seeing me. He was eager to know how I had succeeded, and I did not delay for a moment to gratify his curiosity. I no sooner mentioned the name of Mainfort, than he turned as pale as ashes, and appeared to be agitated in the most violent manner. Alarmed at the symptoms of uneasiness he displayed, I begged to know if there were any particular circumstances which connected him with the family of Mr. Mainfort?

"Oh, Sir," replied Middleton, the tear-

tear starting into his eye, "you have "proved so nobly good, so truly gene- "rous to me, that if I could lock up "my heart from you, I should be the "vilest, the most ungrateful of men. "I have heard of a philosopher who "wished he had a window in his heart, "that the whole world might look into "his inmost thoughts. I will not say "thus much of the *world* in general; "but, as far as it regards yourself, I will "venture to affirm, that if it were pos- "sible for me to carry such a window "in my own bosom, I could wish you "to observe all that passes there, and "you would then, at least, have the "consolation of being assured, that you "had not conferred your favors on an "ungrateful man."

I bade him make himself perfectly easy on that account, as I was as well convinced of his worth and integrity, as

if I really had the opportunity of ma
ing the romantic experiment he had ju
mentioned. I added, that it was ev
dent that some heavy sorrow lay co
roding at his heart, and that his cau
of affliction was connected with the f
mily of *Mr. Mainfort*. As I was soo
to become domesticated with the rel
tives of that gentleman, it was natur
for me to inquire into the cause of tho
emotions which had so violently ag
tated his nerves upon my first mentio
ing their names: at the same time, if I
had any motive for wishing his sen
ments or his story to remain conceale
I earnestly entreated him to believ
that I by no means wished him, on m
account, to break through any ties
secrecy, delicacy, or honor.

" Of that," my liberal benefactc
" I am assured," fervently rejoined m
companion. " My story is a sad one

" ye

"yet it is not, by any means, a dis-
" graceful one to me: at least I hope,
" nay, I am *sure,* you will not think it
" so; *you* will not visit the sins of *others*
" on *my* head."

He here began to relate his adventures; and as far as my memory will allow of, I shall endeavour to repeat them in his own words.

CHAP-

having given it, she threw herself
my affection and on my generosity.

Oh! can there be a heart within
bosom of a human creature, which
could have resisted the appeal of
mother under such circumstances?
threw myself on her neck, and, strain-
ing her hand to my almost burstin
heart, pronounced the awful promi
she required. Need I add, that I have
kept my word most religiously? He
who could wantonly irritate the ag-
nies of sorrow, even in the breast of an
enemy, is a wretch who deserves to b
hunted out from the society of his fellow
men; but if there be a son who could,
for a moment, join with the world in
heaping sorrow on a mother who h
reared him with tenderness, sacrificed
her little all to his good, and deprived
herself of the necessary comforts of life,
by

r struggles to repair the wrongs of
and of fortune: if, I say, a son
: found, who would not readily
:e his *life* instead of his curiosity
ı a parent, he is not capable of
ing great, generous, or sublime;
mere heavy body without a soul:
/hat I should scorn to be, though
alth exceeded the powers of com-
ɔn.

poor mother had a small yearly
nce, which for some time was
rly paid her by the man from
pressing importunities you had
:ly the goodness to secure me.
ıe came to be charged with such
:e is a perfect mystery to myself,
believe to my parent also. His
ter, as I am sure you must have
ed, is a *singular* one. Notwith-
ıg the poverty of his appearance,
ıpposed to be in the possession of
vast

vast sums of money: and, when in London, I have seen him treated with the highest marks of respect, by persons whom one would have imagined could not have condescended to abate their eyes with regarding so miserable a figure. But in that town, money, like death, levels all distinctions, and wealth, like an exulting conqueror, mows down every obstacle that impedes its progress.

From the product of the above-mentioned stipend, did I receive an education, which has formed at once the curse and blessing of my life: it has been my curse, inasmuch as it has sharpened the sensibilities of my nature and irritated the pungency of my feelings; it has been my blessing, because it has reminded me how many sages and heroes have had more heavy trials and calamities, characters with whom com-

pared

I feel my little *self* shrunk into
initude of nothingness.
kiel Bardsworth, such is the
of the person in whose company
t saw me, has been the pretend-
ad of my mother from her ear-
ars. She had been left an in-
phan under the care of one of
unt relatives of this man. Eze-
reased his attentions to her so
s she grew up to years of matu-
at it was generally imagined that
an idea of making her his *wife*.
l habits and the deformity of his
might tend to render such a sup-
ridiculous: however, so it was,
mother had been given to un-
l, that Mr. Bardsworth's relations
under so many obligations to her
once a very prosperous man in
) that on the death of her parents
: bound by every tie of gratitude
and

and honor to pay some attention to the orphan left behind them. Whilst Ezekiel was thus attentive to my mother, the unhappy event took place to which I owe my birth. As I said before, I am totally ignorant of the name or situation of my father: all that I have learned on the subject is, that my mother, at that period, disappeared from the mansion of her protectors; that she was never heard of for more than two years afterwards, when *Ezekiel* discovered her, pale, worn with grief, and toiling hard for the livelihood of her infant, in a small milliner's shop. Ezekiel used every argument he could think of, to persuade her to return to his relations, but in vain: she would have rather perished piece-meal. Her proud heart could endure *poverty* with cheerfulness, but it shrunk from *obloquy* with more than fear.

To

return with a child! A child
f whom she could give no satis-
account to her acquaintance; to
posed to the malicious hints, the
alm, insulting mockery of those,
hom she had passed the blessed
s of infancy and innocence!
as, indeed, a trial above her pa-
and superior to her resolution.
l, therefore, desisted from his
sions, and left her for the present,
g her, at the same time, of his
, and exacting a promise from
at if ever she found herself in any
lty, she would apply to him for
l and assistance, as it would
han offend him, should she suffer
her person to confer those obliga-
he so steadily persisted in refu-
t *his* hands.

ving every reason to suspect that
lurked under these proffers of
friendship,

friendship, she resolved never to b
holden to him, if she could by
means avoid it. As you have *seen*
you may very easily suppose the r
nance any woman in the world
have felt at the idea of giving hi
least encouragement in the charac
an *admirer*. His own feelings o
subject, were, however, clearly ev
by the whole tenor of his looks, w
and actions. He for a time eve
peared suspended in his ardent p
of money: a chace, in which he
so eager, that his parsimony kept
with his daily improving wealth.
he almost exceeded all that was
read or heard. Briggs, in the no
Cecilia, alone could vie in don
œconomy with this truly singular
who will, by fits, take the most e
sive journeys, and throw away
sums of money without any app

cause. He will traffic in old furniture, cast-off clothes, buckles, watches, and rags of all descriptions. He is detested by the Jews, because he is a greater adept in their business than any one of that industrious race of people. He lends money out at an extravagant interest; and . . . . But you would be tired to death, should I pretend to relate all the peculiarities of this mean, selfish, poor, rich man. He has, by some fatality, some unavoidable destination, so entwisted himself into our concerns, that he has been my greatest plague and scourge through life. Go where I will, do what I will, he haunts my path, and his disagreeable countenance lowers like a blight and mildews all the promised harvest of my hopes, 'ere Fortune can find leisure to accomplish a single project in my favor.

I have mentioned the little stipend he paid

paid to my mother. He one day br
a paper which he requested her to
it was, as he told her, a writing
hand of her late father. She the
but a faint suspicion of his char
and therefore readily complied wi
request. We have since had rea
suppose, that he, by this artifice, d
ved us of a very considerable
This was not all: he at another
assured her, he had been charged
a commission to pay a small sum o
ney into her hands, by a person
had heard of her misfortunes and
anxious to relieve them. Imagi
that this money must come fro
man who had abandoned her, sh
remptorily refused to accept a boun
his hands. Bardsworth assured he
was mistaken, and left her. A da
two afterwards an enclosed note, to
effect eached her by the post.

" I

"Miss Middleton is requested to accept the tribute of esteem which is offered her by a *lady*, who despises the villain who could misuse so much candour, truth, and beauty. The sum is small, and is entrusted to the care of Mr. Ezekiel Bardsworth, the lady's broker, and man of business. The writer of this would never have employed a third person in such a delicate transaction, had not imperious circumstances rendered her own appearance *impossible*."

This note reached my mother at a ry critical period. I was now grow- g apace: her expenses consequently creased with my stature; and her alth was very much on the decline. e could no longer maintain herself by e labour of her own hands, and, how- er great her fortitude, where *self alone*

was concerned, upon *my* account she felt all the agonies, all the yearnings of parental fondness; and, after some struggles, resolved to be indebted to the generous unknown who had addressed the above recited letter to her.

When Bardsworth next called, he asked her if she had altered her opinion with respect to the money matter he had formerly mentioned. He advised her not to be squeamish, as it was now a fine time for buying in; and if she missed this chance, she might not find the stocks so favorable again for many years to come; besides, his friend's mind might chance to change: for, that people did not feel disposed to give away their money every day in the month, as he had never met with such a thing in all his life *before*, and did not much think he ever should *again*.

My

My mother's ill health decided her in accepting the bounty of her unknown benefactress.

Ezekiel still continued attentive, but did not allow his passion to interfere at all with his love of money. My mother never could get more than the *interest* of her donation out of his hands: he would insist on managing the *principal* for her, and, we have every reason to suspect, that, in the *sequel*, he by no means acted the part of a *faithful* steward. For his *own* sake, therefore, he never would give us the most remote clue, by which we might trace the lady to whose benevolence we were so many years indebted for support.

This man continued constantly hovering around my mother, nor could we, by any method, contrive to shake him off. When I reached my tenth

year, Ezekiel, from his intercourse with several men of consequence in the city, wished to have me bound apprentice to some respectable trade; but my affectionate mother, with more of fondness, perhaps, than of wisdom, seemed predetermined to have me made a scholar: a resolution which was, at first, received by Bardsworth with no small degree of contempt! but as he was of a very supple nature, he soon grew apparently reconciled to this, the proudest wish of her heart. Every shilling she could heap up was expended in this pursuit. Ezekiel muttered, and often told her, he must sell out to great disadvantage, to supply her with money for her *young gentleman*; and would sometimes ask, what learning was *good* for? Whether Latin and Greek could purchase meat and clothes? With many

other

ther questions of the same nature: to which she turned a deaf ear, and sent me to the Ch-rt-r-House School.

To say I had every advantage in this seminary, (which can boast of having produced such a number of good and great men) is only paying a proper need of gratitude to that honored scene of my early youth. Oh, Sir! pardon me; but the remembrance of the cloudless days passed on that spot, recal feelings to my bosom of the most tender kind! The trees planted around our little play-ground, seem, to my fancy's eye, now bursting out into verdure, to welcome the return of spring. The solemn cloisters and the gothic hall, where no less than eighty poor old men are daily fed by the charity of the liberal founder, yet excite sensations in my mind, of the purest, the most exalted nature.

I was myself on an establishment where forty youths are constantly reared at a trifling expense to their parents, to the paths of learning and of truth. Here I must, with shame confess, I did not employ my time to the advantage I might have done. I was by no means steady in my application; I was quick in my conception; but I wanted that persevering industry, which is necessary for laying the first foundations of knowledge. I started with eagerness in the race, but turned aside to gather wild flowers in my way; so that I generally came in when the contest was decided. In plain English, I was a very *idle fellow*; a word, which, like many others, has now a significaton formerly unknown to the English language. An idle person is now a *genius*; that is, a man, who, being incapable of performing *useful* actions, is forced to have re-

cours

course to *trifling*, that he may not be hurried into *wicked* ones. I was constantly reading Pope, when I ought to have been studying Horace; and was frequently admiring Shakspear instead of paying attention to Homer. I had imbibed such a passion for writing verses *myself*, that I was lost to the harmony of Virgil and the pathos of Ovid.

Our master every week, gave us, as a *theme*, a short sentence in Latin or Greek, as an exercise for us in the art of thinking. Every boy was to express his own sentiments upon the subject given. My delight was to shew my own abilities by *contradiction*; and all my play-mates gaped with astonishment, when it came to *my* turn to read aloud. It was a matter of some surprise to my master to find a lad, who had only just turned his fourteenth year, endeavouring to overturn the system of the wisest

luminaries that have irradiated the world.

One day I read out a long Latin essay on the following thesis:—"*Dimidium facti qui bene cæpit habet:* He "who begins properly has achieved "half his labor."

On this head, I proceeded on my accustomed inverse rule, and endeavoured to prove, that *industry* and *perseverance* have nothing to do with *perfection*; that great minds come to maturity at once; and that none but a dull plodding fellow, would try to build a reputation, as a bricklayer builds up a house; with many other remarks, equally sagacious. When I had concluded my master thus addressed me: "I perceive, Middleton, that your hint at a "*great* mind contains a modest allusion to your *own*. You seem to think it an easy thing to establish a reputa-

"tion

" tion, by differing from the rest of the
" world concerning the most self-evi-
" dent propositions: by which means
" I can augur, that you will often make
" many enemies, not unfrequently ren-
" der yourself extremely ridiculous,
" and constantly appear a greater block-
" head than you *really are.* You will,
" therefore, please to write me another
" theme: the thesis is taken from the
" golden verses of Pythagoras,—KNOW
" THYSELF."

All the boys burst out into a loud laugh at this dry reprehension of my vanity. Undaunted by their ridicule, however, I fell instantly to work, and produced another theme, in which, I endeavoured to prove that Pythagoras was erroneous from the beginning to the ending of his golden verses; that he had no learning, and as little philosophy. My master shook his head

gravely at this instance of my pertinacity, and told me, my impetuosity, one day or other, would occasion me many misfortunes: a prophecy which, alas has been fully accomplished.

My fond mother hailed my puerile efforts with the partiality almost every mother feels for the abilities of her own offspring. Wherever I appeared with her in the little circle of her connections, I was greeted as the genius of the party. There were but few who had courage to enter the lists with me, and those who did (as our acquaintance was confined to persons in the middle sphere of life) found themselves so bewildered and dazzled by the sophisticated rhetoric I made use of, that they were forced to give up the argument to me from mere want of knowledge of the *terms* I made use of. Ezekiel Bardsworth, alone, was cold in his praises

He

He would now and then confess my ingenuity; but invariably did away his praises, by the awkward query; "What "is it all *good* for?"

It was about this period that, piqued with the teasing questions of my school-mates in regard to my *father*, I urged my mother to withdraw the veil which her caution had interposed between my curiosity and my happiness. The scene I described in the commencement of my narrative then took place; from that day my mind began to sink, my character to alter. No longer haughty and imperious, I became dull and dejected: my eagerness for disputation was no more: I grew heavy and languid, my mind was distracted from my studies, and my whole attention absorbed by the sorrows of my mother. I could now imagine what sacrifices she must have made to procure me those

thoughts by day, my dreams by
I hoped that my talents migh
stand me in some stead. I began
with a tragedy, an *epic*, and a *s*
poem: to these, I added a no
crowded so many occupations to
that my mind became a perfect
where crude ideas and plans in
lay jumbled together in an undi
mass.

I had left my school with the
ter of a boy who had *materials* in
make something, but without
perseverance or inclination to
those materials to his *advantage*.
was my boyish character, a ch

nions of others, more especially when they founded their *confidence* on their *wealth*. I have not patience to pass years at a desk, nor strength of muscle to depend on the exertion of my corporeal powers. I am, I have been, a helpless animal: one shrinking from the base idea of dependency, yet constantly compelled to submit to the whims and caprices of others.

You have now seen all the shades of my character. If, through the mists of my errors and my faults, you can still find enough in me to give me any title to the honor of your friendship and regard, you have a right to *mine*, by every tie of gratitude. If you are not already tired with a story unmarked with any thing but sorrows and vexations, I shall give you the conclusion of my melancholy narration the next time we meet.

Here

Here David paused. Though I found out that he had Mr. Mainfort's failing of *amplifying* his *tales*, I felt an interest in his fate, which made me anxious to hear him achieve his recital. He was a scholar and an author; two classes of men, who naturally love to hear themselves talk. Besides, the recital of his misfortunes diverted me for awhile from the contemplation of my own individual calamities.

The next day I waited on the Mainfort family, and met with a most gracious welcome from the female branches of it. Every thing was arranged for my speedy reception.

When I returned to my Coffee-house, I found my friend, Mr. Middleton, had been waiting there for me some time. Anxious to learn why he had been so affected

fected at the mention of Mr. Mainwaring's family, I eagerly pressed him to remain, and take a slight dinner with me. He complied with my request; and, the cloth being removed, he resumed the thread of his discourse.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

Continuation of the History of David Middleton.

When I first came home to my mother, the gratification we mutually felt in the society of each other banished all our cares and dispelled the clouds of anxiety. She was living in a neat, but small mansion, in the vicinity of London, on the bounty of our unknown protectress. Ezekiel, who had the sole government of her affairs, had it in his power to make her believe anything he pleased. Her allowance was now considerably *reduced.*

Though

Though I did not now estimate my abilities so highly as I had formerly rated them, I still fancied I had a talent which could stand me in good stead, or, what was an object of infinitely more importance, might procure comfort to my mother. I laboured very hardly, and finished my novel and my comedy. The first was founded on the life of Dion, the hero who flourished at the time of Denys the younger, tyrant of Sicily. The chief personages in this romance were Plato the philosopher, Denys, and Dion. I had taken occasion to deduce morals of the most edifying nature. I imagined that a hero, a sage, and a king, opened a field for observation, which would dazzle my perusers, and elevate me above the ordinary routine of authors, who confine themselves within the dull circles of modern times: you may then form some

idea

idea of my disappointment, at bei
constantly informed that it *would*
do!

I have sometimes heard it remark
that a man may be too *wise* to be *hap*
and this appeared to be my predicam
in the present instance. With resp
to my comedy I had warmer hopes.
had read many critiques on the mod
plays, where the authors were censu
for the complexity of their plots,
the variety of their characters. I
resolved not to confuse my audi
with any intermixture of this sort.
play was what is styled, by sedate
ple, a *genteel one*. I was careful to
clude all the favourite comedians
my *dramatis personæ*; the consequen
which was, that there were only
men, and as many women in it
high-bred ladies and gentlemen, a
duller quartetto were never brough
ge

ether. It went from me more like a sermon than a play, and was returned to me from every theatre in London, with polite notes, hinting that although a most elegant composition, it was by no means calculated for the *stage*. And in the *latter* instance they were most assuredly right, as I am now well convinced that no audience in the world could ever have mustered patience sufficient for so drowsy an exhibition. I am also persuaded, spite of the *sombre* sages, who degrade all our modern comedies with the name of five-act farces, that their authors are men of real merit, when all is said and done. You see, Sir, though an author myself, I bear no ill-will to others, who, being men of more merit, are consequently entitled to greater encouragement than I can lay claim to.

Ezekiel always sneered at my poeti-

cal

cal pursuits, and would constantly
me he could make more by a l
lumber at an auction, than ever I
likely to gain by my learning. H
pressed the greatest impatience a
mother's weakness, in parting wi
many comforts to maintain me, in
he was pleased to call a life of idl
Whenever I did any thing contra
his opinions, he saluted me, with
address you heard him make use o
first time you saw us together,—"
"Davy, Davy!"

I cannot possibly describe to yo
many ways he has acquired of ca
this appeal. I have hardly ever l
any other words come out of his m
for these last seven years. He con
to pronounce them angrily, satiri
seriously, oddly, whimsically, and
and then benevolently. He has
nished me with this provoking re

tion of my name in all companies, places, and situations. I have felt awkward and abashed, and been taken by surprise with it, at moments when least prepared: the *memento mori* was never a more fatal sentence than this cursed exclamation of "Oh! Davy, Davy!" has proved to me:

Finding my productions, although of considerable amusement to myself, were not likely ever to remunerate my mother for those expenses to which I was daily exposing her, I began to think very seriously on the subject, and a settled melancholy took possession of my soul. Ezekiel, whose attentions to my mother began to grow quite disgusting, learning the source of my unhappiness, assured her, that if I was not too fine a gentleman for business, he thought he could now place me in a very eligible situation. He had a friend,

I resolved, after many reflections of this nature, to pursue the advice of Bardsworth, and maugre the tears of my mother, was by him introduced to Mr. Dowdle. Mr. Dowdle's shop when I first entered it, had every appearance of poverty. He received me politely, and Ezekiel left me in the house with a shake of the head, which in a sort of dumb eloquence, seemed to warn me to beware how I threw myself out of the *capital situation* in which he had placed me. I soon found out that Mr Dowdle was a man, who, so far from being able to instruct others, was himself entirely ignorant of the most self-evident principles of the *materia medica*. A man who owed him a sum of money had died suddenly, and Mr. Dowdle had no other means of repaying himself, but by taking possession of the premises of his defunct predecessor.

or. His original business was a deal-
cast-off clothes, which had brought
acquainted with Bardsworth; and as
reat souls by instinct to each other turn,"
st friendship took place between

ou may guess how well such a man
be qualified to take care of the
and constitutions of his fellow crea-
; yet, strange to relate, there are
ands of infatuated beings, in the
practice of confiding in the spe-
promises of such daring impos-
sacrificing the remnant of shatter-
ength to their gilded oratory, and
ng the harpies who are sapping, at
the vigour of their minds and
s. I was quite shocked at the in-
city of Mr. Dowdle; and, as
d a decent library, soon became
ater adept in physic than my
r. He was a man of a very docile

temper, and wore a constant simper on his countenance. He had not many patients, and constantly killed one or two victims in every family he attended. He made more orphans than Doctor Sangrado: had he been blessed with as many patients as the Spanish physician, he would have drawn down the blessings of as many widows and delighted heirs to large estates.

I found, however, that my station in life was by no means so disagreeable as I imagined it would have proved. I formed an intimacy with a dashing young man, who was with a celebrated lawyer in the neighbourhood. He had, like myself, been educated at a public school, and our manners were congenial. I introduced him to my mother, and we were hardly ever asunder. He was a great orator at the spouting societies and always was heard with particular attention

ıtion at those meetings. His opinion
consulted concerning the merits of
nost popular players: he attended
first representation of all new per-
mnees, and was the ringleader
gave the signal of success, or the
to excite the fatal *cough*, well
n to authors as the sure fore-run-
f dramatic damnation, as the hol-
whistling of the wind among the
gives aweful presage of the com-
empest. He was on familiar terms
the gentlemen who write puffs
paragraphs on plays and actors.
: had some *penchant* for the pro-
n of acting himself, and pro-
ced every attempt at excellence
d—d bad." Such a player was a
; another a bore; a third was shock-
and a fourth might do in time.
ras so *positive*, that we all thought
ust be *right*. At first, indeed, I

was so bold as to presume to form a judgment of my *own*, but he had such an easy assurance in his manner of denying and affirming, that I at length gave up the evidence of my own eyes and ears, and was completely governed by his. He had relations of some wealth and consequence in the west of England: his father was a man of wisdom and probity, one who had a wish to see his son engaged in more rational pursuits than those to which he was at present so strongly addicted.

I shall have occasion to say a great deal concerning this young man in the course of my story: let it suffice to observe, for the present, that I was at first much captivated by his *éblouissant* manners. I was one of his constant attendants at the theatres and the spouting clubs. We both began to imagine that the stage was the shortest cut, by which

which we could arrive at the temple of Fame. In this instance I was not quite so mad as my companion: he was sure to lose *every* thing, and I had a chance of gaining *something* in the pursuit.

Mr. Dowdle took me seriously to task for my neglect of business, and made heavy complaints of me to Bardsworth and my mother. The latter was by far too affectionate to pay any attention to the charges preferred against me. She took my word for it, when I assured her that Dowdle was a mere impudent quack, and joined with me in very frankly despising him.

I was indefatigably attentive to Lawrence in all his oratorical attempts. I heard questions debated with heat, passion, and vehemence, which did not concern any one living being. I must, at the same time, confess, that I likewise heard

several gentlemen deliver their sentiments with so much truth, feeling, and propriety, that I am well aware those had abilities to have rendered themselves the ornaments of the bar and the pillars of the state. One gentleman, in particular, was so excellent, that I could not repress a strong desire I felt of starting in the same brilliant course myself; and as the famous Grecian could not sleep for thinking upon the trophies of his warlike rival, so neither could I sleep a wink, through sheer emulation of the declamatory powers of this youthful Demosthenes.

To speak before so large an assembly was, however, a serious undertaking for a *nervous* man like myself; yet, encouraged by Lawrence Wilmot, and several others of our acquaintaince, I resolved to try my fortune on the following

lowing question: "Has modern learn-
"ing degenerated from the antient,
"or no?"

The argument was an ample one; and, knowing that the general opinion always ran in favor of the antients, (though surely Homer, Virgil, Plutarch, Xenophon, &c. must have been moderns in their time) my old school propensity to contradict established doctrines revived in my bosom, and I composed a flourishing harangue, filled with quotations from authors in all languages. I entered the scene of action, tremblingly alive to the task I had to sustain, anxious to *shine*, yet fearful of *failing*. The room was uncommonly crowded, and one of our young orators opened the debate with a speech that proved him to have a thorough knowledge of the subject he had undertaken. His accuracy of judgment, added to his energy of dic-

tion, made me doubly sensible of th difficulty of the task I had undertake I rose, however, and my heart palpit ting, my knees knocking, and dark ci cles swimming before my eyes, beg the prefatory address to my maide speech. I had hardly pronounced t two first sentences, when my eye w saluted with one of the most ludicrou and at the same time most distressin sights I had ever beheld: this was r other than Ezekiel exalted on an arm chair, his head inclined, his eyes levelle full at my face with a leer of wonde contempt, and stupidity. Startled this unexpected apparition, my ha rose, my voice faultered, my tongu cleaved to the roof of my mouth: n one *word* more could I get out. Ever one wondered at this most unexpecte *hiatus*, and all was silent as possible, t the tormenting sound of "Oh, Dav-

Dav

Davy, Davy !" was *brayed* through the room. A laugh-like thunder shook the roof of the apartment; my tormentor nodded his head, grinned a ghastly grin at me, and, repeating his exclamation, marched off in triumph.

This was too much. In a cold sweat, I jostled through the roaring crowd, knocked down a waiter with a stand of negus in my hurry to escape, and made but one jump from the top of the stairs to the bottom. There, while I stood gasping with shame, anger and vexation, I heard the company *above* shout forth a full chorus of " Oh, Davy, Davy, Davy !"

CHAPTER V.

Continuation of the History of David Middleton.

It was a long time before my mortified vanity could recover from the shock it had received. I could not have shewn myself among the orators again had my life depended on it. Could I have met Ezekiel in my first *transports* of indignation, I know *not* what might have happened. Neither my mother nor myself could *account* for the strange delight he seemed to take in troubling and tormenting me, except that I had indulged myself rather freely in my remarks on the mean

mean ways he took to hoard up money. Misers are ever the last persons to suspect their own failings: like *beauties*, they cannot bear to be told of their faults.

I had perpetual quarrels with Dowdle, who was constantly bating me for my inattention to business. His ignorance of the common principles of his art so highly disgusted me, that I grew impatient of his controul, and longed to exert my abilities in a sphere better adapted to my capacities.

Lawrence Wilmot contributed much to render me disgusted with my situation; his jokes on my profession cut me to the very quick. I was so alive to wit of this kind, that, since my unfortunate failure at the spouting-club, I had given up all intercourse with authors, critics, &c. and Lawrence was my only remain-

ing companion of that species. He was now more mad for the stage than ever: he wrote daily critiques on every night's representation, and became alike the terror of writers and of actors. He was sometimes, however, rather apt to fall into trifling errors: for instance, he once shewed me a long disquisition on a play, where he had found severe fault with the conception, manner, &c. &c. of a particular performer, and praised another, with whom he was in the habits of intimacy, up to the skies. Unluckily, from some unforeseen accident, the piece was changed, and neither of the gentlemen alluded to *appeared* that night. The critique, however, came forth the next morning, and passed for gospel truth with nine out of ten of its readers. Lawrence was a little laughed at; but as such criticisms

are

e by no means *uncommon*, he got out f the scrape tolerably well.

He longed most vehemently to quit he dry study of the law, and wield the ragedy truncheon in his own proper erson; a disposition which his father trongly combated, and gave him to nderstand, that such a conduct would e by him resented with the most rigid everity.

A quarrel with Mr. Dowdle, after I had resided with him for nearly two years, hurried on the crisis of my fate. I therefore once more went home to my mother, who received me, as usual, with open arms. *

The

* It is earnestly hoped and most firmly be- ved, that no one will imagine, that the slight- t offence is intended by the character of Dowdle. me of the Author's best friends, and many ose conversation and attachment form the chief

The difficulties with which I found her struggling, soon made this visit grow painful to me; and an interview I had with Lawrence Wilmot about this time, determined my fate in a track which I had not as yet explored, though my wandering inclinations had often pointed that way. The propensity of my friend towards the life of a player, was now become so strong, that he had determined

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chief pleasures of his life, are engaged in medical pursuits. Every professional gentleman of liberality will avow, that such men as Mr. Dowdle, (who impose on the ignorant part of the community, knowing that they have neither had education nor practice) have no right to be considered on a level with gentlemen who have passed a long life in the honorable study of administering to the health and happiness of their fellow-creatures. These gentlemen will know how to apply my meaning in its best sense, and I would not desire better nor more candid judges.

mined to run the hazard of offend-
g all his relatives, and give up all the
nds he had on earth, rather than not
tify his ardour for exhibiting his dra-
tic powers. Ezekiel said, he was
re it would turn out a second spout-
g-club concern. He had not ventu-
d to see me since that unlucky night,
t always expressed his sentiments to
y mother, when he called to pay her
r little dividend. I was too angry
th him to give any attention to his
ruples or his advice.

Lawrence Wilmot, by means of his
eatrical acquaintance, had procured
letter of recommendation to the ma-
ger of a provincial theatre, who hap-
ned just at that time to be beating up
recruits; and, as he was more anx-
s for *quantity* than *quality*, held out
most flattering prospectus to such
ring youths as felt any inclination to

enlist

enlist under his banner. I applied to the potentate with my friend, and we had both the honor of being the same day enrolled in his dramatic corps.

We started well accoutered, with good health and spirits, joined to no inconsiderable share of self-conceit. After a great many disputes with the performers on the spot, Lawrence, by dint of several bribes, accomplished his favorite point of making his debut in the part of Hamlet, a character, to which it appeared, that every individual in our little squadron put in some claim: one, because he had done it for the last forty years; another, because he was young; a third, because he was a middle-aged; a fourth, because he had a handsome dress for it; a fifth, because the Queen says, "he is *fat* and scant of "breath!" a sixth, because his grandfather remembered Betterton; and, in short,

short, each had some equally strong reason for wresting this grand bone of contention from the gripe of his competitor. At length, however, they agreed that Lawrence should have the preference, as every one had a right to an appearing character: I was allotted that of Laertes in the same play. I expected to be pestered with the same difficulties and objections my friend had encountered before me; but, strange to relate, I did not meet with one objection. Great players, like great statesmen, only jostle for the *first* posts.

The town we opened in was rather a genteel one, and Lawrence succeeded tolerably well: that is, he was quite in raptures with himself. I got through the first scenes of my part with decency. When I appeared in the fourth act, raving for the wrongs of my sister, and imprecating curses on the murderer

of

of my father, I had conquered my fea
and was determined to out Lawren
Lawrence; when, on glancing my e
towards the pit, who should I beho
seated there, but Ezekiel. The r
membrance of the trick he had play
me at the spouting-club, threw me i
to a cold sweat. I expected every m
ment to hear him shout out my name
his usual significant way. I blunder
flounced, and stammered. In my l
scene, during my combat with t
Prince of Denmark, I could not ke
my eye off *him*. When mortally woun
ed with the poisoned sword, the follo
ing question is asked, "How is't, L
"ertes?" Laertes, replies, "Wh
"as a woodcock, caught in mine o
"springe."

The inveterate eyes of Ezekiel, whi
glared full upon me, as I lay on t
ground, confused my memory, a
star

ring on him, instead of directing my ttention to the actor, I could only ex-laim with a face full of *vacancy*, "I am a *woodcock*."

Not *one other* word was distinguish-d among the peals of laughter which nsued. The house *encored* my death, nd Ezekiel hallooed as loud as the best f them. When one of the men be-ind the scenes jumped into the pit, t my request, to stop him, he found hat the bird was suddenly flown. I ardly think I could have half-murdered im, had he fallen in my way at that oment. I never got over the shock. My brother comedians caught the joke, nd I was ever afterwards known to hem by the name of the *woodcock*.

It would be a fruitless attempt to ndeavour at describing my theatrical fe to you.

We met with so many things to dis-

gust

gust us, that my friend Lawrence soon grew most heartily sick of his whim. He had enjoyed his frolic, and was now warmly pressed by his friends to return home again. He began to find that fame, however delightful to its votaries it might be, was but a silly kind of business, if it be not accompanied with some degree of *profit*: he therefore calmly bad me adieu, and left me to drudge on in poverty and distress.

I had no remedy, but patience. What most afflicted me in my penurious state of finances, was the not being able to render any assistance to my poor mother. She wrote me word, not to make myself at all uneasy on that account, as Providence was very good to her, and, that if she could but hear that I was happy and contented, she should not think that she had any one thing to regret, or to repine at. I knew that

hat the gentleness of her disposition ade her pass lightly over sorrows hich inly preyed upon her heart.

A run of bad success at last totally ispersed the little company to which I ow belonged. We had played our ay into the north, and were perform- g at the small town of Alnwick in orthumberland. The body of per- ons with whom I was concerned, were n honest, worthy set of beings. hile they had a shilling in the world, ey would most readily have parted ith it to relieve any fellow-creature in istress: but what line or condition of e is exempt from accident? Shall isfortune be looked upon as a crime? orbid it generosity! To shew you that onor and benevolence is confined to o *condition*, I will give you an anec- ote (which I *affirm* to be a FACT) of a oor *stroller*, which would have been

no

he had now commenced fine gentlem
and had no leisure to attend to
wants of a depressed comrade.
behaviour cut me to the quick. I
haps I ought to have despised such p
ful conduct too much to have b
wounded by it, but I was then new
ingratitude, and was not able to wei
the demerits of a worthless fellow w
proper coolness. I have past day af
day, without a *tolerable* meal. I
clothes were going very fast, and ab
lute starvation glared full in my face.

A school-master in a neighbouri
village dying suddenly, his brother, w
was a carpenter, applied for the pla
His interest was strong, and he carri
his point in opposition to four elde
clergymen, all very capital schola
When he came to take possession, ho
ever, he found one small difficul
which was, that he could neither re

nor write. He gallopped off as fast as he could, to look for some person who might be able to supply these defects. He heard of me by accident, and immediately sought me out. We came to an agreement. Under his auspices I earned just enough to keep life and soul together; but my health sunk beneath the confinement and exertion. And now, Sir, I am coming to that part of my story which relates to the family of Mr. Mainfort.

Mrs. Mainfort sometimes came to the school, to pay a visit to one of the boys, an only son to the greatest man in the county. He was about sixteen, and had been studying the Greek language four years, without being yet able to distinguish the letters. I made all I could of him, however, and the youth grew attached to me. Mrs. Mainfort no sooner learned this than, anxious to

please the friends of my pupil, she
me an invitation to come and spend
holidays with him at her house in E
burgh. "*Hinc illæ lachrymæ!*"
sooner beheld the divine Emma M
fort, than I felt the force of love, for
first time in my life.

The characters of both father
mother were unpromising to any h
my vanity might cherish. Mrs. M
fort is a proud, vain, haughty,
perious woman. Fond of *thrusting*
person into high company, a *title* i
in all with her. She never talks of
thing but the masquerades, balls, e
dottos of the fashionables she has c
trived to patch up an acquaintance w
either in her own country, or during
periodical visits to London. Mr. M
fort has some pride too.

I soon saw the foible of both,
made my very first *debut* in the cha

a *flatterer*. I complimented the
on her *classical* knowledge, of
h she is vain enough to imagine
as a very large portion, having read
lume of Francis's Horace, some of
's Homer, and a French translation
vid's Epistles. With a superficial
ledge of both, I formed the resolu-
of applying to the weak part of each
em. I peppered the lady with such
high-seasoned compliments on the
e of her learning, that I could easily
ceive I had made a very rapid pro-
s in *her* good graces. I would often
her opinion of a Latin passage, hav-
first taken care to construe it into
glish, as if by mere accident: she
uld then deliver her sentiments on
subject with as much easy confi-
ce as if she had really *understood*
at she was talking about. When she
s at all *puzzled*, she would aver with

great solemnity, that she had not made up her mind on the subject; but when she next saw the Duke, or Sir George, they would consult upon it together.

To manage poor Mr. Mainfort was a much *easier* task. I had not any thing to do, but sit attentive while he was talking, and never open my lips throughout a story seven hours long. You may imagine that I had great difficulty, at first, in preventing myself from yawning, gaping, and giving other symptoms of weariness and languor, but by the constant practice which he gave me, I acquired such a command over my muscles, that I could keep them steadily fixed from dinner till bed-time. I had one resource, which I would seriously recommend to any one whose fate it may be to be compelled to listen to *long* stories: it was, to repeat to myself many lines from Virgil, Homer, Horace,

brace, or any author who might kindly minister to my need. I ran no chance of being detected, as the relater of tedious stories is always too much absorbed in talking, either to know, or much care, whether you are listening to him or not. I must own, I am quite ashamed of the *arts* I was then compelled to make use of, and solemnly declare, that no *pecuniary* motives could have prevailed on me to put them in practice: but every hour I gazed on Miss Mainfort, I felt my passion increasing, and the idea of seeing her no more became too painful to be tolerated.

My young pupil's mother sent for him home. His uncle, Lord ******, had, long ago, procured a very lucrative post for him in the *Indies*. A twenty-pounds note was enclosed to me in a letter from his friends, as an acknowledgement of

the service I had rendered him. He was sorry to part with me, and even carried his sensibility so far as to shed a few tears when he bade me adieu.

I was now making melancholy preparations for returning to my carpenter-schoolmaster. My heart sickened at the bare thought of this daily drudgery, under this thick-headed booby. From the horrors of such a situation I was relieved one evening, after reading Virgil to Mrs. Mainfort. You will, perhaps, be surprised at that lady's fondness for reading Virgil, as she did not understand one word of the original language; but I had framed a contrivance to administer to her egregious vanity, which had succeeded even beyond my warmest hopes. I first of all read her a dozen lines in the Latin, and afterwards recited a translation of them by Dryden. I asked her opinion at every sentence; which

which so flattered and delighted her, that she expressed the greatest regret at our approaching separation.

"I wish you could stay with us, Mr. Middleton," said she, with a complacent smile. "You see I am tolerably well grounded in my Latin, and under your tuition for a quarter of a year, I think I could rub up my Greek a little. My friend, the Countess of B———, informs me, that my old neighbour, the Duchess, has been learning it on purpose to read Tibullus, Catullus, and all the minor Greek poets."

I bowed, and replied, that I should be too proud of such a scholar. She followed me up immediately, with "Why not *stay* with us? It would, surely, be better for a man of your learning, taste, and discernment, to remain in a city like this than to bu-

" ry his talents in a little village-school."
" I will be your Mæcenas, and recom-
" mend you to all my fashionable ac-
" quaintance: and I can tell you, for
" your comfort, that I am connected
" with all the first nobility in England,
" Ireland and Scotland. You can
" make our house your home, till I am
" able to settle you to my wish. Come,
" come, Sir, let me be your *Patronus*."

I took advantage of the good humour she was in, and poured out such a volley of lucky compliments, that she insisted on my writing a letter to the carpenter that moment, to inform him, that my circumstances rendered it quite impossible for me to undertake the superintendance of his school any longer. He prevailed on a friend to send me a long epistle, in which he threw out many temptations to induce me to return; among the rest, an offer to increase

crease my salary. All these incentives were now proffered to no purpose. His plight, on the return of his scholars, must have been a truly pitiable one: he was totally incapable of instructing them in any one branch of their studies. I afterwards learned, that, after a very heavy struggle, in which his powerful friends exerted themselves to the utmost in his favour, he was forced to unite with the curate of a neighbouring parish, who, on consideration of *one-fifth* part of the profits, undertook the whole drudgery of the work.

"Thus runs the world away!"

Mr. Mainfort was quite charmed at my residence in his house, and I observed, with rapture, that the lovely Emma seemed far from being *displeased* at the event: It was my delightful task to teach her the French language. Her mother, who could not, with all her skill, have puzzled out one of Æsop's

fables, pompously professed to *superintend* the studies of her daughter. Emma was too amiable to take any visible notice of this extreme folly of her mother's, although she could hardly prevent a smile from mantling on her cheek and displaying the dimple in her chin, when the good lady admonished her to apply herself closely to the French, that she might be able to enjoy the elegant poetry of Tasso and Orlando.

The hours which I spent with this lovely young woman, more than made amends for the fatigue I daily endured in listening to Mr. Mainfort's long stories, or the disgust I could not help feeling at the vanity and ridiculous pedantry of his wife*. Emma Mainfort is

* A musical entertainment, called "Long Stories," has made its appearance, within these six weeks. Should I be suspected of a *plagiary*, my bookseller can witness, that these pages were in his possession *twelve months* ago.

as

as lovely in her form as she is accomplished in her mind. She is rather above the middle size: her symmetry is complete, and her complexion fair as the snows on the summit of the lofty Loch Lommond. Her hair is like the finest golden wire the fancy can imagine, and her fine dark eyes beam with candor, innocence, truth, and sensibility. The accent of her country is just perceptible when she speaks; but, instead of disgusting the ear, it seems in her an additional perfection. I sometimes thought I had reason to flatter myself, that Emma did not view my passion with any unfavorable eye. That a man like me should love without hope, could be no matter of surprise to any one.

Every thing Emma Mainfort attempted she excelled in. It was whimsical, however, to hear her mama take the whole merit of the daughter's pro-

gress to *herself*. She would, sometimes, go so far as to indulge herself in a fling at me, when any of her noble friends were present, by throwing a kind of doggerel Latin sentence at me, which, when I could not perfectly make out, she would assure her visitors I was really a very promising young man, though I was not well studied in *all* the Latin poets.

About this time I was surprised with a visitor, as unwelcome as unexpected: this was no other than my old fellow spouter, Lawrence Wilmot. By the death of various wealthy relations, he had now centered many valuable estates in his *own person*, some of which lay in the *north*. He was recommended to the notice of Mrs. Mainfort, by the Countess of * * * * * * *, who had lately made a very comfortable thing of Lawrence at her card tables in London. The recommendation of a Countess

ess was every thing with Mrs. Mainfort. The young gentleman was hailed with smiles, and loaded with all the professions of esteem which could have been lavished on the most distinguished talents, or on the most acknowledged virtues.

Lawrence seemed somewhat disconcerted at the sight of his old friend. The wheel of fortune had now rolled him up to such a height, that he seemed anxious to conceal the intimacy which had subsisted between us in days of yore. My pride took the alarm: I had before thought I had some reason to despise him; but he now seemed entitled to my most full and perfect *contempt*. I had always considered the character of a tutor in the most respectable point of view, and I was firmly resolved never to betray the dignity of my calling, nor the keenness of my feelings, to the arrogant

rogant insults of an upstart and a coxcomb.

Lawrence's conceit had now rendered him perfectly *frightful*. When I first knew him, he passed unobserved amid the herd of men, because he made no pretensions beyond his situation: but sudden wealth had converted him into a *beau*, and his assumption of that character had rendered him a *caricature*. He was dressed out in all the extravagance of the fashion: he lounged, he lisped, he made the most abominable contortions; and all *this* he considered being a young man of fashion.

He soon found, however, that he had been somewhat mistaken with regard to the terms on which I stood with the Mainfort family: my flattery had not been entirely thrown away. One of the first long stories he told, Lawrence began to stretch and yawn in the utter's

er's face: this was quite sufficient to lo his business with the master of the house. The mother, haughty as she was, let not a single word escape which could hurt my feelings; and the daughter, observing the airs of superiority which the new visitor affected to give himself, was more delicately pointed in her attentions to me than ever. Her charming smiles, alone, would have more than repaid me for all the frowns of fortune and the anger of the whole world. Oh, how delightfully did this whole year glide away!

A quarrel with Lawrence Wilmot destroyed all my enchanting visions of felicity. He was very fond of boasting of his knowledge of the French language to the ladies. The literature of France was, indeed, the *only* literature he had. He had gleaned all his metaphysics from the dregs of Voltaire and

and Rousseau. To the writings of the *latter* he was peculiarly partial. From long habits of intimacy with me, he well knew my sentiments on this subject; he was thoroughly aware, that I thought Rousseau by far the most dangerous author that could be put into the hands of an innocent young woman.

Coarseness and vulgarity are seldom effective, as there are few minds so depraved as to be caught by vice under its *ugliest* shape: but when decorated with the flowers of taste, adorned with the insidious graces of affected sensibility, with the gewgaw ornaments of meretricious morality, it is then that the enemy is most to be feared. Rousseau was aware of this. The devil lay concealed while he was instilling his poison into the ear of the mother of mankind; but when touched by the spear of Ithuriel, he appeared exactly *what he was*, and

and started up in all his native deformity. This will be the case with many of these sentimental writers, when Truth shall lay her steady wand upon *their* chapters.

Though we remained still cold and distant, Lawrence, by this time, well knew, that he would not be authorised nor encouraged in treating me with any sort of contempt. We merely spoke, and were civil to each other during the time of his stay. One day, as I entered her room, I saw Emma Mainfort eagerly striving to hide a book as she saw me come in. I asked what it was. She tried at first to evade my inquiries; but, when she found that I grew seriously hurt at her inflexibility, she said, with her usual candour, "Well then, Mr. Middleton, since you will *insist* on seeing it—there is the book. I gave Mr. Wilmot a kind of promise that

"I

" I would not let *any one* look at it;
" but, as there can be no harm in *read-*
" *ing* a book which has been *printed*,
" I do not see why I should be so scru-
" pulous on the subject."

It was a volume elegantly bound, and numbered I. at the back. I opened it; and, to my equal surprise and indignation, found it to be the first volume of " *La Nouvelle Héloïse.*" Emma took notice of my vexation, and seemed anxious to learn the cause of it. I hated mystery: I knew, too, that should I evade her questions, her curiosity would only be the more strongly excited. The mischief was now done. I returned her the volume, and told her that if she was resolved to make me unhappy, she would read on; but that if my advice had still any weight with her, she would leave off where she was. I then gave her my full sentiments on the

subject

subject, and she appeared to be perfectly convinced by them. She promised to return the book to Mr. Wilmot the very first opportunity. I begged she would do so; and, at the same time, as it might be a delicate situation, for a lady to avow any knowledge of the impropriety of its contents, I gave her full power to mention *me* as her informant.

I could plainly perceive, the next time I saw Mr. Wilmot, that the young lady had complied with my desire. He was haughty, imperious, and dropped several hints about squeamishness—a male prude—that some people were too good to be honest; and many more inuendoes of the same species. When a man, however, feels an internal consciousness of the rectitude of his designs, or the purity of his motives, he is but a luke-warm votarist in the cause of truth and virtue,

virtue, if he is to be thus ridiculed out of his integrity. I retorted as well as I was able, and my antagonist being far from a giant in genius, he had considerably the worst of it in our contest for mental superiority: but

" Thrice is he armed, who hath his quarrel just,
" And he but naked, tho' locked up in steel,
" Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

To poison the morals of a young, innocent woman, is one of the most detestable actions which human atrocity can be found guilty of. I wished to render a real, an essential service, to my beloved Emma; and what other people might think of the principles on which I acted, never employed my thoughts for one moment. The darts of ridicule hissed idly in the air. I was convinced that there were some books more dangerous to moral purity, than all

ll the libertines about town. His ignorance, his folly, his self-conceit, and a thousand other circumstances, often act as counteractors to the designs of a coxcomb: but the attack is truly dangerous, when a man or a woman, of fine genius, calmly sits down to lure the steps of inexperience to a pit-fall covered with flowers. To such persons I would be an open foe: not like a canting methodist, but as an honest, feeling man. If a man marries, he would chuse to unite himself to purity of mind as well as of person. Who would fix his election on a girl, whose intellect has been vitiated by a perusal of all the sentimentally indelicate trash that has been spawned by Gallic brains, and, painful to relate, transplanted to the British soil by British authors?

Suppose it *possible*, that a schoolmaster or mistress should desert the sacred

cred functions of their office, and compose volumes, over which decency must heave a groan; should a person, thus circumstanced, produce a book, filled with warm imagery, with sentiments calculated to inflame the most dangerous of passions; what can be said? Is not such a conduct a violation of the public faith? If the person so offending be a female, should she be spared from the correcting severity of *criticism*? Where the innocence (for again be it repeated, the innocence of the *mind* is the main article) of our sisters or our daughters are concerned, such *gallantry* is mere *grimace* and *affectation*.

The mind of my lovely pupil caught fire at what I had said to her, and she returned the volume to the donor, with every mark of contempt and indignation. My triumph, however, in the Mainfort family, was but of a short continuance.

ntinuance. A blow was about to ll on me, tending to crush my rising opes, and all the tenderest wishes of y heart. Mr. Mainfort's fortune had en much impaired by his wife's fool- h partiality to keeping company be- nd her sphere. This worthy man ad retired from the army with money arely adequate to the comforts of life. is wishes led him to a residence in ondon; but as he found Edinburgh s equally *elegant*, without being by y means so *expensive* a place, motives f prudence determined him to settle here.

Mrs. Mainfort, whose leading foibles ere an affectation of learning and a ridiculous attachment to the acquaint- nce of fine people, among a learned ation like the Scotch, began to fancy herself a prodigy of literary excellence. Her attempts at classical knowledge, resembled

resembled a peacock with a solitary feather or two, after the rest of his plumage had dropped off: he strut among his companions, he sees them unfold *their starry glories* to the sun and strives to imitate them, by spreading out his own diminished honors, with the same *consequence*, forgetful that without the same *endowments*, his vanity only serves to render him the more ludicrous and contemptible. Her pride had nearly the same absurd effect. Unable to cope in fortune or in circumstances with those of the first rank, she was happy to associate with the *hungry* and the *needy*, so that this poor, infatuated, proud, ignorant woman, was like the gauze through which we pour our wine; the pure and genuine components of the liquor run quickly through, while nothing but the lees and dregs remain behind.

With such a passion for expensive pleasures, poor Mr. Mainfort's purse began to run to waste. He, indeed, loved shew and splendor *almost* as much as his lady: any one who got admission into the house had only to listen to the long stories of the master, and there was no fear of his losing ground. Emma was the only one who could see through the mean designs of these parasites, and she sometimes endeavoured to remove the bandage from the eyes of her infatuated parents, but all her zeal was fruitless.

Mainfort, about the period I am now recording, began to find that his expenses exceeded his income. Mrs. Mainfort had entertained a strong idea of repairing her husband's fortunes by marrying her daughter to some man of rank and wealth: She felt so assured of accomplishing this design, whenever

she thought proper, that her pecuniary embarassments made but a slight impression on her mind. She saw many young women, who were ugly, ill-tempered, and ignorant, obtain settlements in life by these means, and therefore imagined, that there could be no doubt of Emma's success. She forgot, however, that all the above plain, unlettered ladies, had possessed *fortune*: she forgot, likewise, that the age of romance and chivalry was now no more, and that knights and esquires are very little esteemed now-a-days, unless they happen to be *landed* ones.

From this dream was Mrs. Mainfort roused by a lady, connected with some persons of figure in life. The above-mentioned lady was tall and thin, pale in her countenance, and tawdry in her dress: her name was *Poverty*. When this lady once scrapes an acquaintance with

with people of fashion, she creates as much, and probably *more* misery, than she excites among the poorest wretches in the streets: *they* are not ashamed of their situation; they snatch at the jovial hour as it passes, and have no *appearance* to keep up. The keeping up of *appearances* is a grand curse of *half* fashionable people. They starve for a week to give a rout once in a fortnight.

The family of Mainfort, from its pristine hospitality, began to be reduced to a thousand expediencies, and many inconveniencies. Lawrence Wilmot, who had been noted for forming attachments without a spark of passion, was not proof against the powerful attractions of the lovely Emma. She had treated him with much coldness after hearing my sentiments on the book he had lately offered to her perusal. The

real fact was, that this was one of Lawrence's coarse methods of making love: he imagined, that such writings would incite what he was pleased to call sensibility; but the pure mind of Emma was only to be stimulated into disgust, by so vulgar, so clumsy an artifice. His passion for her, however, increased with each succeeding hour, and I have some reason to imagine, that the satisfaction he felt in the idea of mortifying me, had no small share in exciting his perseverance. He had never regarded me sincerely since our theatrical separation. My presence reminded him of some things he had reason to be ashamed of: he saw, too, that I had made rapid strides in the good opinion of my interesting pupil. He had endeavoured to supplant me, but in vain.

When he proposed marriage to Mr. and Mrs. Mainfort, he took them at a very

ery critical moment; at a period when hey were very much hampered with ome considerable large bills which were then *just* due: the dread of several others, equally heavy, hung *in terrorem* over their heads. Lawrence Wilmot was not the exact man they would have chosen; but imperious *necessity* was a powerful advocate in his favour. His rank was far from being sufficiently lofty to gratify the pride of the wife, and the husband thought no man qualified for a son-in-law, who had not patience to listen to a story five hours long. Still the exigencies of their affairs were such, that as Wilmot was, by the bounty of his relatives, now a *rich* man, they were compelled to listen to him, in spite of all their objections.

Emma and myself were the last persons who heard of this arrangement. I might, indeed, have suspected that

some evil was brewing towards my rest, from the increasing coldness of the master and mistress of the house: the former having ceased to relate his wonderful adventures to me after dinner, and the latter leaving off her harangues concerning the Grecian emperors and the Roman poets.

The sad, the melancholy truth, however, reached my ears but too soon. As misfortunes never come single-handed, the tidings arrived at a period when my heart was torne with apprehensions for my poor dear mother. I had been in the habit of receiving the most kind, the most affectionate letters from her, during the whole course of my peregrinations. She would willingly have spared me money from her little store, whenever I wanted it: yet I could not bear the idea of taking any thing from her comforts, which were already

already but too scanty. Her latter epistles brought me most affecting tidings of her declining state of health. She hinted a wish of seeing me. I would most willingly have flown to her on the slightest suggestion of this nature; but my finances were so very low, that my inclinations, reluctant as I felt myself, were compelled to give way to my necessities.

One day I found my sweet Emma dissolved in tears. Anxious to learn the cause of her affliction, I earnestly besought her to confide in me, assuring her, at the same time, that no one could feel more interested in her concerns than myself. On this assurance, she wiped away the pearly beads which stood trembling in her eyes, and her countenance was instantaneously lighted up, like a fine morning in the spring, when the day beams in a moment with

all its splendour from the heavy interposing clouds. "Do you!' Do you, "indeed, Mr. Middleton, feel so tender an interest in my concerns? Advise me, then; tell me how to act. "Do not withhold from me the benefit of your instructions."

I earnestly assured her, I never would refuse her my counsel nor advice. Her eye was rivetted on me, and with the glance of affection; but it was an affection, mixed with determination and with virtue.

"Tell me," said she, "is not mar-"riage a most sacred, a most solemn "ceremony?"

"Doubtless, Miss Emma."

"Is it not a subject on which both "Heaven and Nature have bestowed "the sacred privilege of free unbiassed "choice?"

"I should imagine that it is."

"And

"And is not she guilty of *perjury* "and deceit, who swears eternal *love* "to a man, whom she is well convinc- "ed that she cannot even *esteem* ?"

"It cannot admit a *doubt*."

"Ah! Mr. Middleton! At this "aweful moment, call to mind all the "lessons you have given me. Lessons "approved by my heart and sanction- "ed by my reason. Collect your "thoughts, and tell me freely, tell me "candidly, if you have since found "cause to retract your former maxims. "A man now lays claim to my hand, "whose person, principles, and dispo- "sition, so far from assimilating with "my own, are in direct *opposition* to "them all. What am I to do? I know, "I feel, that to you this question must "be a delicate, a distressing one. Yet "you, Mr. Middleton, are the very "person for whose advice I am the

" most anxious. I know not any other " person to whom I could make appli- " cation for assistance."

My distress in the present exigency was extreme: I had no alternatives. To have advised her to smother the genuine dictates of her heart, would have been a contradiction to all the theorems I had formerly held up to her admiration. I stood suspended between a variety of the most conflicting passions, unconscious how I ought either to act or speak, when the appearance of Mrs. Mainfort relieved me from my distress. She desired her daughter to quit the room; and, when we were alone, informed me, that she should not make her narration long, but follow the maxims of *Cato Major* in his *de Senectute*, and express herself as concise and as briefly as possible. She then informed me, that her daughter was

was about to be united to Mr. Lawrence Wilmot: politely thanked me for the services I had rendered her family; and gently hinted, that from the new arrangements that were about to take place in their domestic economy, my presence might well be dispensed with. She ended by telling me, she had so high an opinion of my classical powers, that she made but little doubt of being able to make my fortune in the *literary beau-monde*.

I felt some indignation at this pompous harangue, which, however disguised, was in fact a downright discharge. I smothered my feelings as well as I was able, and assured her it had for some time been my intention to have asked her permission to resign the post I then occupied, as the declining health of my mother imperiously called

on me for the most assiduous and unremitting attention.

Mrs. Mainfort did not appear the least disconcerted or uneasy at this intelligence. Lawrence was all *triumph*, Emma dejected, and her father awkward and ashamed. The worthy man studiously avoided all kinds of intercourse with me the two last days I staid in his mansion, by which means I escaped the concluding events of many a fatiguing history.

I left the house without taking any private leave of Emma. She was the only person whom I felt the most distant regret at quitting; but the question she had put to me at our last interview was of so searching, so trying a nature, that I had not the courage to submit myself to any future propositions of a similar tendency. During the

the last day, she seemed solicitous to speak to me alone; but I parried her efforts so successfully, that every attempt of this nature was rendered ineffectual.

My stock of money was very low, when I took a small lodging at a respectable pastry-cook's shop. The name of the mistress, who was a widow, was Garland: she was a plump, jolly, buxom dame, the very emblem of *fat, fair, and forty.* At the time she became my landlady, she was inconsolable for the loss of her late husband, whose name she took care to introduce upon every, the most slight and indifferent occasion. She was particularly civil to me, as she said I bore a strong resemblance to her dear Mr. Garland. She would frequently send me up basons of soup, and other comfortable appendages to her profession; so that I found my

my likeness to the happy man who had formerly been her lord and master, of more substantial use to me, than if I had been the *fac simile* of the most illustrious personage in the three kingdoms.

I had not been long under the roof of this hospitable dame, before I was seized with a very virulent scarlet fever. During the time of my malady she treated me with the greatest kindness, and attended me with all the assiduity of a regular nurse. I found, in this instance, too, that it was no bad thing to be under the inspection of a pastry-cook's widow. The jellies, &c. prepared for me by her fair hand, I am confident, were of more real benefit to me, than all the rhubarb, senna, or purgative drugs of the whole *materia medica* could have proved.

During my recovery we had many wise

wise discourses on the subject of religion. We agreed so thoroughly on this head, that at the end of every lecture, she declared that what I had said was exactly what her poor dear Mr. Garland had often told her. One day she burst into tears, and declared we were as *similar* in our thoughts as in our persons. "Not" added she "that poor "dear Mr. Garland could talk it so "finely as *you*, either. His *hand* was not "so white as yours; but, God bless "him, he was a worthy man, and I "can never expect to meet his fellow "again."

"Why, you would not *marry* again, "Mrs. Garland?"

"Why! umph! I don't make any "rash *vows:* for vows are foolish "things. Poor dear Mr. Garland used "to say, that when a widow marries, "she pays the highest compliment she

"can

" can to the man that is gone; for had
" she not been very happy with him,
" she would never have *dreamed* of
" wedlock any more. But I am no
" *scholar*, and cannot speak on the
" subject. What is *your* opinion, Mr.
" Middleton?"

This question was so very *home*, that I could not directly find an answer. She perceived my confusion, and dropped the subject. Though I was never apt at adapting compliments of this nature to myself, I could not help thinking that there was somewhat peculiarly odd, in the worthy widow's conduct. That she had entertained a strong affection for her late husband, could not admit of a question: that she was inclined to alter her situation once more, likewise a circumstance beyond all possibility of doubt.

While I was amusing my mind with conje

conjectures on the conduct of the widow Garland, I was, one morning, surprised by the appearance of a very unexpected visitor. I was awakened from a very sound sleep, into which I had dropped, by the noise some one made in entering the room. I sprung up. A woman! I clasped her in my arms. It was—no! it was not Emma: but it was—my mother!!! She was much altered by sickness and by sorrow. She reproached me bitterly, for not having sent her word how dangerously ill I had been, adding, at the same time, that if any thing serious had happened to me, it would have broken her heart, when she remembered that the last sacred offices had been administered to me by the hands of strangers.

When I came to inquire by what means she had gained any intelligence of my illness, I found that my Dulcinea, who

who had wormed all the secrets of my family out of me, had made herself acquainted with my mother's address, among the rest. She immediately dispatched a letter to her; in which she said more handsome things concerning me, than either gratitude or modesty will allow me to repeat. She conjured her, as she valued my life, to set out for Edinburgh instantly, begging her, at the same time, not to let the want of money be any hindrance, as she considered her own little property entirely at the service of the mother of so deserving a young gentleman. On this hint, my affectionate parent sat off.

After these plain insinuations of the widow, I must confess, I began to grow extremely uneasy. I found myself indebted for money I had no hope of returning, encumbered with favours I could never expect to repay. Yet

where

re was now my remedy? The
ow begged my mother to consider
elf perfectly at home, and accom-
ied the word *home* with an empha-
t was quite impossible to misunder-
d. She had done every thing but
r me marriage in *direct* terms, and
I hourly expected.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VI.

My mother, at last, brought me the long-looked-for, and at the same time dreaded proposal from mine hostess. I begged leave to refuse it, in the kindest and most respectful terms which gratitude could suggest. I saw that these tidings were afflicting to the beloved authoress of my days. She *said* not a word, though I could plainly perceive something lay heavy at her heart. The very same day all my reasonings were staggered and overthrown: I saw her, to whom I owed my birth (honor chills all my faculties as I relate it) I saw her,

to

whom I was indebted for my being, a *prisoner*. She was arrested in the street, before the door of Mrs. Garland's house.

I no sooner heard the news, than I flew to comfort and assist her. She received me kindly, but sadly. Nothing could now save her, but one effort on my part, she said; but, seeing my repugnance, she would much rather submit to all the horrors of a long imprisonment, than owe her own freedom to the destruction of a child's happiness. I fell on my knees: I clasped her hand: I bathed it with my burning tears. "Oh God! oh my mother!" cried I, in an agony, "shew me but *how* I can "avert the misery of seeing you in this "situation, and may I perish peice-"meal, if there is one sacrifice on "earth I will not make to——"

"Hold, my dearest David! I must "not

" not allow you to bind yourself by an " oath of this dreadful nature. *First* " let me warn you of your danger: the " only way of extricating me from the " difficulties in which I am now involved, is by a marriage with the widow."

I started back.

" No more," added she, " it must " not, cannot be. My dearest boy, let " us submit with patience to our fate. " It were better my few remaining " years, or rather *months*, should roll " away in a prison, than that your " whole life should be embittered to " sustain a broken reed."

I called God to witness, that I did not even wish to recede, and insisted on knowing the whole of the mystery to which she alluded. She long faultered, long resisted; at last, melted and subdued by my prayers, my supplications,

lications, and my tears, she told me, hat the widow had offered to arrange ll her affairs, and afford her a safe shelter from the storms of life, in case of our union.

Triumphant nature rushed and took possession of my whole heart. "Oh "send for her, send for her this instant! "Bid her preserve my mother, and I "have no conditions to make: my "hand, and (if possible) my *heart*, "shall be hers." My mother wept on my neck, and I, at that moment, felt rewarded for the sacrifice I had promised to make.

A person now announced Mrs. Garland. I begged my still weeping parent to ratify any terms she might think ere proper in my name, and promised her to return after I had taken a ort walk to compose myself. As I the place I met the widow: she blushed

blushed and smiled, I bowed and pas-
ed on.

Quitting the door, I observed a m
who eyed me very attentively. He
dropped a letter on the ground, direct-
ly *before* me; pointed to it, and darte
out of sight. On it, was this direc-
tion:

"*To D.—— M.——, Esq.*"

It was written in pencil; *the con-
tents*:

"Remember me! Do not *despair*!
"Be *faithful*, as I will be.

"EMMA."

It was *my* Emma's hand. What a
moment did the sight of it surprise me
in! My heart died away *within* me.
My resolution vanished, every duty
was lulled, and love alone was ragi
in my bosom. Nature, however, soo
resumed her rights. Painful as the sa
crifice was, I resolved that my adoration
of

the divine Emma should give place the debt of filial piety so long owing my mother.

By the bounty of Mrs. Garland she released; articles of marriage were drawn up between us. I did my best appear kind and attentive, and my betrothed appeared perfectly contented with the efforts I made. My mother was in raptures. She assured Mrs. Garland, that though deficient in the article of fortune, I was as much a gentleman by *birth*, as by manners and education.

The widow's curiosity was strongly raised. A momentary pang made my mother suffer for her imprudence: she checked herself; paused; a few tears ran down her cheeks, as she said, in a solemn tone, "I am bound by an OATH, (an oath, I must not, will not break) never to reveal my secret till I am on

The ceremony was now put an end to at once. The clergyman thought the matter too serious to proceed; my mother was as pale as ashes; and my intended bride, on quitting the church, fell into strong hysterics.

We returned home. In a few days the widow was perfectly recovered. A sea-captain arriving with his ship at Leith, her attentions began to be taken up with the recital of his adventures. She had been so terrified with the accident that had taken place, that she never once mentioned the renewal of the ceremony to me or to my mother, but enlisted under the flag of her cousin, the captain, who carried her off as a *prize* a few months afterwards.

Ezekiel called on my mother while I was absent, and, in his usual disagreeable method, arranged all her difficulties with Mrs. Garland and elsewhere.

I had

I had now commenced author, and kept life and soul together by what is called *book-making*. Book-making is no very easy task, though I am ready to allow, that it requires somewhat more of industry than genius. I have made Histories, Travels, Poems, Lives of Celebrated Personages, &c. &c. that is, I have collected from old magazines, pamphlets, and scarce books, all that I could rummage out on the point proposed, and thus produced *so many sheets of paper*. My employer has prefixed a dashing title-page, and gained more by these second-hand exuberances, than the original authors ever earned in the course of their lives.

By this "pious fraud," I contrived, however, to support my mother; and, when such exertions have been hopeless, I have sometimes been *compelled*

to have recourse to Ezekiel, who, as if the sole joy and business of his life was to persecute and torment us, is at *present* a resident in this place. Some few days ago I borrowed of him the small sum for which you saw him dun me so *unmercifully*. When he lent it, he informed me that I formerly had not been so punctual as he always expected every one to be: however, that he was now willing to advance me the money, on my solemn promise of repaying it at *such a place*, and on *such a day*. I entered into this rash engagement, which I found I was unable to keep. You can bear witness, that I suffered more than ample punishment for my misfortune.

The conduct of this man towards us is a perfect enigma, neither my mother nor myself know how to explain. His greatest

greatest delight appears to be in seeing us in distress, in destroying all my hopes, in rendering me both wretched and ridiculous: yet, by a strange contradiction of conduct, he has more than *once* assisted us, when, without his aid, we must have infallibly perished for want. I am the child of mystery from my birth: I seem *fated* to struggle on, encumbered with clouds and bewildered in darkness.

Your goodness has cast a ray of hope upon my prospects, and never, never, Mr. Mowbray, shall I forget it! You are now going to be near Emma Mainfort. Oh, Sir! till I heard that name from your lips, it has not vibrated upon my ear for some months past! If you have any idea of the soft sympathies of love, you can conceive that it has affected, alarmed me. If ever you should

hear her mention the name...of...of... Middleton. Pardon me, Sir—but tell her, though he would suffer every evil, every misfortune, rather than involve *her* in his poverty or his sorrows, her image yet lives impressed upon his heart; that it will never be erased from his memory, till sense and reason shall be no more.

Here David Middleton finished his story, which I have collected as faithfully as my remembrance would admit of. I felt a powerful interest in his fate, because, perhaps, it bore, in many particulars, a strong resemblance to my own. I promised to do every thing, consistent with my honour and my duty, to forward his interests. As

I was

I was to live under his roof, Mr. Mainfort had every claim on my fidelity: the secrets of his house were sacred. With this *proviso*, I promised David Middleton my unlimited confidence.

CHAPTER VII.

When settled in the house of Mr. Mainfort, I found that the portraits my friend David had drawn of its inhabitants were rather *softened* than exaggerated. Still there was an honest bluntness in the master of the family, which more than compensated for the tedium of his narratives: but there are few persons who are fortunate enough to get through this world, without being compelled to administer to the prejudices and humours of their superiors. He who can manage his concerns so well as not to be subservient to their *vices*, has done all that can reasonably be hoped for, or expected.

Mr.

Mrs. Mainfort *entertained* me most extremely. I knew that David Middleton disliked her very much, but my sensations were far different from his: the *ridiculous* predominated, with me, over the irascible. She soon began to entertain me as she had formerly done my predecessor, with her knowledge of the ancient poetry and philosophy. If her husband told a story of modern times, wherein any of our generals were concerned, she would take a pinch of snuff, and pompously *mis-state* some great action performed by a hero of antiquity. When Mainfort paid the tribute of a tear to the memory of the gallant Wolfe, she would triumphantly exclaim, "All that is very well; but "what do you think of *Archimedes* the "*Macedonian*, who carried the arrow "in his bosom till he heard that the "troops of his country were victorious;

" and then, like another *Plato*, called
" for a goblet of hemlock, and dis-
" coursed on philosophical subjects till
" he died?" On these occasions she would invariably brighten up, and give me a look of exultation, which seemed to say, " I think I have settled *that* " *point.*"

As I observed before, I was so much diverted with the whimsicality of this trait in her character, that I always indulged her vanity by the appearance of the most profound respect and admiration for every thing she said or did. She had *another* foible inherent in her nature, which was neither so entertaining nor so harmless. Her insatiable rage for the countenance and acquaintance of persons of high rank, often rendered her manners offensive to indifferent people, and disgusting even to her husband and her daughter. Mainfort,

who was an enthusiast for his
y and his King, thought a retired
either of the land or sea service,
the most illustrious characters
Britain could produce. His
er Emma, too, free from the
ce of either father or mother,
igued to death with the inva-
ound of insipid visits she was
led to pay and receive, from
ges who had no qualifications,
o arrest her feelings, or interest
rt. She had a real respect for
hen attended with those conco-
which give it true value; but,
ocratical Countess, a *gaming*,
g, *atheistical* Peer, or a lisping,
ruel *Baronet*, never could force
ofound respect from her, which
ma paid to every thing which
itle.

more I saw of Emma Main-

fort,

for; the less was my surprise at the passion which she had inspired in the bosom of David Middleton. She was a most truly sensible, amiable, young woman. I could plainly perceive that her spirits were labouring under a present state of dejection. I knew the cause, and could feel for her most sensibly. The sufferings I had endured on my own Adelaide's account were still most deeply impressed on my memory. I knew the keen, the rending pangs of love defeated; and was neither so callous, nor so selfish, as not to pity in *others*, those torments which had formerly agonised my *own* bosom with such exquisite sensibility: need I then say, that the lovely Emma found a most eloquent advocate in my heart? I was bound in honor, however, to a strict observance of my duty with regard to Mr. Mainfort and his family. I had assured

sured my friend David of my resolve to fulfil every obligation on that score, and that, although I most devoutly wished him all happiness, I was determined never to act the improper, ungenerous, and often *contemptible* character of a *match-maker*. This covenant was most firmly established between us.

Emma did not, as yet, suspect that I had even the most distant acquaintance with the man of her heart, as I watched myself with the most rigid observance, and took especial care, that the name of Middleton should not once escape my lips. This was as much as I could do, in my present delicate predicament: yet am I almost ashamed to own, that the growing interest I felt for David, sometimes made the rigid performance of this duty extremely painful. I found that the match was still in agitation between Miss Emma and Mr. Lawrence

Lawrence Wilmot. Lawrence was expected every day: the sudden death of a relative had postponed the intended marriage for some time; for Lawrence never suffered his devotion at the altar of Cupid to interfere with his worship at the shrine of Plutus. He was to be at Mr. Mainfort's house in a few days, where I observed that he was not *sincerely* valued by any one person in the whole family. He had mortally hurt the master of it, by hinting his doubts respecting the veracity of a story he had told, concerning his combats with the Bedouin Arabs. Mrs. Mainfort often lamented his want of what she termed *connexions*. He had no polite literature, she added, having never read the tragedies of *Xenophon*, nor the Cyropædia of *Æschylus*. Such had been the mania of this worthy lady for high company, that pride itself had reduced

duced her to what she considered the two greatest disgraces that could have possibly fallen on her house, an intermarriage with *ignorance* and *obscurity*.

Indeed, it frequently happens, that those who are addicted to despise their honest equals, and are fond of thrusting themselves into company beyond their level, are led into little paltry actions, which their inferiors would blush even to think of.

While I was determined to maintain the rigid point of honour with regard to my conduct in the family of the Mainforts, my heart would often ache for the increasing sadness which hovered over the brow, and clouded the features of my poor friend David. I could see, by his dejected manner, that an inward, hopeless passion, was drinking up his very life-blood. When I beheld the lovely Emma drooping her pensive head, like

like some sweet bud, whose stem had been rudely bruised 'ere the floweret could attain to its native perfection, I could not help breathing a sigh of pity over her blasted hopes. This was all which, under the existing circumstances, I could venture to do. High in the good opinion of the family, I felt a consolation in reflecting, that if I had it not in my power to make them any *material return* for the patronage and protection I enjoyed, while I did nothing to violate the confidence of any one party concerned, I had no reason to be *ashamed* of the honest humbleness of my situation. I do contend, that when a man or woman of talents and integrity enters a family, to whose *prosperity* or *knowledge* they contribute, by their economy, their instructions, or by any other exertion of their mental faculties, they are upon the most equal and impartial footing

ing with their employers. That the labourer is worthy his hire, is an argument always granted in matters of mere *corporeal* exertion; why then, for Heaven's sake, should it be otherwise, in respect to the more fine operations of the mind? Who would wish to see the time arrive, when mere muscle, bone, and sinew, shall be preferred to intellectual excellence? The governors and instructresses of large families, if no mean arts are used to rob any part of that family of its rights; if all cringing methods of supplanting others are avoided; if, with generous care, they rather strive to *sooth* than to *irritate*, to *close* than to *widen* a wound; who shall call such characters *dependents*? A *parasite* is a being of a very different nature: a serpent in the grass. Of a PARASITE let all well-governed families *beware*.

I never

I never did but *one* thing which cost me a single moment's regret, during eighteen months residence under the roof of Mr. Mainfort. I was (with shame I own it) *once* so far lured from my duty, and my notions of propriety, as to deliver a letter from Middleton to Emma, unknown to her father and mother. I was tempted to this breach of good faith (for such, after all, it was) by a number of concurring circumstances. I was the instructor of Miss Mainfort in the French and Italian languages. She made so rapid a progress, that she soon outstripped and left her master far behind her. At one of our meetings at the Coffee-house, poor David was more than usually dejected. I observed that tears stole *involuntarily* down his cheeks, and that something was labouring in his bosom to which he was anxious to give vent. I conjured him,

n, by all the ties of friendship, to be ndid and explicit with me. He gave ay to my solicitations, and, after a ort pause, informed me, that he and s mother were about to retire to a all cottage in the neighbourhood of rth. He found that he had not health equate to the laborious occupation of ok-making, and that a violent com- aint in his head had been the effect his constant, unremitting applica- n. Under these circumstances, he d received a proposal from Ezekiel, hich he had submitted to the better dgment of his mother. This strange an had, it seems, made them a proffer, at if they would *both* sign a paper, ring up all claim to the sum he had en in the annual habit of paying em, they should be settled in a small t neat cottage, where he would take re that the decent comforts and in-

dispensable

dispensible necessaries of life should be supplied them.

However astonished at such a proposition (so seemingly contradictory to his own interests) the offer made in favour of the poor Middletons was too advantageous to keep them long in suspense. One latent hope, one lingering wish, still tied poor David to the spot. I saw that his *heart* was bursting, although he dared not suffer the name of Emma to rise to his lips. I caught his weakness, and I pitied him. In mine own cause, under the roof of Durnsford and of Adelaide, I had so strongly fortified my resolutions, that I never once felt the most slight inclination to relax; but now I in a moment lost sight of my *Ciceronian* maxims, and, in the delirium of my friendship, forsook the post which honour had assigned me. I promised, rashly, to convey a letter from David

to

his Emma. My word was no sooner edged to this, than an instantaneous ow of shame, which crimsoned on cheek, convinced me I had acted rongly. What was done, however, ould not be *recalled:* I had quitted the aceful harbour of my conscience, and was natural that storms and tempests ould ensue. What the contents of iddleton's letter were it fitted me not inquire; and, as the young lady chose ot to inform me of her own accord, uffered the subject still to remain a ent one.

I could now no longer meet the eyes Mr. and Mrs. Mainfort with that old, that undaunted glance of equali- and independence, which had been merly impressed on every lineament my countenance. I hung my head ected at every meal; for these enter- ments now tacitly seemed to upbraid

me

me with eating the bread of persons whom I had both injured and deceived: they were now I thought my *superiors*, since my own insincere conduct had reduced me below the level of their *equals*.

Previous to the departure of Middleton, I gave him one more proof of the strength and sincerity of my friendship. He was much perplexed for money, to discharge a few debts which he had contracted on his mother's account. I had not, at that moment, ten pounds in the whole world; but, as my pay-day was coming round, I felt unwilling that my friend should be involved in any perplexity, from which it was in my power to extricate him. After much anxiety he informed me, that if I would join him in a note, he was sure that Ezekiel would advance the money which he wanted. I started, and

and hesitated at the bare idea of being, in any way, dragged into a connection with a man, of so singular and mysterious a character, as he himself had described this Ezekiel to be. I was soon brought into a more complying humour by the gentlemanly manners of my friend, and, for the first time in my life, I put my hand to paper, and involved myself for *thirty pounds*.

During this whole transaction, myself and the money-lender hardly exchanged five sentences with each other. I despised him *most heartily*, and I dare say that he, in his turn, entertained a very poor opinion of my understanding. Middleton was most truly grateful for the assistance which I had just rendered him. He called me, with tears in his eyes, the guardian angel of

his mother, and fervently prayed to Heaven, that he might, one day or other, find some opportunity of testifying his sense of the obligations I had conferred on him.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VIII.

POSSESSED all the esteem for this oung man which one friend can be pposed to entertain for another. I ad, indeed, given him a pledge of my ncerity, a pledge, I confess, I soon ished to recal; but the wish came oo late: I had nothing but *experienee* or my consolation, which now informed me, that it was possible for even friendship to be caried too far.

Lawrence Wilmot was daily expected at Mr. Mainfort's house, a circumstance, which apparently, cast a cloud

over the whole family. Mr. Mainfort disliked, his wife was half-ashamed of, and his daughter *detested*, him.

The worthy master and mistress of the family where I now resided were involved in daily quarrels, which would have been highly entertaining to me, under any other circumstances or in any other state of mind. Each had contracted an inveterate habit of denying any proposition the other happened to advance. Mainfort, who was almost as little acquainted with Latin and Greek as his help-mate, was always pulling her back when she indulged herself in sporting any of her *daggers*; she, on the other hand, would constantly check him in his military recitals, either by a denial of the fact altogether, or by a ludicrous comparison betwixt himself and some of the heroes of antiquity. As she was invariably out

of

of her depth whenever she flourished in the learned style, her mistakes were of the most egregious kind: she would frequently make Scipio pass the *Alps*, and render the Carthaginian hero dictator of Rome. Gustavus Vasa, she would insist, was the founder of the Papal authority: and, when talking of the Druids, she would frequently appeal to the Commentaries of Julian the Apostate: in short, it was hard to determine whether she was rendered most ridiculous by the *living* or *dead* great people; in either case, she was quite out of her depth. If she associated with scholars, they laughed heartily at her behind her back, for an affectation of knowledge to which she had no real pretension; or if she mingled in the circles of the great, they sneered at her for thrusting herself forward in situations to which she could not have any

possible pretensions. Mainfort plainly perceived this, and it mortified him; for, notwithstanding a something *chivalric*, which tinged all his expressions, and clung close to his very nature, he was a man of understanding, endowed with quick feelings and with strong sensibility.

Lawrence Wilmot arrived in the midst of these domestic argumentations, and his presence most certainly did not give the least satisfaction to any one party concerned. He was just fresh from London, enriched by the sudden death of a near relative, and indeed the united fortunes of three branches of his family were *now* combined in his own person. He strove to ape the prevalent manners of the young men of the *haut ton*, but executed his intentions so abominably, that could they have seen themselves thus reflected, they might have

of their ridiculous
ed the grimaces
s, to have assumed
habits of human crea-
ational members of so-

ned, at first, anxious to be on
ible footing with me; but what
eard from poor David was so
confirmed by his manner and
ice, that I could not, by any
assimilate with him. All his
itative powers, which had been
admired in a debating society,
idered him forward and dog-
; and, from associating with
f an inferior species, he had ac-
habit of delivering his senti-
ith a somewhat of more than
al petulance. He appeared, at
blush, an animated encyclo-
f literature: there was scarcely

any subject upon which he would not both argue and dispute. The real fact of the matter was this, he made a point of reading all the monthly publications, and stored his memory with extracts from each of them. With these shreds and patches of learning, he would boldly enter the lists with the most experienced veterans of science, and, by dint of unblushing confidence and shameless intrepidity, would frequently have the appearance of the best of an argument, on which his foundations were erroneous and inconclusive from the beginning to the end. He made not the least scruple of exposing the whimsical mistakes of poor Mrs. Mainfort, and bursting into loud fits of laughter at her mistatements of historical occurrences: she, in turn, despised him, in her heart, as a downright *Goth*. Had it not been for my interference, I verily think

think that Mr. Mainfort would have sent him a challenge. He had gone so far as to give a loud whistle of incredulity at one of the old gentleman's most favourite stories, in which he simply narrated the following occurrence:

He said that he had been on deck during an action, where a very celebrated commander was giving his orders in a most cool and determinate way. While the above-mentioned gentleman was speaking, his hand was suddenly shot off; he quitted not the deck. A few minutes afterwards, a midshipman's head, to whom he had been very much attached, was carried away from his shoulders, and bounced with such violence against the bosom of the commander, that it immediately laid him flat on his back. The sailors took this opportunity of snatching up

the body of their leader, and of conveying him to that part of the vessel which is set aside for medical operations.

Such was the story: but with this *exception*, it is *here* compressed into a single *column*, whereas Mr. Mainfort's history would have filled a chapter and a half *at least*.

When Lawrence shewed him this indignity, it was as much as I could do to keep the impetuous choler of my patron within any due bounds. He was half inclined to desire the sneering puppy, as he called him, to leave his house immediately; but my advice, added to a number of prudential reasons laid before him by his wife, induced him to postpone the prosecution of such vigorous measures; not without a heavy threat, however, that he would never tell any of his stories before the foolish boy again: a determination

lination which, like many other human resolves, was broken through almost as soon as formed.

The most material sufferer of all the figures in this family piece was poor Emma. Since I had delivered her the letter of her lover, she had never been entirely herself. The reserve of her manners would have disgusted any but a man with a cold heart and a heavy head. Such a man was Lawrence: wrapped up in the contemplation of his own incomprehensible perfections, he had no leisure to reflect, either on the delicacy or the propriety of *forcing* himself on a young lady, who took no pains to conceal the humble opinion she entertained, both of his personal and his mental acquirements. A footman, in a very excellent old comedy, declares, with unblushing effrontery, that he would not be an inch shorter,

an inch taller, or alter his figure in any one minute circumstance. Young Wilmot was exactly of this conceited valet's opinion, and with as few pretensions as any young man of his age could possibly lay claim to. He called, scampering about the country, and spending a few idle weeks in the provincial towns, a knowledge of the world. Many of our facetious young gentlemen, who put themselves into a ship *one month*, are shut up in it the *second*, pass the third in living with their *own countrymen* in some foreign metropolis, have just about as much claim to call themselves *travellers*, as had young Mr. Wilmot. With these qualifications, could such a man be supposed to hold a rival place with Mr. Middleton, in the affections of a generous, spirited, and sensible young woman?

I did

lid all in my power to reconcile
lf to his manners, but found it to-
mpossible. Zeal for my absent
had, no doubt, great influence
my heart and conduct. I looked
great anxiety to the time when
spark was to be united to the
ning Emma, as I resolved that
wedding-day should absolve me
all ties of connection with the fa-
I could hardly reconcile my con-
ce to a longer residence with the
r and mistress of the house. The
lady was continually rendering
lf at once contemptible and ridicu-
The errors of the husband, how-
, were more than redeemed by a
ber of the most valuable qualifica-
both of the heart and the under-
ng.

ith Lawrence Wilmot the case was
ly different: he was a coxcomb,

nulld

nullâ virtute redemptum, without one valuable point to retrieve the predominant ridicule of his character. In addition to all this, his temper was haughty, selfish, and overbearing; in short, to continue in any place, where such an upstart was to be invested with superiority, conveyed an idea of degradation, to which it would have been somewhat more than meanness in me to have submitted myself. Rather than do so much outrage on my heart, I made up my mind to expose myself once more to the direction of *Providence*.

Hopeless of ever gaining further intelligence concerning my unhappy father, my own pride was now fallen with the splendour of my family. I was *once* the eldest hope of a man of rank: I was *now* the heir of penury, the child of a *fugitive!*

Adelaide Durnsford! how did my heart

heart yearn towards you? how often did I wish I could have flown to your mansion, resigned my hopes, and buried each tumultuous passion in the bosom of friendship and of retirement? The barbarous malevolence of *slander* had rendered these delightful visions futile!!! To have returned to them, under the present existing circumstances, would have been an act of sordid, unmanly selfishness!

Fortunately for poor Emma, an incident took place, about this period, which operated very forcibly in lowering young Wilmot in the good opinion of each of her parents. One day, Mrs. Mainfort had invited a large party of her grand acquaintance: amongst the rest, a very honorably-celebrated character chanced to be present. The master of the table related a story, the truth of which Lawrence Wilmot affected

fected to doubt; and his petulance carried him so far, that he said, this miraculous tale was equally *incredible* with the story he had related concerning the midshipman's head.

"Well, Sir," replied the worthy nobleman to whom I have just alluded, "and do you doubt the *veracity* of that "circumstance?" "Surely, Sir," rejoined Lawrence, with a broad grin of self-approbation, "my friend here means "to *hoax* us."

The nobleman thus replied: "I do "not know, young gentleman, what you "may mean by the word *hoax:* such "phrases were not admitted into our "vocabulary, when I was a young man. "I find, however, that the youth of the "present day are anxious to found a "reputation for knowledge upon a *disbelief* of *every thing;* and we have "authors, I hear, who are so wise as

"to

› dispute even the authenticity of ie Bible; you have read such, per-aps?"

awrence, with an important nod of head, affirmed that he *had.*

he nobleman continued: "You e how it is, Mr. Mainfort. If the criptures are called into question, irely you can have no reason to be ffended with the *scepticism* of this oung man."

awrence, after a long stare, de-ded, in a pert tone, "what all is was to the purpose?" "Why, ot much," rejoined his antagonist: ily, as you are so much *younger* an myself, I think it my duty to ve you any *information* in my power. o convince you, then, that *doubts* annot destroy *facts*, I have to assure ou, that what Mr. Mainfort has re-ted, however *extraordinary* it may

"appear,

" appear, is literally *true*. I am, *myself*, the very commander to whom the adventure he recorded happened; witness the loss of my hand, Sir. What has proved true in *this* instance, may have happened in a thousand others. This event will teach you to pause, ere you again affront the narrations of a worthy man, by giving them the title of *wonderful stories*."

This rebuke, which came from the lips of the truly eminent Earl of * * * * * * * (whose word in such cases could not be disputed) struck the young gentleman quite dumb. It was likewise a silent correction to myself, who had formerly looked on the surprising adventures of my patron as so many *rhodomontades*; but, as I had never hazarded a doubt, or given way to the least disrespect, I kept my own counsel, and

and thus escaped my share of shame and embarrassment.

The young gentleman soon recovered from the awkwardness into which this reproof had thrown him, and seemed only anxious to retrieve his character by saying some *good thing*. He had frequently indulged his satirical talents at the expence of the good lady of the house, who gave him daily opportunities of being facetious. Proud and imperious as she was, she had borne from him what she would not have put up with from any other person in the world: the fact was, much as she despised him, she looked upon him as a *necessary evil*, and was reluctantly compelled to smother her contempt and her resentment. What had been said by her noble visitor seemed to have animated her this day; for she exclaimed in triumph, "Well 'said, my Lord; you put me in mind

"of

" of what the ancient sage, Alcibiades,
" said to his young *pupil*, Socrates, on
" a like occasion." Lawrence smiled, as usual; but she took it for a smile of *envy*; and, after a quotation, one third in Latin, the second in French, and the last in Italian, all curiously *blended*, began to talk of Dean Swift's works.

" You have been reading Swift, then,
" Madam?" said Lawrence, with a grin.

" Yes, Sir; I have: the Dean is my
" *oraculum*, my *pandemonium* of wit, as
" Ovid calls it."

" Indeed, Madam: and what says
" the Dean this morning? come let us
" have a taste of his quality."

Lawrence gave the company a significant wink, to prepare them for some egregious mistake.

" He saith THUS," gravely rejoined the lady: " There is no vice or folly
" which

which requires so much nicety and skill to manage, as *vanity*; nor any which by its *ill* management makes so *contemptible a figure*."

This was the very first time I had ever heard her quote *correctly*; but the passage she had thus the good luck to remember, came with such pertinent force against the predominant foible of Lawrence, that all his effrontery stood him in little stead. He had been so long unaccustomed to meet with any reply, that he was quite confounded at this unexpected discomfiture. He bit his nails, twisted his countenance into a hundred convulsions, tried to say two or three smart things, failed, and sunk into a dead calm.

Mr. Mainfort took no advantage of the victory *he* had obtained; it was quite sufficient for him to know, that he had thus acquired the full prerogative

tive of telling his long stories, without any apprehension of being cut short in the middle of them by any one; not even his wife could interrupt him: like a royal patent, no one could dispute his authority. The *Earl* had said it was so, and when had Mrs. Mainfort ever thought differently from an *Earl?*

This worthy lady by no means imitated the temperate forbearance of her lord and master. She had gained a triumph *too*, and seemed determined to enjoy the fruits of her victory: she was always gratified when she could adduce any instance of the superiority of the female understanding. "Yes, Mr. Mow-"bray," she once triumphantly exclaimed; "whenever I think of Cleo-"patra, or Aspasia, or Dulcinea, Cla-"rissa, or any other of the Roman la-"dies, I own I feel all the pride of

"my

"my sex: their wits were sharp as "Darindana (which, you know, was "the name of the sword of Alexander "the Great), and can conquer more "than all the Clypeums and Palladiums "of masculine valour. Whenever I "hear of a woman's getting the better "of these *Aristotelians*, like Nero, the "Emperor, I cry out, from the very "bottom of my soul, *Perdidi diem*, "I have *gained* a day."

I afterwards discovered, to my cost, that she had now a very strong motive for wishing to break off all connections with young Wilmot.

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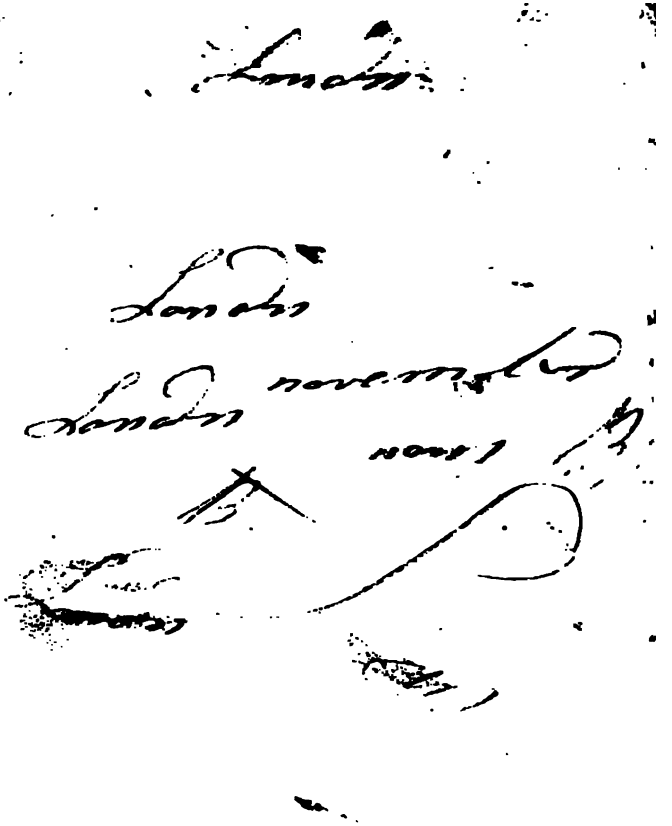

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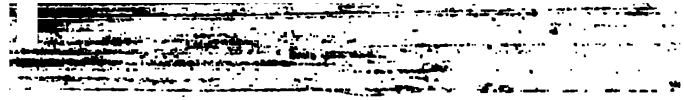
THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW,

A TALE.



THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW,

A TALE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY HENRY SIDDONS,

AUTHOR OF VIRTUOUS POVERTY.

VOL. III.

Le donne antiche hanno mirabil cose
Fatto ne l'arme, e ne le sacre Muse;
E di lor opre belle, e gloriose
Gran lume in tutto il mondo si diffuse.
Arpalice, e Camilla son famose,
Perchè in battaglia erano esperte, ed use.
Safo, e Corinna, perchè furon dotte,
Splendono illustri, e mai non veggon notte.

Le donne son venute in eccellenza
Di ciascun'arte, ove hanno posto cura;
E qualunque a l'istorie abbia avvertenza
Ne sente ancor la fama non obscura.
Se'l mondo n'è gran tempo stato senza,
Non però sempre il mal'influsso dura.
E forse ascosi han lor debiti onori
L'invidia, o il non saper degli scrittori.

ARIOSTO

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR R. PHILLIPS, BRIDGE-STREET, BLACK-FRIARS.

1806.

Cox, Son, and Baylis, Printers,
Great Queen Street.

THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW.

PART V.

CHAPTER I.

EMMA, one morning, appeared before me, beaming with all those smiles, which had, for a long time, quitted her radiant countenance. Delighted with a change as charming as it was unexpected, I solicited earnestly to be informed of the lucky occurrence to which I was to attribute so pleasing a metamorphosis. She delayed not a moment to acquaint me, that her cares were over, as her parents were, at length, at-

tentive to her supplications, and had released her from all apprehensions of being united to a man she detested. "I could never endure him," added she, "and if matters had been carried "to the last extremity, would have "flown to the utmost verge of the "earth to have avoided him. But come, "do not let us talk of him any more. "He will soon be gone, and then I "will try to be a better scholar than I "have been. I shall improve every "day in my French and Italian. I "intend to study very hard, and, by "*doubling* my lessons, I *may keep* my "thoughts from dwelling on....."

I fixed my eye upon her, and she blushed scarlet deep. I gave her time to check herself, and to prevent me from hearing that, to which I could not have listened with honour. I had once before suffered so severely from a slight

it violation of my integrity, that I
ied the most steady resolution, not
xpose myself again to such painful
eptions on any account. Emma
elf appeared pleased that I had thus
lled her wandering imagination.
was one of the most artless young
ien I have ever known in the whole
se of my life, though, at the same
, she was, assuredly, one of the
sensible. Beauty and idiotism are
very distinct qualities in the female
position, although such infinite
s are frequently taken to blend and
ound them.

ie serenity of the present scene was
long permitted to continue; the
only foretold a storm. The be-
iur of Mr. and Mrs. Mainfort eve-
ay grew more and more cool to-
s me: that of the good lady soon
ied the very *freezing* point, and it

literally chilled me to look upon her. There is seldom a better criterion for the affairs of this world, than the manners of one of your *prudential* elderly ladies: in your prosperity they are *sunny;* as you decline, they grow *cloudy;* as you sink they are *rainy;* and when you are fallen they are *shady.* There was a liberal delicacy inherent in the character of Mainfort *himself,* which would have made him ashamed of changing his conduct towards any one, who had not merited an alteration by some ill-behaviour on their own part. I was now, however, too thorough a proficient in the theory of worldly knowledge, not to be convinced, that some material change was about to take place in the circumstances of this family. I began, after a very comfortable residence in it, to make up my mind to being once more rudely tost

on

rough ocean of life, and com-
to make future provisions for
lay which was to pass over my
."

own past life, added to the his-
y poor friend, Middleton, had
to me, reconciled me to all the
of Providence. I was, like him,
the sole care of that protecting
which regards with an equal
e concussion of an Empire, or
liation of a bird's nest. I had
red all the prejudices of pride,
sidered that to live and die like
est man was the *ultimatum* of
ce; and that if this essential end
t fulfilled, it little imported how,
or where, in what part of the
or in what capacity.

h these consolatory reflections I
l the perplexity of my ideas,
ver they anticipated scenes of

future evil. Indeed all the *grand* calamities of life already seemed to have been *exhausted* on my head: I had, apparently, as little to *fear* as I had to *hope*. I was a friendless young man, who had seen a father reduced from the very height of birth, pride, and fortune, to become a wanderer on the face of the earth! I had been robbed, at an early age, of the endearing consolations, which result from fraternal friendship and affection. My first, my only love, had been violently torn from my heart, and to rend its fibres with more excruciating agonies, I had beheld her wedded to another!!! It is not to be imagined, that a man, who had encountered so many sad *realities*, could have either leisure or inclination to brood long over the *fancied ills of life*. However, the sentiments which inspired me may be laughed at as *utopian*, they were

nevertheless

vertheless very sincere, and I am, en *now*, more than half inclined to ide by my former opinions.

Lawrence Wilmot daily found him lf held in less respect by the Main- rt family. He was one of those who alk through life upon the stilts of her people's opinions: deprived of at assistance, he invariably dropped the ground. His taste was now no nger consulted, his opinions were ever asked, and his second-hand jests dрepartees seldom occasioned a smile. Irs. Mainfort attacked him with *hint* id *inuendo*: she would frequently in- nuate, that mere money might fall to ie lot of any one; but that no man ad a right to feel at all proud simply n that account: that the *Athenians*, hen *Lycurgus* made his celebrated *andects*, banished all money but *lea- ier* from his *monarchy*: that virtue was

all in all with these polite *Laconics*; that she was quite of the opinion of Homer, when he says "*effodiuntur opes* "*irritanenta malorum.*" Birth and titles, she added, gave a man a much more solid claim to the veneration of his fellow beings, as they could only be obtained by meritorious services, and would live in tables of brass, when, as Milton observes, "The cloud cap- "ped towers, the gorgeous palaces, So- "lomon's temple, and all which inha- "bits it, shall dissolve, and like the "basest fabric of a vision, leave not a "wreck behind it."

When Lawrence told her she had quoted from *Shakespear* not *Milton*, and was likewise very incorrect as to the words, she caught fire in a moment, telling him, if she had no *other* merit, she had been always allowed to be a correct scholar, and that many learned,

as

as well as noble friends, could bear testimony to the truth of her assertions: that he was not to think, because he had passed a few months among players, that he understood more about Shakespear than his neighbours; for all critics who had commented on that author, however they disagreed on EVERY OTHER point, were unanimous in opinion, that the *actors* never knew the author's meaning half so well as they did *themselves:* that for her part, she was certain that the "cloud capped towers," was in Milton's Paradise Lost, and advised Mr. Wilmot to *think* before he *spoke*, or else return to his former friends, with whom his absurdities might go down, which could never be the case with persons of a true classical judgement.

To this attack Lawrence rejoined so very tartly, that a long altercation took

place, and I made a pretence of quitting the room, for fear that I should have been chosen umpire between them; a circumstance which would have proved extremely awkward and distressing to me.

These disputes daily ran so high, that they at length terminated in an open rupture, and the young gentleman, to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, quitted the house in a complete rage; swearing the whole world should not tempt him to be at all related to any woman who could not tell Milton from Shakespear. She, on her part, vowed that no man should ever have the honour of calling her mother-in-law, who had the ignorance and ill manners to call her literary abilities in question; offering, at the same time, to submit the case to a dozen Dukes, four Earls, seven Countesses, and ten Right Honorables.

Mr.

Mr. Mainfort was very glad to see his house thus cleared of a person whom he had never liked, and his daughter, Emma, was in perfect raptures on the occasion. I must confess, that I was very far from being so sanguine. Allurements of *interest*, and those of a very strong nature too, had introduced young Wilmot to this connection. The conversion of Mrs. Mainfort had been so *sudden*, that I could not help strongly suspecting her of some *concealed* motives for the conduct she had thus precipitately adopted.

CHAPTER II.

A VERY short space of time fully proved, that the suspicions I had entertained were not without foundation. A minister who is about to resign, ought to take his first hint from the atmosphere of the court, and not wait till a biting frost tells forcibly that his time is come. Lawrence Wilmot had more prudence than the generality of great men; he resolved to save his credit, and have, at least, the satisfaction of going off in *a bounce*; a vast comfort to many gentlemen who are, what is vulgarly termed, *turned out*. But not to dwell on an illusion which may not be pleasing

ing to the feelings of various celebrated personages, I shall simply state, that Wilmot, perceiving it was Mrs. Mainfort's intention to get rid of him, resolved, at least, to have the *start* of her, and therefore earnestly requested, that every thing which had formerly passed between himself and that family might now be considered as at an end.

Though this was the precise point which the lady had been labouring to bring him to, she was extremely piqued at his having thus *forestalled* her. This mortification she could by no means keep to herself. She broke out into reflections, which convinced her opponent that she had lost her temper; and, as this was what he most earnestly desired to effect, he enjoyed a share of satisfaction, even in his defeat. Indeed there were very few circumstances which could long mortify this young gentleman;

gentleman; Nature had done all in her power to prevent him from falling into the error of *Narcissus;* yet was he upon such admirable terms with himself, that he found a friend in his own heart which gave the lie to his looking-glass. He left the father and mother of his *ci-devant* mistress, therefore, with the most consummate *sang froid,* fully convinced that, as soon as it should be known he was disengaged, the whole sex would be in a state of *warfare,* to decide who was to be the happy female destined to fill up that space in his bosom which Emma Mainfort had left vacant.

When he was gone, the lady of the house declared that she was glad to be rid of such a *Diogenes;* that she firmly believed him to be as ignorant as an *Aristippus,* and with no more philosophy than a mere *Pythagorean.* Emma was

all

..te and spirits at the secession of this
isagreeable young man; and, as she
:new how very sincerely I was a well-
visher to David Middleton, was much
ırprised to find me no sharer in her
xtasies. I, however, had been taught,
y a very good tutor, not to be over
nguine in giving credit to the pro-
ises of fortune. The conduct of Main-
rt himself gave me some reason for ap-
auding my own caution. I cannot
xactly say he ever treated me with
ldness; but he had of late appeared
eculiarly reserved. He no longer told
s long stories with his accustomed
lee: in short, he appeared to be la-
ouring under those painful vibrations
f thoughtful anxiety, which agitate the
eelings of a man who wishes to get rid
f an old acquaintance, and yet knows
ot how to set about it with consis-
ency. Some men and women are as
summary

summary as the First Consul of France in these circumstances, and cut off an old friend with as much cool fortitude, as he would decapitate any one who dared have an opinion of their own. Others, in whose bosoms the worm of conscience is not quite extinct, seek for some *plausible* occasion for a quarrel, and get rid of the business with as much *decency as possible*.

Mainfort had some portion of that rare commodity called *delicacy* in his composition, a commodity which rendered the present state of his ideas far from agreeable. Had my *purse* kept pace with my *pride*, I should, most assuredly, have freed Mr. Mainfort from every anxiety on my account; but, from the very trifling pittance I had been lately in the habit of receiving, it could not be supposed that money was a plentiful article with me. I had involved myself,

self, likewise, by my friendship for Middleton. I determined, therefore, to await my destiny, whatever it might prove, with patient resignation.

As ill news travels with expedition, I was not long kept in suspense upon his head. Emma, her mother, and her father, were frequently closeted together, and I could hear them loud and vehement in their expostulations. Her eyes were generally suffused in tears after these consultations. As I made it a maxim not to pry into the secrets of the family, I never once inquired into the cause of this fresh affliction. I held myself ready to act the part of a sincere friend, whenever she might think fit to unburthen herself to me: the character of a *busy-body* I was rigidly determined to *avoid*. From Mrs. Mainfort I at length obtained an explanation. She informed me, in her own elegant stile,

that

that she had intirely changed her ideas with regard to her daughter Emma. That on reconsidering the pretensions of young Wilmot, she was quite shocked at her own *former* want of taste; that, in point of taste, he was a perfect *Cartesian;* but that the man she had *now* selected was a *real demagogue*, and could prove a lineal descent from some of the most noble families in England. She begged me to give her my candid opinion of the *idiom* she had just expounded, and begged me to deliver it with a *Carthaginian sincerity*.

I replied, that the promise she exacted from me must be a vague one, unless she condescended previously to inform me of the name and character of the fortunate personage who was to be the happy successor to Mr. Wilmot. After some pause, she complied with the broad hint I had thrown out, and, bridling

bridling herself up two or three times, informed me, with a simper on her countenance, that I must not be at all surprised, if I, one day or other, saw my pupil riding in a coach with a *coronet* upon it: a circumstance which, she owned, she contemplated with great pleasure, as several ladies had lately claimed precedence of her daughter, though she flattered herself, that the child of Tarquinia Mainfort had a right to look quite as high as an *epithalamium* with an Earl of Rothvale.

The title of Rothvale had been so often dinned in my ear in former times, that I could not easily forget it. I repeated the title almost involuntarily. "Nay," added she, "I do not mean "to tell you, that he is *now*, at this *very* "*moment*, the Earl of Rothvale; but "he soon *must* be. His brother is a "childless,

" childless, infirm old man, and Mr.
" Blazon is his next heir."

" Mr. Blazon! good Heavens!!"

" Aye! aye! I guess the cause of
" your surprise: you have heard of his
" having been engaged in business at
" Tobago; but, *justum et tenacem pro-*
" *positi virum*, as Virgil says, will con-
" sider what a man *is*, not what he
" *was*; he will take him in the *future*,
" not in the *preterpluperfect tense*:
" for *Mæcenas atavis edite regibus*,
" Mecenas was born of noble ances-
" tors, and nobody cared about his em-
" ployment in the court of MARC AN-
" THONY."

I was too much absorbed in my own meditations, to be capable of paying any attention to this learned harangue, and could only reply by a respectful nod of assent; a mode of answering more agreeable

greeable to her feelings, than if I had made her the most laboured response: like her husband, she would have preferred a dumb auditor to the most eloquent person in the world. It may easily be supposed, that the name of Blazon awakened sensations in my heart not of the most tranquil nature. The recollection of what had passed; my knowledge of his character; our instantly relative situation; all tended to create ideas of a peculiar kind. I was convinced, by experience, that he was a man who never allowed the tie of honour, or the call of conscience, to restrain him in any one pursuit where he imagined his interests or his pleasures were concerned. He was one of those who considered not good faith towards *women* as included in the code of honesty.

Such was the character of the man, to

to whom the generous, the candid Emma Mainfort, was now about to be sacrificed. I saw that many circumstances concurred in impressing the mother in favour of this man: his fortune, his connections, and above all, his expectation of a *title*. Mainfort, himself, committed the whole management of his girl to his wife. In fact, while he was but allowed to tell long stories, and talk for five hours together on the state of the army, the navy, &c. &c. it was a matter of indifference to him how his domestic concerns were arranged. I thought it a point of conscience, however, to inform them all I knew of the general character of Blazon.

I took the earliest opportunity, therefore, of being candid and explicit with Mr. Mainfort. The honour of a soldier was instantaneously awakened in his bosom,

osom, and after expressing his abhor-ence at the libertine character I had delineated, declared his intention of informing his wife of every circum-stance. I had, very shortly afterwards, good reason to know that he had kept is word. She changed her conduct wards me on a sudden, and began to e almost *rude* in her insinuations. I uld not, at first, clearly understand r drift, as she was so very *classical* in r allusions. A most devouring me-ncholy instantly seized the heart of mma, when she discovered that the moval of Wilmot had no effect in her vour, and that she was merely reduced o the sad necessity of *changing* her persecutor, and was still destined to be the victim of the avarice and ambition of other people. Books, poetry, and he study of the languages, soon lost heir power of diverting her.

The

The master and mistress of the house daily grew more cold to me, and I could plainly perceive, that my sincerity in giving my opinion of Mr. Blazon's character, had met with the common reward of daring honesty. I had relieved my own mind, however, by the performance of what I considered a very serious duty, and though misery and poverty stared me in the face, I never, for one half moment, repented of the conduct I had adopted. Of the consolations of an approving conscience I now stood in the greatest need; for misfortunes were pouring fast upon me. My money ran very low, and the man to whom I had bound myself for Middleton's debt began to be extremely importunate. I was both hurt and surprised at hearing nothing from David. I wrote him a very angry letter, which I dispatched to the place of his retirement;

nent; but not one word did I receive in answer to my epistle.

Emma, with tearful eyes and the most extreme agitation, informed me, that Mr. Blazon was expected at her father's house in a fortnight: a circumstance which gave me much uneasiness, as I was convinced, that after what had passed between us, our meeting must inevitably be a very awkward one. Mr. and Mrs. Mainfort, about this time, were invited to pass a week at the house of a relation at Glasgow: they accepted the offer, and carried Emma away with them in a post-chaise. She kissed her hand to me in a most expressive manner as it drove from the door: her father and mother coldly bowed their heads. The carriage rolled away, and the moment it disappeared, one of the servants, who had been ordered to remain behind, put the follow-

ing note into my hand. " Mr. Main-
" fort's compliments wait on Mr-
" Mowbray, returns him many thank-
" for the services he has rendered his-
" family. Understanding that some-
" disagreeable occurrences have for-
" merly taken place between Mr.
" Mowbray and Mr. Blazon, Mr. M.
" presumes, that a meeting at his house
" would be painful to *both* parties.
" The enclosed, it is hoped, will settle
" all accounts. As Mr. M. does not
" expect to have the honour of seeing
" Mr. Mowbray on his return, added
" to his own, he begs to present the
" good wishes of his wife and daugh-
" ter.

" *Edinburgh, Saturday.*"

The above note was quite sufficient to inform me, that the arts of Blazon had succeeded in driving me from my peaceful sanctuary. It was evident that he

he had requested my removal from my present situation, and that Mr. and Mrs. Mainfort had taken their journey, because they were really ashamed to open the matter to me in *person*. I was convinced, that Emma was entirely ignorant of the whole affair. I was a little confounded for the first few moments; but, no sooner collected my scattered thoughts, than I determined to make a virtue of necessity. I sat down to write an answer to Mr. Mainfort, in which I thanked him for all his former favours, and assured him, that before my letter could reach him I should have vacated his house. A promise I faithfully kept; for I immediately packed up the few things I had, took a single room in the neighbourhood, to which I conveyed them, and laid my head upon my pillow, once more, a *wanderer* and an *outcast!!!*

CHAPTER III.

In the midst of all my distresses there was no one circumstance which so keenly harrowed up my feelings as the treatment I received from David Middleton. After having assisted him to the utmost of my ability, and far exceeding the bounds of prudence in his behalf, his ingratitude was a most severe shock to me, and aggravated my sense of my misfortunes by disgusting me with the world in general. Life seemed now a mere *blank*. The serenity of the sky appeared clouded, and though spring was just then beginning to unfold

her verdant treasures, I saw the
rious blossoms (for the first time
y life) burst without pleasure, and
d the singing of the birds, unac-
panied with any sensation of de-
. Nothing could have so strongly
ed the dejection of my spirits, the
lation of my heart. This beautiful
n of the year had always, hitherto,
ed, refreshed, and invigorated
y dormant faculty of my soul. The
l must be torpid with unceasing
, which is not impressed with
gy at the approach of the *return-
spring*. What can be more charm-
than to behold all nature starting
life? To observe the branch after
shower of April; to view every
som enriched with liquid gems; to
w that each drop tends to the ex-
ion of the yet hidden leaf: to
the grateful carol of the feathered

wanderers, who, after the chilling cold of winter (the winter fraught to them with hunger and with sorrow), warble grateful hymns to the chearing glow of the sun, and thank the glorious orb in a full chorus of gratitude!!! The very flies, dancing on his beam, give tokens of approaching vegetation, and the bee, quitting his wintery hive and humming gladly round the fresh enamelled wild heaths, proclaims that the season of sloth and idleness is past and gone!!! Ah! no! no! I cannot yet believe, that *sorrow alone* was ever capable of blighting such delicious pleasures! It was *ingratitude!* against *affliction*, the heart may collect itself, and find a thousand resources; but *ingratitude*, like the deadly tree of *Java*, poisons every springing bud that comes within its influence.

David Middleton had shed this noxious

drop into my cup of life, and the ught was almost too bitter to be llowed. What was to become of in my present forlorn, forsaken si-ion? I once made up my mind to y to Mr. Durnsford for relief. My le and delicacy immediately took alarm, and crushed the idea in its h. I had other motives, too, which vill not relate, least I should be ught too partial to myself, an impu-on I would willingly avoid, did I know how; for dear, dear *self*, sometimes steal in, let a man do all an.

i mette il piè su l' amorosa pania,
rchi ritrarlo, e non v'inveschi l' ale;
e non è in somma Amor, se non insania
giudicio de' savj universale.
se ben, come Orlando, ogn'un non smania
o furôr mostra a qualch' altro segnale.
QUALE è di pazzia segno più espresso,
ne per altri voler perder se stesso?

Vari gli effetti son ; ma la pazzia
E tutt'una però, che li fa uscire.
Gli è come una gran selva, ove la via
Conviene a forza, a chi vi va, fallire.
Chi sù, chi giù, chi quà, chi là travia.
Per concluder in sommæ io vi vo dire,
A CHI in Amor s'invecchia, oltr'ogni pena
Si convengono i ceppi, e la catena.

Ben mi 'si potria dir, Frate tu vai
L'altrui mostrando, e non vedi il tuo fallo.
Io vi rispondo, che comprendo assai
Or, che di mente ho lucido intervallo ;
Ed ho gran cura (e spero farlo omai)
Di riposarmi e d'uscir fuor di ballo ;
Ma tosto far, come vorrei, no'l posso,
Che'l male è penetrato infin' a l'osso.

ARIOSTO.

He who is faultless in this respect must cast the first stone at me. The melancholy predicament in which I was at present placed, induced me to imagine that Fortune had now exhausted all her malice on my head. I summed up the long account of evils with which she had

had overwhelmed me, and, except *guilt*, I could scarcely find a single calamity which had been spared me.

It would be superfluous to recapitulate the multiplied misfortunes and afflictions I had endured in the space of a very few years. Whoever will trace my narrative from its commencement may perceive the chain of calamities which encumbered me from the very hour of my birth: he will view me reduced from the highest to the most humiliated station of life. Stripped by tyranny, folly, passion, and error, of every social, every natural tie. Oh! was not this enough? no! for, when I concluded Fate had done its worst, I was too hasty in my decisions. An evil yet remained behind, compared with which, all the calamities I had hitherto endured were "trifles light as air."

One morning, as I was taking a melancholy stroll, indulging in a thousand

gloomy thoughts, I was suddenly stopped by three ill-looking fellows. I need not, I cannot describe, the agonising horrors of my mind, when I discovered that I was no longer a free agent. I was *arrested*. Middleton had treacherously neglected the note in which I had joined him, and it had fallen into the hands of a man, most resolutely determined to make me answerable for his villainy.

Oh! subjects of Britain! ye, in whose generous bosoms the charter of liberty is dearer far than life itself, ye can judge of my sensations, when locked within the dreary precincts of a prison!! My gaoler was a man above the ordinary stamp of persons in his unpleasant cast of life: he treated me with respect, and seemed to be touched with my misfortunes. He was pleased to say, that he perceived somewhat in my manner and address, which plainly spoke the gentleman

tleman by birth and education: for *such*, he said, he could not avoid feeling sentiments of compassion, as he had once himself known better days. Seeing me very dejected, he used many arguments to comfort and console me: amongst the rest, the following quotation:

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra, audentior ito.

Hackneyed as the sentence was, it convinced me that the person who made it must be *somewhat* exalted above a vulgar level.

I am neither the first, nor in the first hundred of those who have remarked that the Scotch are a very learned people; which may, in some measure, account for the hospitality and kindness which are the characteristics of that brave nation. Where the sciences enlighten and polish a kingdom, the inha-

bitants acquire a superiority over other communities, which, though endowed with *native virtues*, want those finishing graces which application to the study of the liberal arts are alone able to confer. This kind man, then, seeing the agitation of my mind and spirits, insisted on my living at his table, and sleeping in his house, which connected with the prison where I was confined. He offered me, also, many other advantages above my fellow wretches, with such unfeigned politeness and humanity, that I hardly knew any thing of captivity but its name. He told me, he always made it a point of conscience to allow gentlemen of education these privileges, as it afforded him pleasure to preserve them from the noxious society of the more profligate inmates of a prison.

There is no maxim more beautiful

or

or more true, than the one which demonstrates the justice of Providence, in proving that good sometimes comes out of evil. I had, in the first transports of my despair, imagined myself the most miserable of human beings. Solitude and reflection now enabled me to make a different estimate of things, and to acknowledge, that a great portion of the misery or happiness of this life, depended on a comparative estimation of our own lot with that of others. I was surrounded by a set of beings, who, wretched as I was, had every reason to envy my situation. Some of them were oppressed by the remembrance of crimes of the blackest dye: several others were waiting, in all the agonies of anxiety, for the dreadful hour, which was to decide, whether they were still to act, live, and think, or suddenly be num-

bered

bered with those who had before them paid the forfeit of their crimes; been

" Cut off, e'en in the blossom of their sin,
" Unhousel'd, unannointed, unanneal'd,
" No reck'ning made, but sent to their account
" With all their imperfections on their head:
" O, horrible! O, horrible!——"

The mind, accustoming itself to observation, extended its contemplation still further. The prison, like the world, affords ample scope for the exercise of reason. The world was here before me in miniature; and the stories which I daily heard, although they sometimes saddened my heart and clouded my mind, yet prevented my own afflictions from driving me to the verge of desperation. Here was confined the fraudulent, and the honest debtor; the man who had ruined himself by dissipation, and the laborious mechanic,

chanic, whom unforeseen events had reduced to unexpected poverty.

The story of one man, in particular, much affected me. He was the son of a clergyman who had a large family to bring up. The boy was taken into the warehouse of an uncle. His diligence was exemplary: not an hour did he allow himself from the laborious fatigues of his business. He entered into no amusements; he indulged himself in no recreations. On the death of his father, he took home three brothers and as many sisters. By his economy and prudence he put them all into a mode of doing well in the world: the boys were put to respectable trades, and the girls were married to honest men. His uncle, charmed with his probity, left him a share in his business at his decease. The young fellow now married an amiable

amiable maiden, to whom he had long been attached, but whom he had not married, wishing to sacrifice, and postpone his own felicities until he had provided for his helpless relations.

Heaven now appeared willing to reward him for all his filial piety, all his fraternal virtue. He was prosperous for a time: Fortune crowned his labours, and a little ruddy family eat their meal with cheerfulness at his frugal table. Content with his lot, he was happiest of the happy. His wife joined her exertions to his own, and he had sometimes a trifle to spare for the only luxury in which he was desirous of indulging himself, the luxury of relieving an indigent neighbour.

This scene of smiling tranquillity lasted for twelve or thirteen years. A relative of his wife's, at length, came from abroad. This man was specious, artful,

tful, and insinuating. He was in-
lved in heavy debts, but pretended
it he had large estates in the Indies,
d only waited for the return of ships,
ighted with all the mercantile pro-
ce of the country. He affected an
achment of the strongest nature to
: eldest boy of his sister, declaring
intentions of making the little Wil-
n the heir to all he possessed. This
bolical wretch succeeded in all his
igns, and was imagined by his delu-
l brother-in-law to be the first of
nds, the most amiable of men. He
s shortly after arrested for a consider-
e sum: the father of his intended
r became bound for him without a
ment's hesitation. What is to en-
is, too common in a bad world.
is treacherous wretch suddenly ab-
nded, and left the whole weight
of

of the debt on the man whom he had thus injured, deceived, and abused.

" ———Are there no stones in Heaven,
" But what serve for the Thunder?—Precious
" villain!"

The consequences are easy to be conceived. The deluded, generous martyr to confidence, beheld all his affairs in ruin, his hopes reversed, and his lovely children in danger of wanting a daily crust; or, if they obtained it from the open hand of charity, likely to have no other drink than their tears to accompany it. Under these accumulated horrors, his mind and spirits must have sunk, had they not been sustained by an object more dear to him than life itself; dear in the hours of happiness and prosperity, now doubly so in these trying moments. The hapless woman lost her senses on the flight of her brother. The events which had taken place would have been

:en too much for a person of her ner-
)us frame, under any circumstances;
ut that her own brother, a brother she
ad loved from infancy, and whose life
he had been the means of saving, while
ıe was an infant, by enfolding his
laming clothes in her own garments,
when he had approached in infant sport
tooneartheir father's fire; that he should
thus have deceived her husband, and
plunged her little ones in beggary; the
painful pressure of that horrid thought
bore down her patience and her reason:
she was raving.

The husband then collected all his energies. That the female should bow before the tempest, he thought was natural: he, himself, resolved to imitate the sturdy oak, which, when the storm roars around it, and the thunderbolt strikes at its time-worn trunk, may be shivered, but not bent by the stroke. Day after day

he sat by her bed-side, holding her fevered hand in his, and wiping away the tears which rolled down her cheeks, as her eyes were turned upon her little ones, with that vacancy which speaks to the heart more forcibly than the most sublime expression. His clothes were pawned to the last article. His merciless creditors (my heart almost fails me as I write the story of the wretch) deaf to his manly entreaties and appeals to nature in their bosoms, pursued him to the utmost. They tore him from the arms of his fevered wife, who shrieked and clasped him to her bosom as the ruffians entered his chamber. His affrighted little ones rent the air with cries. The stern ministers of cruelty still dragged their victim by the arm: the wife continued clinging to his neck, till he felt her cheek cold as it reclined on his own: then, oh Heavens! he felt her arms unlink, and saw that a convulsion

fit

fit had put an end to all recollections, and, of course, to all her woes.

A momentary loss of thought enabled his followers to drag him out of the room. Memory returned not till he found himself in a prison. What his sufferings were, he alone could tell: distressed imagination shrinks from the task of delineating them. The wife had continued a maniac for years; a distant relative undertook the care of her; and his children, brought up in the hope of smiling years of happiness and prosperity, were dispersed into charity-schools, or compelled to enter as common sailors on board the men of war then fitting out. He then offered to give up all; to do any thing for his liberty; assuring his creditors that, if released, he would use every effort of industry to repay their kindness, by endeavouring to retrieve his fallen fortunes,

tunes, and that, if his labours proved successful, he would willingly pledge himself, not only to satisfy their demands upon him, but to make good even his deficiency concerning the interest of the money which they had lost. To this proposition very few of them would listen. Eager to get all their demand, they put it out of the power of their prisoner to exert himself so as to be able to repay them any portion of it.

The contemplation of this man's story made me wonder at the folly and the cruelty of those with whom he had to deal. It would be hard, indeed, thought I, if the knave, or villain, after leading a luxurious life at the expense of his honest creditors, were not compelled to do them justice for his invasion on their property. The drones of life are not to steal the honey of the laborious

es with impunity. But here the different. The long records of a ent life plead in favour of the n question. No one could stand ıd accuse him of wanton extrava- n his happier days. He had not the morning in idleness, or the ı dissipation. He had not decked wife with gewgaws, that she rival the tawdry finery of half- ıdies of quality. His children ttired with simplicity; but be- he bounds of neatness their mo- ıd never wished their ornaments nd. Had his table been crowded elicacies, to which his means or es were then inadequate? Never. nen had he erred? Had he fallen y of the vices or extravagancies enumerated, he would perhaps een pitied; but the feeling would ıeen mingled with a species of *contempt.*

contempt. As it was, he had every right to the compassion of his creditors, to the commiseration of mankind in general.

No one could be more convinced of the beauty and utility of the laws of my native land than myself. It was ever my opinion, that they approach as near perfection as the frail circumstances of mortality will allow. In this particular instance, however, I own that I ever did, ever shall wish, that there could be some more distinction of objects, some more lenient mode of correction for the unfortunate debtor, than that which is inflicted upon the profligate and unthinking one. Time, that has brought so many difficult subjects to perfection, may, perhaps, one day or other, find some mode for the completion of this desirable end.

I had many conversations with the worthy

worthy master of the prison on these subjects. He agreed with me, that here might be some instances where general rules might be altered for the better. The person whose story he had related to me, was only an instance out of many, of the impossibility of a total propriety in any community. He allowed that the behaviour of the creditors to the poor wretch had been savage in the extreme; but said, he was compelled in justice to add, that the instances of such severity were by no means common. It was necessary, he subjoined, that, in a commercial country like ours, the property of the trader should be defended, as much as possible, from the hostile incursions of the idle and the dishonest. Without some defence of this nature, the barriers of right and wrong would be broken

down, and no one could long l
sured of enjoying the honest fru
the harvest he had been spend
long and laborious life to acc
date.

Mr. Paterson had travelled: h
seen many countries; but knew of
where the prisoner was treated, i
neral, with the humanity and leni
was so sure to meet with in this.
own conduct to *me* was a forcibl
peal, an appeal I could not resist.
spite of all these assiduous atte
from this truly worthy character
harrassed mind brooded for many,
long months, over its own might
rows. I was gloomy, restless, an
satisfied. David Middleton ha
stroyed all my confidence, and ha
deprived affliction of its greates
solation.

One day a loud noise in the prison, below Paterson's room, excited my curiosity. Demanding the occasion of the bustle, I was informed that a young man was just then brought in for a robbery.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE is a superstition in the human heart, which, if not properly directed, may influence all the rest of our lives. Early circumstances will, sometimes, impress these prejudices in our minds, till the feelings become habitual, and the mind, through life, is tinged with the pervading colour. The soul, once enthralled in this web, struggles like the fly, when caught in the snares of the designing spider. The truth of this observation has been confirmed in my own instance. A coincidence of circumstances have tended to fix that sensation

sation in my mind, which I feel it difficult to root out. Of this sensation let every one beware. Superstition, once encouraged, adds a needless and superfluous drop into the cup of life, already too replete with bitterness. My mind had been occupied with sad ideas, when I heard the noise in the prison, and the entrance of the governor tended to excite that melancholy feeling in my heart, which I have just been striving to delineate.

That humanity which the worthy man extended to every wretch who came under his jurisdiction, was not withheld from this unfortunate newcomer. I could observe that Paterson was extremely affected at the circumstances of his story, and, while relating it, fixed his eyes upon me, with signs of the utmost perplexity and amazement. I could not help demanding of

him his reason for these extraordinary gesticulations. "Why, really, my "young friend," said he, "I am al- "most ashamed to *tell you*; but if you "*insist* on knowing the *truth*, why.... "I....I must do it as well as I can. "You must know, then, that the first "moment I saw this unhappy prisoner, "I discovered such a wonderful resem- "blance between him and yourself, "that I started from him with amaze- "ment. I could almost have taken "my oath that it had been *one*, and the "same person. Nothing but his voice "could have convinced me of my "error; and even *then*, I was scarcely "freed from my perplexity. You will "think it an ill compliment to be thus "confounded with a *robber*: yet, on "my honour, had you a brother liv- "ing....."

The word *brother* darted like light-

ning

ng through each nerve in my brain, rembled like an aspen-leaf. I knew at, from our birth, the likeness be- ixt Gustavus and myself had ever en accounted wonderful. "Mighty Heaven!" cried I, in agony of doubt, ror, and suspense, "Am I, can I yet be reserved for such unheard of orrors?"

Mr. Paterson was alarmed. He in- red into the reason of my agitation. ade him acquainted with my fears. I paused a moment; then, begging to compose my agitated spirits, as- ed me he would endeavour to ascer- the truth or falsehood of a circum- nce, in which my honour and my piness appeared to be so deeply in- sted. To suspect that Gustavus ld be guilty of a robbery, seemed ost to arraign the purity of Heaven: his long, his mysterious absence,

the distress and poverty he had most probably experienced during that time; all these were considerations of a shocking, an alarming nature. Poverty had made *sad havock* with the family of the Landfords! And where Want lays her cold hand, it requires more than common energy to support those lofty feelings of a noble spirit. Yet again, when I called to mind the more than haughty principles which had ever characterised the mind and influenced the conduct of my brother, I banished every apprehension of this alarming nature, and was irritated with myself for the injustice I had done him.

Whilst these conflicting doubts and fears were ravaging my mind, Mr. Paterson returned to me. His air was sad, his brow was cloudy and dejected. When I eagerly demanded what news he brought, he bade me be composed,

and

and summon all my fortitude, as he had now some reason to fear, that the newly-arrived criminal was *the very person I had suspected.* I trembled so excessively, and such a dizziness came over me, that he insisted on my swallowing a large goblet of water. When I was sufficiently recovered from my tremor to be able to attend to him, he informed me that he had just left the unhappy prisoner, who was, he said, in the most deplorable state of mind. The poverty of his dress and appearance, had, at first, led him to hope, that he was some coarse rustic, and, that the strong similarity between him and myself must have been the mere effect of chance, but that, on hearing him speak, every doubt had vanished, the resemblance of our modes of conversation, being as surprising as the exact conformity of our figures and persons; and,

to conclude, he was now convinced, that, if I *had* a *twin-brother*, this, most assuredly, must be the man.

I was yet willing to hope that we might both be mistaken. My heart yearned to behold the long-absent Gustavus. To have met him clothed in rags, and sinking under honest penury, would now have been the first delight of my soul, and, thus attired, I could have hugged him to my bosom before *attesting worlds*. But a robber!.... a.... The son of the once proud Landford reduced to such a state as this!!! Mighty Heaven! What is there of constancy or stability in this world? A few moments convinced me, that the arguments which held me from flying into the arms of my unhappy brother, and offering him consolation in his tremendous affliction, were founded all in fallacy and selfish pride. Had

he

le been poor, I should have flown to is assistance: and where would have een my *merit* in so doing? Would he ot then have had a right to have look- d proudly around him, while he ex- laimed,—Who art *thou*, who assu- nest this *superiority*? Art thou not oor *thyself*? Am I not thine equal?

Yes! so he might have answered. By a blind, but very natural fatality, I was about to fall into that error, I had o often blamed in others. I had a rother, who now demanded the per- ormance of a sacred duty at my hands. I might allay the storm which raged with fury in his soul: I might lull the demon to repose that excruciated his sensibility to the utmost extreme: "Poor, "lost Gustavus!" cried I, while the tears rolled in torrents down my cheeks, "I will now convince thee, that I am "both a brother and a *friend*! In

" prosperous days, affection deserted
" us in the mansions of pride and splen-
" did affluence! Now it shall rear its
" altar in the darkness of the dungeon!"
I cast myself on my knees before Mr. Paterson, and poured out my whole soul before him; I gave him a brief sketch of our story from the days of infancy. He was touched with the recital. It was dangerous and wrong perhaps, he said; but my woes had pierced his soul, and he would take me to the place where my brother was confined. I followed him with a palpitating heart.

Oh, Nature! Nature! What a sad spectacle did I then behold! On a pallet of straw, in a miserable apartment, lay a man, whom the quick vibration of every pulse in my frame, assured me was my brother. His cheek was fevered: he rested it on his hand:

a tear,

tear, not yet dried up, hung on his
e-lid. When he heard the door of
cell grate on the hinges, he raised
eyes, and rested them upon myself
d Mr. Paterson. A light through
bar of his apartment beamed on
face: he turned alternately pale
d red: he gave a deep, heavy sob:
darted forward, fell on my knees,
ped him round the neck, and we
th wept aloud for several minutes.
Mowbray!"—"Gustavus!" was all
could utter for a long time. I could
that grief, shame, and pride, were
wardly convulsing him: yet, fallen as
now was, there was a noble some-
ng in his eye, which almost over-
wered me.

"You are very good," said he,
en he grew a little more calm, "very
good indeed, to visit me under my
present disgrace. Ah, Mowbray!

"we

" we have both been too proud. Had
" we acted more like brothers in our
" earlier years, then never had this
" dreadful calamity fallen on our
" heads!"

A gentle shower of tears here seemed to give some relief to his big-swelling heart. I bad him be of comfort, and hope the best. He stared wildly round the room, and then, bursting into a loud, hysterical laugh, repeated the word *hope* three several times. He then solemnly recovered himself, and seizing me by the arm, while he looked me steadfastly in the face, spoke as follows:
" Mowbray! My brother! long di-
" vided from me by prosperity, but
" closely linked and rivetted by want,
" adversity, and shame, cherish not
" one ray of hope. It is exhausted in
" my breast. Dark! oh, dark! dark!
" Prepare yourself to meet disgrace,
" the

he worst of all disgraces,—*Public eath.* Prepare yourself to view me tanding at the ever-just tribunal of ıy country, arraigned.... for.... for.... oh God !"

Ay blood curdled as he proceeded. f you indulge the least idea that my rosecutor is ever to be softened, you eceive yourself: he will pursue me › the last. When I was taken, he I know not *why*) exulted with the nost ferocious joy. I could not peak, I could not answer him; but e swore that I should not escape is power *for worlds.*"

asked his prosecutor's name.

Blazon," replied Gustavus.

Iope, *indeed,* died within *my* bo- ı at that sound. I had flattered my- that my prayers and my tears might e been of some avail with the accu- ; but now, should Mr. Blazon, by

any

any means, learn that his victim was connected with me, (and know it he must) it would only tend to fill his rancorous heart with double malice. All we had to do, then, was to endeavour to summon up our fortitude, and wait with patience for the issue of these disastrous circumstances.

The humane Mr. Paterson was so good as to consent to leave us alone. I had great difficulty in appeasing the tempestuous passions of the unhappy prisoner: his reason was on the waver, and he sometimes talked so wildly and incoherently, that I thought his senses would be gone for ever. To fix his attention in some slight degree, I at length prevailed on him to enter a little on the subject of his adventures since our separation. What he then related to me was so broken and interrupted, that it was not till a long time afterwards

vards that I was able to reduce it to any thing like consistence or form. By blending it with the narrative of Sir George Sendon, I at length gave it its present appearance. Lapse of time must plead an excuse for all its incoherencies; and, to avoid confusion, I shall give the following abridgment of the tale he related, as nearly as possible in his own words.

CHAP.

THE

AID, WIFE, AND WIDOW.

PART VI.

CHAPTER I.

THE STORY OF GUSTAVUS.

HEN the image of Colonel Raynall, first friend, my earliest benefactor, rought back to my mind, my suf- ngs are almost more than I can en- . That generous man has been constant, my unwearied protector, n the first dawn of my life. Obser- the partiality shewn to you by our nts, I became the child of his care, son of his affections. He was not, however,

however, acquainted with the place of my retreat when I *first* quitted our paternal roof. The life of a soldier was always in my eyes the most honourable, the most delightful. I hope I did not disgrace the noble profession I then adopted.

The image of Juliana Sendon filled my whole heart, for I had loved her from the moment I could define the meaning of the passion. I would have willingly laid down my life, my happiness, every thing but my honour, to have secured her mine. When I returned home, after my first absence, I found that all had been thrown into confusion on *your account*. The once favoured Mowbray was now under the same cloud which had formerly obscured the happiness of the unfortunate Gustavus. If you remember, you had suddenly left the house, before an interview

view could take place between us; you might, 'ere this, have known real heart and character. All my orts to trace the place of your con- ilment were vain and fruitless. I ught you out for several days, with- ut the least success. I would have crificed all: not to *your interest*; ; let me not boast of virtue to which ave no pretension—but to my own *nscience*. Yet still let me aver, that hat I would have done was no *mean ord*.

The property I was offered was mere oss, dirt I would have spurned be- eath my feet, as I would have done enemy, who held out insulting ibes to make me forfeit my duty: ut I had also the means of securing to yself a woman, on whom my fond ections hung with *rapture*, with *idola- y*. Remember, Mowbray, remem-

ber

ber your *own Adelaide.*—Then, thinking on what I resolved to do for your sake, strike your hand upon your heart, and let that heart be your judge, whether I had any merit in my victory. Juliana loved me: yes, proudly to *you* may I avow it, she loved me tenderly. Let those whose bosoms glow with *guilty* flames smother their fires from human sight! Yet this celestial hope did I resolve to stifle in its birth. I would not have purchased Paradise at the expence of a brother's happiness. It was urged, that we had never lived on cordial terms. That made my duty more religious. What a wretch must I have seemed, even in Juliana's eyes, could I have taken a mean advantage of *your* falling fortunes, or the anger of your friends, to raise my *own!* To part with her I loved was to wrench my heart by its fibre of most exquisite sensation: but

but honour, now, had no *alternative* I knew, that to reason with my father or the good Colonel Raynall, would be in vain: the fondest affections of both were now bent on seeing me the son-in-law of Sir George Sendon.

To avoid their importunities, and faithfully discharge my duty to you, I was compelled, once more, to withdraw myself in secret from my father's house. I had no money, but I had health in all its lustihood. I applied, therefore, to a Captain who had known me formerly. He had a large ship which traded to Russia, and promised to forward my fortunes if I would attach myself to him. He was a good, open, generous hearted man, and, save my honoured Colonel Raynall, loved me better than any human being in the world. With him I made several voyages, and under his auspices began to accumulate

accumulate a sum of money. It was a trifle, I own: but to him, who makes his wants merely those of nature, a little is a fortune. Returning from a prosperous voyage, however, a storm overtook us. The sea raged; the waves ran mountain high; a dreadful darkness came on the sky, and we could not see each other, or how to manage the ship. Groans were heard in every quarter. A flash of blue lightning sometimes gave us a momentary glimpse, but only exaggerated our despair, by displaying the storm in all its aggravated horror. On a sudden we felt a shock like an earthquake. A violent crack ensued, and I felt myself washed overboard. A wave had dashed me on a rock with four more wretches. The worthy Captain and the rest of the crew perished in the vessel: myself, and the remaining companions of my toil, were received

lieved by some poor fishermen, and directed to the nearest town, from whence we travelled on to Hull, and there were compelled to separate. My comrades being in much dread of a press-gang.

I do not blush to own, that after several days hard travel, I was compelled to part even with my clothes. I assumed the dress of a rustic, and, inquiring for work, was hired by a farmer at a little town in Yorkshire. I have followed the plough, and the oak of the forest has felt the nerve of my arm. My days were laborious, but the rest which came at night was a rich reward for all my fatigues. Sleep shut out memory: but it did not always shut out Juliana. Oh, days of innocence! days of peace! days now for ever fled! The prai es of a commander in the heat of action have given a more turbulent, but not

more steady pleasure! How much more delightful to plant than to destroy, to rear a forest than to hew down ranks of fellow men!

The farmer with whom I was engaged had all the rough, downright honesty of an English yeoman. From a neglect of his parents, however, the poor fellow could hardly read or write; and, in consequence of these defects, the principal care of his concerns, shortly after my arrival, devolved on me. His confidence, which he reposed in me, was unbounded. The neighbourhood of Osborne's Farm was pestered with one of those petty tyrants who are a disgrace to human nature in the mass, and to the *generality* of British landlords, who are conspicuous, above those of other countries, in doing all in their power to render those beneath them comfortable and happy. This

This man, for the period that I resided with farmer Osborne, was in the constant habit of perplexing and distressing him with ceaseless demands and never-ending depredations. As I knew something of the constitution of my country, I at length persuaded him to have recourse to legal means. The very mention of the word LAW made the worthy man turn pale. He had, he said, *heard* so much about lawyers and law-suits, that if any man was to step up to him and lay claim to the coat on his own back, he would rather acknowledge his right to it, than run the hazard of its being made a point of *litigation*.

In this respect I had the good fortune to alter his determination. I soon convinced him that, though there might be some *few* who had brought an unjust disgrace on a very honourable profes-

sion, nothing could be more *illiberal*, *common-place*, or *absurd*, than the indiscriminate censure which every pert *would-be* witling spatters out against the practice of the law. I convinced him, that *England* was eminently happy above her neighbours in this particular: that justice was open to all, and that the meanest individual in the kingdom could not be oppressed by the most powerful, if he had but spirit to bring his cause before twelve of his equals: that we were conspicuously blessed with a Sovereign who ever wished this spirit to be encouraged, and among the proudest of his *titles* reckoned the heart-cheering name of the *poor man's friend*: that many a scoundrel escaped the justice of his country by the arguments he had adopted: that while a set of men imagined that no one would run the risk of prosecuting them for their misdemeanors,

meanors, we could have no peace upon earth; but if they once perceived a generous confidence in the laws of our country, their depredations would soon be at an end; and that, till that was the case, we must not blame either *lawyers* or the *laws*, for those errors which originate in *ourselves*.

Induced by these arguments, and irritated at the *extortions* which had been practised against him, he at length consented to try the experiment which I had proposed to his consideration; and, as the nature of the cause required that it should be tried in London, he begged me to take the management of it upon myself, as he was totally ignorant of the whole mode of conducting such a process. I had now so abstracted myself from towns and cities, and was become so very a lover of rural life, that, save my ardent love for Juliana Sendon, not

one single trait of my former self remained to distinguish me. Labour and a broiling sun had lately so much altered my countenance, that I trusted my ploughman's habit would, after so long an absence, completely hide my person, even should I chance to encounter any one who had formerly known me; an event by no means probable.

I arrived in London, and made the case known to a man of great and deserved eminence. He confirmed my own opinion, and I wrote word to Osborne, that all was going on excellently well. Our adversary made a long stand, and detained me a tedious time in London. His pertinacity only tended to involve himself in greater expenses; for, as I had predicted, the omnipotent justice of the laws of our country prevailed over *rapacity* and *extortion*: and, without encouraging strife or litigation,

may

nay *they* ever meet with firmness and with *opposition!!!*

I was on the point of immediately returning into Yorkshire; but was detained by a circumstance that——Oh Mowbray! Mowbray! arm your heart and mind with *fortitude*; for what I have to relate will put them to the most tending trial.

CHAPTER II.

The Narrative of Gustavus, continued.

I KNOW we both inherit a portion of our father's pride: just Heaven, to humble us, has laid his heavy hand upon us all. One day I was hurrying from the house of our lawyer, who resided, for the summer, at the beautiful village of Hampstead; I had to pass a spot which is called Chalk Farm; the day was lovely, the prospect around me was cheerful, and the golden sun, in all his glory, vivified each circumjacent object. Exhausted, on a bank by the road side,

side, lay a venerable old man. His locks were silver and hung over his face: his dress was poor; but there was something in his whole contour of figure which gave him an air superior to the vulgar. He seemed feeble and exhausted. I had not much that I could call my *own*; yet, poor as the pittance was, I instantly determined to relieve him from my little store. I approached him; I addressed him. He lifted up his head. Mighty Heaven! it was our *father!*—our *father* Mowbray!. Few years had caused this mighty change, had reduced him from all his former grandeur to his present wretched state. He knew me not at first. The word *father*, which, I gently pronounced, awoke him from his trance, and then he fell upon my neck and wept like an infant. *I* could not shed a *tear*; all

was swelling in my heart; it felt too big for my bosom!

Mowbray! nature has already traced the sad scene upon your heart! you can conceive it: I read in your countenance that you *can conceive* it all; all the pangs, all the agonies, which at that sad moment wrenched and convulsed my bosom. Oh, Power Supreme! in all the stores of evil that thou reservest to punish the crimes of erring man, hast thou a pang more keen than that which lacerates the bosom of a child when a *parent* lies before him perishing for want? I kissed his parched and fevered lips a thousand, thousand times, I strained him hard to my bosom, with all the energetic agonies of affection. Shame, at first, flushed his cheek, at the remembrance of his fallen state since last we parted in anger. I raised him up, and kissed

issed his damp forehead, as I drew
side the grey locks that shadowed
ıem, Oh, how we wept and groaned!
I slowly led him towards London.
Vhen arrived at my apartments, there
learned his melancholy history. Af-
:r he broke off all connections with
ır George Sendon, his affairs rapidly
eclined, and a fatal ill-run at play com-
elled him to quit his native land. His
ıborn pride for a moment was gratifi-
d, at leaving a country where every
assing object reminded him of his
egradation; of the height from which
e was fallen; where he must have be-
eld his family mansion, once the pride
f his full heart, brought to the public
ammer. Oh! my brother, long has
ır dear Father, an outcast and a fugi-
ve, been roaming with a broken heart
ıd discontented spirit through Italy,
ırough France, and Germany; sub-

sisting on the few jewels, once our mother's, which he had preserved from the general wreck of his affairs: but though his posture shifted, the mind remained firm in its seat and accompanied him wherever he went, a never-dying scorpion.

Mowbray, *we* have been, in some degree, the distant authors of his sorrows. It appears that if, by *any means*, he could have united Sir George Sendon to himself by the ties of consanguinity, all this wide world of woe had been prevented. He has often *told* me so: not with *reproaches*; for, indeed, his pride and spirits are now completely fallen; but with a mournful quietude that has cut me to the quick. His means were exhausted by time, and he was reduced to the utmost want at Calais. His fatal itch for play was here, for the first time in the course of a long life,

:, of some slight service to him. :rding with sharpers and gamesters, r once haughty father procured his bsistence, like those animals of prey, 10 hunt out life by the destruction of erior animals. Often has he wandered 1ely and dejected at the first peep of y, seen the eternal alchymist gild the 1ite cliffs of Dover, and sent a burn- ; sigh after the friends and blessings had for ever left behind him.

An unfortunate circumstance, which ppened not long ago, compelled him return again to England. In a quar- : with one of his companions he was lucky enough to receive the *lie*. The gnity of an insulted gentleman would t allow him to rest till he had deman- d the most ample restitution for this sult. His antagonist was a young an of some education. He had in- rited, likewise, a tolerable fortune

from

from his father, but his rage for play was so strong, that he never could be happy, except when he was handling the fatal dice-box. He had married a young woman who brought him a large fortune and a beautiful family. All these blessings he had lost in one fatal evening. His wife died of a broken heart, and his children were either taken into charity schools, or received into large families, on the footing of humble friends. He loathed his existence at the time our father met him at Calais, and wished some one to rob him of that life which was now become a burthen to himself. Such is the *equal* footing on which gamesters often oppose themselves against men, loving and beloved by their families, their friends, and their connections: who, perhaps, depend on them for the means of *life* itself. This luckless son of dissipation fell at the first fire.

Poor wretched man! but, oh
e! .... much more, wretched father!
lunted by shame, guilt, justice, po-
y, and wounded pride, he had
resource but to return to his native
. When he beheld the fertile fields
ngland, his wounds all bled anew.
e a fallen angel he cast his eyes
nd him, and mourned the Paradise
ch he had lost. His means were
reduced to nothing. He journey-
n foot from Dover to London. He
his head in a wretched habitation
e, and was compelled to part with
last of his trinkets, a little minia-
of our mother set in gold and pearls.
h the produce of these he once
e resolved to try his fortune at the
gaming-table. All was lost:
after this, Mowbray, his sufferings
e been most intolerable. I will
e your heart those pangs which the
dreadful

dreadful recital would inevitably give it. He has even wanted *bread.*

Supreme Disposer of Events! what was my horror, my distraction, when I heard of the extremity to which the author of my existence had been reduced! He had rambled forth, cheered by the beauty of the morning, unconscious of what he was doing or whither he was going. Providence guided my steps that way, and I found him as I have described him to you. In my poor apartment I did all in my power to revive his spirits and restore his strength. I succeeded, as far as related to his *corporeal* functions; but he had a wound in his heart and brain, which bade defiance to all hope of cure: sorrow and remorse had made his bosom one vast wilderness. The remembrance of follies past poisoned each source of joy. *Blood,* too, hung upon his conscience!

science! human blood! He could not rest; or, if he snatched a few short moments of repose, it was that of a man in a high fever: and, during his dreams, my little chamber rung with his piercing shrieks. I will not agitate you by repeating all my efforts to compose his wounded spirit.

I wrote to Osborne, and informed him that I had succeeded in his cause beyond my warmest wishes; but must now give up my connections with him, as a solemn, a most sacred duty, called for my most vigilant and unremitted attentions. I received a kind answer, expressive of the most zealous acknowledgments for the exertions I had used: a small remembrance was likewise enclosed, which I should not have accepted at another time; but the wants of one far dearer than myself put pride, and all its haughty scruples, to immediate

diate flight. No poor starving wretch ever lifted his dim eyes with greater thankfulness to a pitying benefactor, than I hailed this donation in my present *circumstances*. Yet this relief was merely a *temporary* one; it could not long keep want and famine from our door. I revolved a thousand projects in my mind, and yet not one expedient could I hit on, save the painful one of making our dreadful poverty known to the former acquaintance of the family, and asking for their charity and pity.

Nay, Mowbray, start not at the word CHARITY. Had we done so, what *crimes* had been avoided! Blinded by false pride, bewildered man wanders into all the toils of hell and darkness. Pride hardens the heart, till the ties of love, esteem, and family connections, are confounded in its chaos! Pride makes the sycophant more welcome than

than the feeling, upright, honest man: it blinds the parent to the happiness of the child: it goads us on to run from honourable means of preservation, into such monstrous deeds, as make the angels in the judgment court of Heaven blush for man's madness and depravity! Pride brings me here a CRIMINAL—a—*No more, no more of that.*

Pride, then, urged us to reject such a mode of assistance, and resolve to die inch-meal, rather than be exposed to the cold remark, the unfeeling sneer, and the jeering comment of those who, in former days, would have thought themselves honoured in sitting at our father's table. One ray of hope, however, shot athwart my mind. I had one friend, whom I imagined I might *safely* trust with every thought which lived even in the most secret recesses of my heart. That friend was Colonel Raynall.

nall. I had never appealed to him in my exigencies, because I well knew his circumstances would hardly allow him to assist others without injustice to himself. I would not write to him, because I could not tolerate the idea of any accident arriving to my letter; and it was necessary for me to be so clear and explicit, that distant hints could not have answered my purpose. We undertook a weary pilgrimage, and arrived here a week ago. When we came, we were reduced to our last shilling. To increase our agitation and distress, we learned that Raynall had sold his house, had left Scotland, and no information could be gained concerning his present place of residence. A fever, partly occasioned by my anxieties, and partly the result of my bodily fatigues, now confined me three days to our miserable garret in the Old Town. During

ing that time we scarcely knew what t was to break our fast. And now comes the most horrible incident in our wretched fate. You have seen us in our necessity; you have seen the gaunt and hungry demon of famine scowling with hideous glare upon us; you have beheld us reduced to the very brink of despair; but, till guilt, like a mildew, blasted the last blossoms of hope in our bosoms, we *ne'er* were *truly wretched.*

Imagine: collect together all the horrors of our dreadful situation. *Hunger!* famine! a father! a son! names dear, *most dear* to nature! form the picture for yourself, my brother. My hand trembles, my tongue faulters, my heart beats: how shall I conclude my tale? *Perfectly* I cannot do it. The burning glow of shame is on my cheek. Oh that it would, this very moment, scorch

scorch this frame to ashes! The *cra* the *pistol!* Imagine you see one of house of Landford thus attired. Y thou eldest son of a proud family, in gine thou beholdest *that*, and then l fall thy haughty crest for ever, for ev my brother!!!

The night was misty, the stars wer few, and strangled in dark vapours tha beheld the deed. Money was obtained but honour, peace, and virtue were from that guilty moment, sunk for ever The bread thus earned was soaked with tears most bitter, tears of conscious shame and degradation. We mingled sobs and groans with the repast. Oh! how did we wish, that we had rather clasped each other by the hand, till want had worn us to fleshless skeletons, than have purchased life at *such a price!* Oh! how did our wretched father rend his silvered hairs, how shriek, how loudly

so

ob with anguish, when the messengers of justice entered our chamber, and bore me to this place of shame. He fainted on the miserable bed, from which he never since has risen. Continual fits have weakened his exhausted frame, and . . . . I cannot finish the picture!

Oh, Mowbray! contrive, endeavour to fly and comfort him. Recollect that thou wert once the pride of his soul, the glory of his heart: had either of us complied with his wishes, he had been shielded from the anguish he has since felt by the powerful influence of Sir George Sendon. Alas! thought *now* comes *too late:* fear not for *me:* my hopes are drawing towards a close; my sorrows soon will have an end. The child of toil and of hardship from my earliest infancy, I can submit to fate without a murmur: but, oh! dear unhappy

happy Juliana! what will be thy feelings, when the disgrace of thy once-loved Gustavus shall be known to thee?

Mowbray, my brother, now at last my *friend!* one thing I solemnly entreat of thee: should the worst happen . . . . I . . . I have a picture of the idol of my heart. I would fain carry it in this wretched bosom till my last moment; I would then entrust it to thy care. Convey it to my Juliana: tell her, that with my last gasping breath, I poured a blesssing on her head, and if she still can think upon so lost a wretch . . . But, ah! no: that is impossible! Yet, as she resembles angels in every *other* instance, she must be like them in their *pity!!!*

And now, Mowbray, I have brought my sad narration to a close; embrace, embrace me, brother of my heart! comfort

omfort our poor father, reconcile him
› himself, and, if revolving years
ıould ever bring a *change* of fortune,
›rget the shames that have been heap-
d upon your house; and, mourning
he *misfortunes*, endeavour to throw a
'eil over the *errors* of Gustavus.

CHAPTER III.

THE foregoing account contains the leading circumstances of the melancholy recital my brother then gave me: the pen, however, cannot delineate the agonies and wild starts of passion which convulsed him in the delivery. His manner was so very incoherent, that I could hardly trace him through his story with any tolerable perspicuity. How to fly to the relief and comfort of my father was my first concern; but my grief was excessive, on finding, that, humane and truly compassionate as Mr. Paterson really was, this was an indulgence it was

out

: of his power to allow me. To ease
· sorrows, however, as much as pos-
le, he kindly assured us, that he
uld, himself, wait on the unhappy
man, and administer every conso-
on to him which lay within the
pe of his ability. Tears were all we
l to pay him for his goodness, and
se we shed in great profusion. He
›wed me, likewise, the full liberty
spending my time with my afflicted
›ther. The mind of Gustavus grew
re tranquil in consequence of my
entions, and when Mr. Paterson
›ught us word that he had seen our
her, and finding him somewhat bet-
, had sent the worthy Doctor G***t
attend him, our hearts grew some-
ıat lighter.

I could clearly perceive, that the
:a of Juliana Sendon gave poor Gus-
ıus greater pain than all his other

sorrows put together. Oh! what will Juliana think of me? he would often exclaim, as he wrung his hands in anguish. The opinion of all the world beside appeared of little value to him when compared with hers. For my own part, my heart literally sickened at the accumulation of horrors with which I was surrounded. For the sake of a father and brother I resolved to struggle on, though for myself *abstractedly* life was a mere blank. Fortune, love, even *honours*, were now no more. Gustavus had added the last calamity which could possibly befal a sinking family.

With regard to mere *confinement*, I must do Mr. Paterson the justice to own that he robbed it of half its bitterness. Could I have obtained my liberty, to have performed the pious duty of attending my father in his illness and afflictions, I could have almost drudged on

n through life in *torpid* grief. The pportunity I had of being of any ervice to Gustavus in his wretched tuation, in some degree made me mends for the deprivation of liberty. o calm the agonies of mind in that iserable youth, was far from an easy sk.

A few mornings after my first interew with my brother, Mr. Paterson inrmed us that a lady wished to speak Mr. Mowbray. I wondered who it uld possibly be. With a mind agited, and a heart beating quick, I folwed him to his little parlour, and ere beheld a female, sitting in a meancholy posture, her face covered with deep white veil. She gently raised up as we approached, and I immeliately recognised the features of Julina Sendon. She spoke to me with the ndderness of a friend; but, from se-

veral expressions she let fall, I discovered that the unhappy girl was labouring under an error, as she appeared to imagine that *I* was under confinement for the robbery; and, having heard as much, was come to assure me, that her father, from a change of circumstances, had now great influence with Mr. Blazon; and that both would do the utmost in their power, to soften the asperity of his temper, and prevail on him to drop the prosecution. This, she confessed, might be a task of some difficulty, as he appeared incensed against me to the uttermost, accused me of having conducted myself towards him with the greatest insolence and ingratitude, and seemed to feast with the highest delight upon the idea of making me the victim of *public justice*.

It seemed that Sir George was now in a marriage treaty with Mr. Blazon, having

having had a quarrel with Mr. Montaval, who had been so warmly smitten with the beauty of a fair widow he had seen by accident, that Sir George thought proper to resent his fickleness of temper, by breaking off all ideas of alliance with him, and entering into a treaty with Mr. Blazon. This unworthy libertine was, it seemed, paying his addresses to Miss Sendon and Miss Mainfort at the very same period: of course without the knowledge of the friends of either party.

It wounded me to the soul, to be compelled to the painful necessity of convincing Miss Sendon of the error under which she laboured; but the safety of my poor brother appeared immediately concerned, and every other idea necessarily gave way to that important consideration. I knew that Gustavus was the idol of her heart;

that for *his* sake, she would formerly have renounced the whole world, and followed him in beggary through the universe. What, then, would be her feelings, when she discovered that *he* was in reality the criminal, whose life lay in the power of the man whom chance had thus made his rival? I clearly perceived, that by some mystery which I could not penetrate, Mr. Blazon had made a mistake between Gustavus and myself; a circumstance our strong *resemblance* made extremely probable: but yet, as he had never offended him so deeply as I had done, I thought it indispensibly requisite, that he should know the *exact truth.*

Mr. Blazon was the person whom Gustavus had robbed, and, when brought before him, not being able from shame and despair to pronounce a single word, gave him reason to imagine he had now

that

that victim under his fangs, whom he was most desirous to destroy. It was, consequently, a painful duty on my part, to awaken poor Juliana from her *error*. When I had performed my task, no wretch, struck with unexpected lightnings, ever presented a more affecting picture of stupor and despair. She clasped her hands together, and raising her eyes to Heaven, fixed them in dumb agony, and stood a breathing statue of affliction. I had much difficulty in waking her from her trance. A long deep sob was the first symptom she exhibited of returning animation. At length a flood of tears relieved and set the imprisoned voice at liberty.

" I will see him," said she: " yes! " I *will* see him. Strive not to turn me " from my purpose: all arguments are " vain. God! thou knowest how " sincerely, how *purely* I have loved

" him! To him my *heart* was wed-
" ded, and I will treasure my first af-
" fections even in the *grave*. No force
" shall ever link me to another. In
" poverty, in sorrow, in *disgrace*, I
" here unite my soul to his. I will see
" him: yes, I *must* see him."

Paterson had known Juliana in her early youth, when in a higher sphere of life he had received some kindnesses at the hands of her father, and had often dandled the daughter on his knee. When she threw herself at his feet, therefore, and bathing them with her tears, implored him to give her admission to the prisoner, he felt himself unable to resist her pathetic eloquence of grief.

Had I the pen of a Yorick, I might be able to describe her gratitude; had I the pen of a M'Kenzie, I might adequate to the delineation of

mou

mournful interview which then succeeded. Shame, love, and anguish, ravaged the bosom of my poor distracted brother. He was often on the verge of giving vent to his feelings, and easing his agonising heart, by the relief of speech; but every effort failed, and he fell sobbing on the stone bench in his prison. Tears from Gustavus, astonished, while they melted me. The tempest had battered with all its violence, and he had stood erect amid the storm; but the sight of Juliana put his fortitude to the test, and he wept like an infant. Although she came to bring him consolation, every effort was in vain, and an hysterical convulsion prevented her from giving vent to her emotions. From this dreary scene of sadness and distress, it was my province to awake them. Mr. Paterson informed Juliana, that he could not allow her to remain with the

prisoner any longer: and after many efforts we bore her away. She could not say *adieu* to the unhappy object of her strong affection. Words refused their aid; but her looks were mixed with tenderness and terror.

When we conveyed her to the apartments of Paterson she upbraided us with cruelty for tearing her from him, who, spite of her father and Blazon, was still the object of her affections, and wept, till she fell into strong and repeated hysterics. Where she lived we knew not: she had not given us the least information on this subject; so that we were totally at a loss how to convey the melancholy information to her father. Paterson, though surrounded by such scenes as sometimes tend to harden the human heart, was as compassionate a being as I have ever known in the whole course of my life. He committed

her

her to the care of his own housekeeper, and promised to obtain every requisite information concerning the present residence of Sir George Sendon.

Sad as was the condition of the poor girl, that of my unhappy brother, was still more pitiable. Torn a thousand ways by shame and love, the disgrace of having been seen in his present fallen state by the woman he adored, gave ten-fold agony to every reflection. For myself, my own private woes were swallowed up in the sufferings of those more dear to me. My father, as Paterson informed me, though somewhat better, was still unable to leave his room. That benevolent man did every thing to supply his present wants; but medical assistance is an alarming article in the catalogue of expenses, and I could hardly hope that he could long

afford

afford to continue his aid. My own little property was already exhausted in procuring necessaries (unknown to him) for my brother.

Melancholy had now rendered us both almost callous. We sat for hours staring upon each other in gloomy silence; and in dumb eloquence seemed mutually to ask, how could all this world of misery have fallen upon us? In the midst of this dreary state of despondency, Paterson one day brought me a letter. My heart palpitated with unusual anxiety as I took it from his hand: but oh! what could equal my sensation, when, casting my eyes on the direction, I perceived the well-known hand of Adelaide? it was some time 'ere I could summon up fortitude to break the seal, for every nerve in my frame shook violently, and mists and darkening

darkening shadows swam before my eyes. At length however I perused the following letter.

" After two years of silence, you " will be surprised, once more, to hear " from me: but the death of the deser- " vedly-esteemed Mr. Durnsford hav- " ing restored me to my freedom, my " heart has regained its first rights, and " Mowbray Landford is acknowledg- " ed its legal possessor. I mourn the " fate of the respected being who is " now no more: he was just, humane; " he had every virtue. I am left heir- " ess to all he possessed. His will de- " clares, that had his son lived, * it " would have been otherwise; but as " it *is*, he feels that I have the *next* right " to inherit from him. I have, for

" some-

* Look to the account of Durnsford's son in his history.

" some time, been seeking you out;
" and what was my affliction, when
" our affectionate old Barbara this
" morning traced you to a prison!
" Oh, my dear Mowbray, when you
" in rank and fortune were much above
" your Adelaide, your generous heart
" made no distinctions: do not, with
" the ungenerous prejudice of your sex,
" endeavour to destroy every sublimity
" of thought, every exertion of genero-
" sity in a *female*. My present wealth
" shall be employed in repairing the un-
" just wrongs which cruel fortune has
" lately heaped upon your worthy fami-
" ly. Pray tell your father, I now look
" forwards to his blessing with humi-
" lity. My lawyer will come with
" your release to-morrow.

" Ever your own,

" ADELAIDE."

P. S.

" P. S. The moment that I learned " you were in Edinburgh, I sat out. " The papers of Mr. Durnsford are in " my possession, and my worthy law- " yer, who has, likewise, some affairs " to settle in the North, accompanies " me. He has brought all my papers " for your inspection, and will have the " pleasure of waiting on you."

It was easy for me to divine what the heroic Adelaide meant by this epistle. Forgetful of the wrongs which had been heaped upon her head by my father—to save that father in the hour of distress, affliction, and calamity, she now appeared a shining meteor through the storm to guide him to his end, the haven of his days, in peace and comfort. Reflect on this, ye, who deny the energies of mind to women: ye, who prefer the dames of antiquity to the bright

bright ornaments of your own country; produce your Clelias, your Cornelias, your Portias, and all the ornaments of ancient story, and see if I have not produced one female of a British soil, who may proudly hold a level with their boasted virtues! Yes, my dear countrywomen, there are many such, many like my Adelaide!

Delightful as were my first visions on the reception of this cheering letter, my honour soon awaked me from my golden dream to sad realities. Could I, in delicacy, feeling, manly dignity, *could* I accept the proffered gift, and suffer myself and family to live dependent on the bounty of a generous female, who was thus ready to give up *all for me*? These scruples I communicated to Paterson: he reproved them as *ungenerous* on my part, and ungrateful to the Providence which had thus mercifully interposed

posed to save my father; perhaps, preserve my brother. He touched the chord most sensible to feeling in my frame; my father! my brother!—the thought of them determined me. It was not now a time for *pride*. I resolved, at all events, to allow my heroic Adelaide to release me from my confinement, that I might be at large to perform my duties to my suffering relatives, and leave the rest to time and her transcendent virtues.

The lawyer called early the next day, and settled the debt for which I had been arrested upon David Middleton's account; he also had directions to remunerate Mr. Paterson, for every expense he had been at with regard to my father, my brother, and myself. I have said before, the circumstance imperiously precluded the delicacy I should have felt at another time, and I

was

was compelled to allow myself to be overpowered with the bounties which were showered upon my head. I ran to console the poor Gustavus with the good news which I had brought him; but he only grasped my hand, wished me prosperity, and bade me not allow my joys to be delayed on his account. He was, he said, now prepared to welcome death as the kindest friend; a friend that would relieve him from a thousand struggling doubts, which tore his breast with thoughts and agonies none could know but him who felt them. I cheared him to the best of my ability, and assured him, that I should still consider his prison as my *home*, and spend the best part of my time with him, till I saw him freed from every danger and from every difficulty. I next thanked Paterson for all his humanity to us, during our long residence in the prison.

He

ısed my acknowledgements; for
ɛe Paterson, who feel sensations
pleasure in the God-like faculties
ıg good, find their retribution
—in that divine placidity, that
of the conscience, which they,
ıss their lives in idle pleasures, or
ton oppressions, must never hope
, because they never have *de-*
them.

gged he would immediately con-
ıe to my father; but he then in-
l me of a secret he had hitherto
led, because he did not wish to
our afflictions. My poor father
:en so deranged by the horrors of
ɛ, that he had been *senseless* for
l months, and had, by the care of
ɔn, been removed to a small, but
rtable receptacle for lunatics.
ow was tremendous. I wept on
ck of Paterson, and begged him

to

to conduct me to the spot where my father was confined. It was a small comfortable place, about three miles from the town. The person who kept it was a very respectable physician, but he no sooner learned *who* I was, than he absolutely *insisted* on my not being admitted into the presence of his charge. He, at present, he said, entertained strong hopes of the recovery of his patient. Hopes that the sight of *me*, would most infallibly destroy: he begged, therefore, that if I persisted, my father might be instantly removed from under *his* care, and that I would take all *responsibility* on the subject upon *myself*. I need not say, that unwilling as I was, I was compelled to submit to reasons so cogent and so proper. Paterson and myself walked back to town, and I resolved every day to visit the same spot, that I might learn the

he progress of my father's cure. A re-
olution I most rigidly adhered to.

I had now another task to perform:
task which would once have been
lelightful to me as the paths to Para-
lise: but now the sweet sensation was
mingled with a sense of shame, a me-
ancholy pride. It was to wait on Ade-
aide, and thank her for her goodness.
Our meeting was tender, but it was
awful: past scenes were brought to
ur minds, and events recalled of the
most various nature. We had both
steemed and venerated the character
f Durnsford. She assured me, that to
he last day of his life he had ever pro-
essed the greatest regard for me, and
ad thought that the rigid propriety of
ny conduct demanded the most ample,
he most liberal return on his part. That
luty, Mowbray, said she, he fullfilled,
nd did it like *himself*. She opened a
portfolio,

portfolio, where all the writings of Durnsford were contained, and took out a packet, on which was written:

" *To my dear Wife, but not to be opened till* " *after my Death.*

" *Adelaide, I know* your virtues, and " in my will I have endeavoured to *re-* " *ward* them: but that is not all; mo- " ney, though an *essential*, is not the " grand *problem* of life. I have solved " it. Mowbray loves you; he *me-* " *rits* you. So far from wishing you " not to marry him, it is my earnest re- " quest that, as soon as the decent time " of mourning for your poor Durns- " ford is expired, you will seek him " out; tell him, that to me you have " been the best of women and of " wives; that I know no other way " of repaying your exemplary conduct " to a man so much older than your- " self, than that of rewarding you as

" one

" one whom I know has been dear to
" you from infancy: and this, so help
" me Heaven, is the most earnest, dy-
" ing prayer, of your poor

" J. DURNSFORD."

I would have started all my objections to the general spirit of this letter, but Adelaide, perceiving my intentions, took me by the hand, and, looking me earnestly in the face, with words, awful as the voice of virtue herself, thus addressed me:

" Many years have now elapsed
" since Mowbray Landford was first
" acquainted with her he called his
" Adelaide. Since that period awful
" changes have taken place; changes,
" however hard on you and yours, as
" *common* as the air we breathe, as
" general as the objects of human na-
" ture. Providence is pleased to try us
" with affliction *here*, that our minds

" may be abstracted from pleasures
" which would destroy our veneration
" for his wisdom, were we not waken-
" ed to a painful sense of their *uncer-*
" *tainty*. These reflections are trite, my
" friend; but the time, the circum-
" stances, demand that I should be se-
" rious. To afflict the fallen would be
" unworthy any one, but most unwor-
" thy myself, who have been chastened
" by the rod of suffering. Trust me,
" then, I say it as a *warning*, not as a
" *reproach*, when I repeat to you, that
" *pride* has made sad havoc with the
" peace and happiness of your noble
" family; for trace your evils to their
" *source*, and you will find them all
" originate in that unhappy failing.
" Do not, then, do not, my friend,
" add to the number of *their* errors in
" your *own* person. I am now arrived
" at a time of life, when *fiction* and

" *romance*

" *romance* are *past*, and I view objects
" through the steady medium of unper-
" verted reason. I am bound to you,
" by every tie of gratitude. In a mo-
" ment of the most imminent danger,
" you preserved my honour: you pre-
" served to me that peace of mind,
" which enabled me to perform my
" duty with chearful tranquillity to the
" deceased Mr. Durnsford. He *knew*
" this. He afterwards (as you find by
" his letter) was sensible of the unde-
" viating rectitude of your conduct in
" respect to me. You have his sanc-
" tion for our marriage. I need not
" blush to own, that, though time has
" made me love with *reason*, you are
" still the object of my friendship and
" esteem.

" Yet, great as this friendship and
" esteem may be, I would not, at my
" present period of life, have ventured

" on a *second marriage*, did not impe-
" rious necessity command it. No,
" Mowbray; I would have lived with
" you as with a friend, a brother: but
" that will not now suffice. To do
" justice to your unhappy father, it is
" *necessary* that you should have a *legal*
" *claim* to my fortune: by the aid of
" that, I hope, likewise, that you will
" be able to extricate the pious Gusta-
" vus; pious, even in his crime! for
" who could see a parent want? The
" subject is a delicate, an awful one.
" May God in mercy yet preserve him
" from the dangers that surround him!
" Be patient, Mowbray: hear me to
" to the end, and then reply. So help
" me, Heaven, my motives in this mar-
" riage are pure and holy! they are the
" preservation of a noble family: a fa-
" mily by me, from infancy, respected
" and revered. Should I otherwise as-

" sist

"sist them, all the former tales of scan-
"dal, to my prejudice, will be revived;
"and, on the death of my husband, how
"would it appear to the world, to see
"his widow apparently lavishing her
"fortune on a man of your age, and
"in your present *circumstances!* Say,
"would it be consistent with that ex-
"ample it behoves us all to set the
"world? Oh, no! I know that, even
"on our *marriage*, many *sneers* on the
"mutability of *widows* may be urged
"against me: but those I *despise*. I
"am a *free agent*, have no one's inte-
"rest but my own to consult, *can*
"*wrong no children by a second mar-*
"*riage*, and have the conscious satis-
"faction, of knowing that, far from
"violating, I am strictly *complying*
"with the *wishes* of my departed
"Durnsford!

"Now, Mowbray, I have done.

" The hand and heart I offer you are " pure. I wish you to weigh feeling " for others against a selfish pride; the " friendship and esteem of a long-tried " woman, against the cold pleadings of " a *solitary prejudice.*"

The generous, ingenuous candour which beamed in her eye, as she pronounced these last words, fixed my wavering resolutions. I cast myself at her feet, and loudly sobbed forth, " Ever- " exalted Adelaide! in all things you " are superior to your unworthy Mow- " bray! to him who only wishes to be " such as you may please *to make* " *him.*"

Time had, it is true, somewhat changed the *complexion* of my passion for Adelaide. What was formerly all *rapture*, was softened now into a mild *esteem*, into an enthusiastic admiration of her virtues. I felt more like her *friend* than

than her *lover;* but the phœnix of friendship, which soared from the embers of passion, took a flight more sublime than that of the parent bird. All I had before admired, my heart now *approved,* my judgment *confirmed.* Young men will smile at this description of my present state of mind; yet there may be some few souls who will comprehend my meaning; who will feel, that when virtue and propriety have regulated the life of a woman, her graces and attractions remain, when the roses and the lilies have deserted the cheeks of the attendants of card-tables and the parasites of drawing-rooms.

" ——Thus was beauty sent from heaven,
" The lovely ministress of truth and good
" In this dark world: for truth and good are one,
" And beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
" With like participation. Wherefore then,
" O sons of earth! would ye dissolve the tye?

" O wherefore, with a rash impetuous aim,
" Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
" Of lavish Fancy paints each flattering scene
" Where beauty seems to dwell, nor once enquire
" Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
" Or where the seal of undeceitful good;
" To save your search from folly! Wanting these,
" Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace,
" And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
" Did Fancy mock your vows———."

AKENSIDE.

The foregoing lines always seemed to me applicable to the dear object of my love; but the verses that follow infinitely more so:

" ———And if the gracious power
" Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
" Will to my invocation breathe anew
" The tuneful spirit, then, through all our paths;
" Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre
" Be wanting, whether on the rosy mead,
" When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
" Of luxury's allurement; whether firm
" Against the torrent and the stubborn hill

" To

To urge bold Virtue's unremitted nerve,
And wake the strong divinity of soul
That conquers Chance and Fate; or whether
" struck
For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise;
To trace her hallow'd light through future
" worlds,
And bless Heaven's image in the heart of man.

——————Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship?——
The graceful tear that streams for other's woes?
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where Honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of innocence and love protect the scene?"

My hurt mind feels a pleasure in re-
cing the goodness of her who, in all

trials and adversities, shone like a gem surrounded by darker objects. Yes, in the female sex I found friendship and consolation. My mind was relieved from the contemplation of vice, fraud, and villainy, by this amiable, this opposite object. Spite of the hackneyed wit of satirists, I give a proof which may dull the edge of their weapons. The thought is now a consolatory one to me: let me still cherish it.

"Hæc semel placuit; decies repetita placebit."

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

ATERSON, on my return to the prison, s quite delighted at the issue of my enture, and sincerely wished me to ry on my marriage with Adelaide, a rriage which, he said, was *immedi-ly* and most indispensably necessary, he had learned from Mr. Blazon's yer, that he was resolved to prose-e the criminal to the last, and that hing but my fortifying myself with *nds* and *property* could be of any il, as the circumstances alleged inst my brother were of the most vincing kind. He had conveyed

poor Miss Sendon to her father's house, who, he informed me, was lately arrived in Scotland, to settle some business with Mr. Blazon, and who had been extremely agitated at his daughter's illness, and had likewise expressed much horror at the fate of the prisoner. Paterson advised me to wait on Sir George, and try my influence with him, in beseeching him to put a stop to the intended measures of his future son-in-law. As drowning wretches snatch at every reed, I determined to follow the advice of this worthy counsellor. I inquired for poor Gustavus, who was, he informed me, then in a sound sleep; and, as it was the first refreshment he had for a long period experienced from repose, I would not wake him. When he rose, though still fevered and haggard, I found him somewhat better than he had hitherto been. He was capable

of

of shedding tears *copiously*, which was a circumstance very much in his favour. I concealed from him the dreadful calamity which had befallen his father; as I knew that, on the knowledge of such an affliction, he would instantly relapse into all his former vehemence of woe.

The day of my marriage with Adelaide was now fixed, and I looked forward towards its celebration with a mixture of awe and gratitude to Providence. I endeavoured, in the mean time, to gain admission to Sir George Sendon; but found that he was so ill with constant attendance upon his suffering daughter, that all my efforts to that purpose were in vain. My whole hopes were now centered in Adelaide: there I thought assistance and comfort *sure*, and beyond the malice of my fate. How rash is the mortal who entertains such thoughts

thoughts in any human state! Calling at her lodgings one morning, I found her very much dejected, and in great agitation of spirits, in consequence of a circumstance which had lately taken place. She had been accidentally in company with a gentleman at her lawyer's (while arranging some of the papers belonging to her late husband) who had observed her with a very marked attention. Returning home, she was much surprised and offended at perceiving that he took the liberty of following her. Not many moments after, she received a letter from a coffee-house in the same street, addressed to *Mrs. Durnsford.*

Having but few acquaintance in the metropolis of Scotland, she was, at the first sight of the superscription, thoroughly convinced the billet must come from the stranger, whose liberties had,

she

he imagined, given her so much *just ground* for anger and resentment. She esitated a moment, whether she should reak the seal or no; but she was compelled to do so, by an emotion which he could neither resist nor describe. The note was short, and contained what allows:

"Madam,

"A man who is deeply *interested* in your *concerns*, desires the favour of a few moments conversation.

"C. D."

Her indignation was raised to such a height by this more than familiar appeal, that she did not deign to send any answer to it; but, a few moments afterwards, a second letter was conveyed to her, replete with contents still more

more extraordinary than those of the first:

"Madam,

"I am a man by no means accustomed to *trifle* with any one; I therefore warn you to beware how you treat my wish to see you with *levity*. I have it in my power to be much your friend; and where I *am* a friend, believe me, I am a *zealous* one. Let me alike take the liberty of suggesting to you that I am a man, and have the passions of a man; consequently, may, if *irritated*, be susceptible of the feeling called *resentment*. I mean you well. I am the child of *freedom*, and disgrace never yet coupled itself with the name or character of

"C. D."

While she was considering the import

port of these strange appeals her lawyer chanced to knock at the door. She instantly shewed him the letters she had just received. He read them over, expressed no sort of surprise, but informed her, with an air of dejection, that it was concerning this very business that he at present did himself the honour of waiting upon her. He then told her, that he had lately been visited by a young gentleman, a *foreigner*, who laid very strong claims to the fortune which had been lately left her by her husband. He earnestly requested Adelaide to turn over every circumstance in her mind, and endeavour to recollect, whether or no she had ever heard Mr. Durnsford make any *mention* of a *son*, whom he had lost in early life. She candidly confessed that she *had*; but had ever understood, that the young man had *died abroad*. We must be

cautious,

cautious, added the lawyer, for the will of Mr. Durnsford is unluckily *so worded*, that if, by any accident, the young man should be *still alive*; if, in short, Madam, the present claimant is no *impostor*; I *fear* you will be compelled to resign all claims to the estate of the late Mr. Durnsford.

"And why should you *fear* it, Mr. "Anderson?" replied Adelaide. "If "young Mr. Durnsford yet exists, he "is the *rightful* heir of the property of "his father, and it would be more "than injustice, it would be a species "of *fraud* in me, to endeavour to keep "it from him."

"I doubt, Madam," said Anderson in reply, "there are very few persons "who would judge their own cause in "so disinterested a manner."

"Let us hope not," rejoined Adelaide, "we are all too apt to paint

"mankind

"mankind in blacker colours than "they deserve; but, I trust that there "are thousands, that would act just as "I have done; even if it were possi- "ble for them to have greater feelings "at hazard from the event."

The lawyer then left her to her meditations, with a promise to her, before he departed, that he would use his utmost efforts to sift this mysterious matter to the bottom, and remit no exertion in his power to see that ample justice was done to *all parties*.

When I first saw Adelaide after this occurrence, her countenance was impressed with a solemn melancholy; yet it was neither the melancholy of peevishness nor of despair. She had ever been armed with patience to submit to the decrees of Providence, and that fortitude which had proved her best friend through many of the momentous periods

riods of her life, that *heroism* let me rather call it, did not desert her in the present trying crisis. She sadly told me, and I could then have pledged my life on the sincerity of her asseveration, that the greatest pang her disappointment gave her, was the opportunity thus suddenly snatched away from her, of being of service to me and my unhappy family. She would not *now* listen to a single word on the subject of our intended marriage, till the *event* of the appeal made by the unexpected claimant to her property should be fully *ascertained.* I endeavoured to divert her from this rigid resolution, but I found her fixed. Her ideas were ever founded on too firm a basis of propriety, to be shaken by any of the sophisticated arguments it was now in my power to urge; for all the motives I could have adduced must have been founded on false

conclusions

nclusions. For what could have re-
lted from an union formed under au-
ices so unpropitious? What but *want*
d *wretchedness*?

Fate now seemed to rob the wretch-
house of Landford of every ray of
pe. The only beam which had
oke through the dark clouds which
rrounded us, was extinguished, and
e resolutions of the generous, the dis-
terested Adelaide in our favour, were
ns likely to to be rendered fruitless and
ortive all. As I received intelli-
nce of the returning reason of my
ther, the joy I felt was proportionably
nteracted by the gradual decay of
e miserable Gustavus. He now no
nger appeared sensible even of his
sgrace.

The day of his trial was drawing
ear, and, although circumstances were,
nfortunately, so strong against him,
that

that there hardly remained an idea of his acquittal, yet, such was the morbid insensibility which had benumbed every faculty of his soul, that he appeared no longer conscious of the dangerous predicament in which he stood. A tear would sometimes steal down his cheek as he pronounced the name of Juliana, and this was the only sign he gave of sensibility to the vibration of rapture, or the throb of anguish. His form was decayed; his once brilliant eye was glazed as it rolled round his dungeon in vacant glaring: he was the shadow of Gustavus; yet still the ruin shewed that the pile had once been a noble one. Humanity never presented a more melancholy wreck of all that was majestic, noble, splendid, or delightful!

CHAP.

CHAPTER V.

By the bounty of Adelaide, I had enjoyed the felicity of rendering every thing around my father and my brother as comfortable as the nature of their circumstances would admit of. To her I had no objection to be obliged; but, alas, it now appeared doubtful, whether she would long be able to enjoy the divine felicity of spreading the fruits of grace and goodness about every person who had the happiness to be near her.

I every day received intelligence, that the reason of my father was *gradually*

ally returning, but I was still forbidden by his physicians to see him. I used every exertion, also, to cheer and raise the drooping spirits of my brother, against the approaching day of trial. My efforts, however, were not attended with any degree of success. His languor increased to the highest pitch of torpor and insensibility.

Such was the melancholy posture of my affairs, when I received a card from the Earl of Rothvale, who stated, that he was peculiarly anxious to see and converse with me for a few moments, and that he was only that *hour* arrived in town. That he had also business to communicate to me of a very *urgent* and peculiar nature. As I (though I knew I was distantly related to him) had no sort of acquaintance with the Earl, I was much surprised at such an intimation. In the hope, however,

at

that his Lordship might have some influence in persuading the vindictive Blazon to soften the cruel rigour of his persecution, I resolved to obey the summons, and exert every faculty to ingratiate myself with him, so far as to carry this one point, which gained, I felt as if I should have nothing more to do or suffer through the remnant of my life. To see a brother freed from the danger of a public and an ignominious trial would leave me, as I thought, without a *hope*, without a *fear*, and that no future passion could disturb the dull monotony of my melancholy days.

As the water, by continual dropping wears out the rugged rock by its attrition, so had the ceaseless throbbings of affliction exhausted the sensibilities of *my heart*. I felt it was possible for man to attain that apathy of the soul, which hardly raises him above the level of the

at the hotel which had bee
his card. I was shewn int
apartment, where an old
with his back towards me,
He rose as I opened the do
my infinite amazement, I rec
venerable, the respected fea
worthy Mr. Alleyn.

When my first surprise w
bade me remember that, wh
ed last, he had assured n
would never make his ap
my concerns, unless it wer
service. He informed m
was once more in favou
Rothvale family, and woul
ment acquaint the Earl (wh

left the room, he squeezed me cordially by the hand. "Be not surprised, young "man, at any *changes* you may find in "a short space of time, remember "that the affairs of this world are "mutable; that there is nothing cer-"tain below but virtue." Saying this he retired, and left me for a few moments lost in thought. I was roused from this reverse by a servant, who threw open the door and announced the Earl of Rothvale. Footsteps approached. I raised my eyes, and most elegantly attired, beheld the well-known face of my once poor friend—David Middleton.

"Good God!" said I, "is this then "possible?"

"It is, indeed my dear Mowbray," said he, taking my hand in the most affectionate manner, "the man who "now stands before you, is the person

" on whom you have bestowed so many
" favours, the man whom you have
" more than common grounds to set
" down as unjust, ungrateful, and un-
" generous. The wounds I have in-
" flicted, I hope, however, in some
" measure, to be able to heal, to punish
" Blazon (for I know your story), to
" comfort your father, and, if possible,
" to relieve your brother."

As he pronounced these last words, the tears gushed from my eyes. I seized his hand. My feelings suffocated me, and I sank down on the sofa which was in the room, overcome with the potent struggle of contending feelings. He perceived this battle of my mind, and waited for some moments till I became more calm. He then gave me every assurance of his friendship, patronage and protection, to me and mine. He insisted, also, on my passing the day

with

with him, as his worthy friend, Alleyn, would be employed in compelling Blazon to do him justice and acknowledge his rights.

I had promised to wait on poor Adelaide; but eager to render the new Earl as anxious as possible for the interest of my brother, I wrote a few lines to beg that he would excuse me till the next day, and after dinner, heard the whole of the chapter of accidents, which, in a few moments, had exalted the once dejected David Middleton into the fortunate and happy Earl of Rothvale.

As many of the events which he then disclosed contain circumstances, which bring the short, but momentous period of my life, to my present retirement and seclusion from the world, I shall deliver the story in his own words.

LORD ROTHVALE'S ACCOUNT.

I AM fearful, my dear Mowbray, that you will accuse me of the blackest ingratitude, for having suffered you to be so much molested on my account. I pledge my honour to you, however, that had I known how much you were likely to be molested for the non payment of the sum you were so kind as to advance me in the hour of my necessity, I would have put myself to every inconvenience, and ran all hazards of retarding the progress of my own good fortunes, rather than have suffered you to meet with so very ill a return for the proof of friendship and generosity you exerted in my behalf. Though these tardy apologies can now avail me nothing, I must endeavour to retrieve your

your late good opinion, by my unremitted efforts in behalf of your embarrassed family. I need not repeat, that my heart has often bled at the recital of their sufferings. Mere pity is, indeed, a hackneyed, common, prostituted word. I have felt, on your account,

"The grief that cannot speak."

You must be astonished at the rapidity of the events which thus have raised me to a title, I did not, a few months ago, know I had the slightest pretension to look up to. When I retrace them myself, they sometimes bear more the appearance of the imaginary transitions of unconnected dreams, than the progression of a few months of actual existence. When we last parted, you may remember that I left you with a heavy heart. The gaunt spectre poverty, with haggard look, then glared

upon my poor mother and myself. To support and comfort her was all I wished to live for, yet the means of existence were then extremely remote, and the death of the singular Bardsworth, who was carried off in a momentary fit, tended still more to increase our difficulties and multiply our perplexities.

In this distressed situation we were one morning agreeably surprised by a venerable stranger, who knocked at the door of our humble mansion. My mother started at the sight of him, gazed earnestly in his face, and then burst into a flood of tears. I was ordered to retire. When I returned, I was informed that our new guest would probably remain for some time with us, and was entreated by my parent to shew him every mark of attention and respect. My heart was already predisposed

posed to comply with this injunction. He appeared, in every circumstance, to have the greatest influence over my mother, who behaved towards him with the highest respect, and he, in return, evidently entertained an almost parental affection for *her*. She bade me look up to him as a guardian and a father. There was a suavity in his countenance, conversation, and manner, which made him an irresistible object of interest to every mind endowed with the slightest portion of sensibility. Humane, pious, learned, good, and free from errors in his own person, he had ever a holy regard for the repentant tears of others.

Such was Mr. Alleyn: a man..... But he has informed me that you know him, a circumstance which render *my commendations superfluous*. A mystery was divulged by him, which had long agitated myself and mother with the

most painful apprehensions. Bardsworth had expired without explaining to us the singular motives which had actuated his conduct towards us through life, and made him so contradictory in his benefits and injuries to myself in particular. Mr. Alleyn, at length, solved this enigma, in a manner which at once both surprised and affected us.

Bardsworth was connected with her, by the dearest, the most tender ties, he was her FATHER.

The discovery affected us both with various and painful sensations: all appeared to us like a dream. His conduct had been, in many instances, so unpaternal, that it had shocked the delicate and susceptible heart of his daughher. She readily forgave him all the perplexities, all the moments of anxiety and uneasiness, which he had occasioned her: it was for *herself* she was hurt.

In

In the hours of trial and of vexation, she had sometimes, (though very seldom) indulged in lamentations, and had uttered sentiments of resentment, against the author of her being, which had she now possessed worlds, she would readily have given them up to have recalled. We did all in our power to convince her, that she judged herself too rigidly. Even had she known the relationship which subsisted between her and the defunct, his cold apathy, in allowing her to be exposed to so many trials, and such dangerous temptations, might have excused her in the eye of the world: but she was of a nature too peculiar to be lulled to rest by these arguments; she accused herself with not having borne the trials of adversity as became a Christian: she lamented having indulged a peevishness of temper, which had been punished

in directing her impetuosity, where (under all circumstances) she was bound to pay the respectful obedience, she was pleased to say, she had ever experienced from *me*. My mother may, sometimes, carry her notions too far: she may have errors; but they are ever so much on the right side of the question, that even those errors are entitled to veneration.

Mr. Alleyn was of this opinion. His respect for my parent increased with every hour, and her admiration of his wisdom and his virtues kept equal pace with the sentiments he had entertained in her favour. He suffered her grief to have full vent, before he would enter into the detail of the many events he had to relate. He used every endeavour to impress on my mind the folly of being either elated or depressed by those accidents which are inseparable from the

the frail tenure of mortality. Without the authority of the pastor or the solemnity of the preacher, he delivered his admonitions to me with the dignity of a father, with the frankness of a friend. I promised to do all in my power to render myself deserving of those favorable sentiments he expressed towards me, and assured him, that, however Providence might hereafter think fit to dispose of me, in the smiles or frowns of fortune, I would treasure his precepts, and remember his kindness to me, with the fervors of a grateful heart. He was pleased with the confidence I reposed in him. Though now old, he loved the society of his juniors. He was ever of opinion, that a rightly established friendship between an elderly and a young man, afforded pleasure and profit to both parties concerned: the youth had every advantage, he urged, that

that could be derived from the experience of his senior, while the vivacity of the younger personage, kept the heart of the elder from the despondency which sometimes oppresses old age, when the cordial drop of friendship is not applied to the relief of the exhausted spirits.

When my poor parent had paid the pious tribute of sorrow and shed numberless tears for her departed father, she soon grew able to attend to all the mysteries the worthy Alleyn had to disclose; he was much affected during the recital, the substance of which was nearly this.

When the follies of his wife occasioned separation, Bardsworth, who was ever a money-loving man, resolved that his daughter should never know what it was to be a *fine* lady; in which character he was convinced that every vice and every failing was connected

nected and bound up. Ashamed of his connections with the mother, he placed the daughter under the roof of a secret friend, while she was yet an infant in arms, resolving to have no more intercourse with her, than merely paying for her maintenance, and observing personally that she was well used. The name of father she was never to utter to him, nor to know that she stood in any *such* relationship toward him. As he saw her growing up, his own passion for saving money, which increased with his years more strongly, confirmed him in the resolution he had taken. He could not acknowledge his child without parting with some portion of his wealth to her, and that he could not bear to think of, till death should render him incapable of contemplating his hard earned guineas.

The love of accumulation had almost destroyed

destroyed every feeling in his heart; but when he sometimes saw the little cherub daily increasing in loveliness and grace, even the passion of avarice gave way for a moment, and he could not avoid experiencing some of the parental yearnings of affection, to which every human creature must be liable. The mother had deeply offended him: ought the child to suffer on that account? This thought one day struck him as the little helpless thing lay in his arms, and grasped his finger in its own innocent hand. What was to be done? Habit now made his wealth the greatest source of consolation he had in the world. Pity pleaded on this side, nature on that. He could not reconcile them. He pondered and reflected. He at last resolved to make a kind of *compromise* between increasing wealth, and a something like dawning affection.

When

When he should die he felt a melancholy assurance, that he could not carry his money along with him, and that being the case, he began to think that the little one had as much claim to it as strangers; more particularly as he resolved not to be at any *great expense* on her account.

In his daughter's present humiliated and *apparently* friendless situation, he thought her safe from every danger and every temptation, and that when, at last, money did come, it would fall upon a person who having known the want of it, would have acquired that science, which he considered as the ultimatum of all worldly knowledge,—the art of *saving* it. His delight, therefore, through his whole life, was to assist, by tricks and shufflings. The best specimens of this kind you have heard of before, when he pretended to buy

and

ly to disappoint *him* he would make known my rights at his *death*; but, till then, he was rigidly resolved neither to acknowledge me nor my mother. Mr. Alleyn, who had married them, was the only person privy to this nefarious transaction, and he would immediately have exposed the infamy of Lord Rothvale's conduct to the world, had not motives of pity, upon our account, impeded his resolution.

He had written a stern letter, in the hope of intimidating his former pupil, the Earl, but was silenced with a threat, that, if he took any measures to that effect, or used the least endeavour to persuade my mother to infringe the vow she had made, it would be the *ruin* of the persons whom he wished to *serve*; but that if, on the contrary, we acquiesced in patient *silence* and *resignation* to his wishes, he would, at his death, and

were extremely proud, and had fixed their hearts on his union with the daughter of the Duke of D—. My mother, in this instance, certainly deviated from the plain straight rule of propriety, and her expiation was a severe one. The ardours of love prevailed on her, however, to take the oath administered to her. They retired to a remote seat of the young husband's; it was a mansion almost buried in woods, which he had not occupied for many a year, but had now refitted up, and placed under the direction of two of his own dependents, a valet de chambre and his wife, who where their only attendants in this seclusion.

I was the consequence of this clandestine marriage; but 'ere I was a year old, my mother lost the society of her perfidious husband. Pretending urgent business in the metropolis, he kissed

ed her and me, and departed with his valet de chambre: departed like *Ajut* never to return. She received many letters from him, conjuring her, if she entertained the least spark of love for him, never to hint to any one that she was his *wife*, as the mention of such a circumstance would only lead to the misery and distress of all parties. He conjured her to remember the dreadful *oath* she had taken, and, at the same time, gave her assurances, that if she preserved her faith and silence, all might yet go well with her and her poor infant: that if, on the contrary, she violated her promise, it might be prejudicial to her own happiness, as well as that of her innocent offspring.

As she lived but in my smiles, this menace perfectly answered the *desired end*. She would weep over me for days together; but for my sake she was patient

tient, *silent*, and *unrepining*. His letters grew less and less frequent, until, at last, they *ceased entirely*. The wife of the valet de chambre, who had accompanied my father, still appeared to have reserves of *money*, but she was mute on the subject of what had become, either of her own husband, or his master. The fact was, that he had gone abroad. He resisted, indeed, all solicitations from his family to marry any *other woman*; but this was the only act of justice that he performed towards us: for a strong dread of his relatives impeded him from allowing my mother to be absolved from the fatal oath she had been weak enough to take.

Under these circumstances the title of Rothvale fell to my father. He had never lived on any terms with his younger brother, Mr. Blazon, and always assured Mr. Alleyn, that if it was only

find her by *chance*. He more than ever applauded himself for the mysterious conduct he had adopted, in keeping her in ignorance of the relative situation in which she stood towards him.

After suffering so much ridicule on account of the follies of his *wife*, he thought he never should have been able to endure the jeers of the world, after being a second time degraded by the conduct of his *daughter*. For me he could not help feeling an affection. He resolved that I should be his heir; but, at the same time, formed a determination of not giving me a shilling till his death. He thought that nothing, but the actual want of money, could ever teach any man the *true value of it:* for this reason, he was ever hampering and tormenting me with voluntary loans, and then as eager to drive me to extremities for their payment. He thought he

he perceived a disposition about me to *extravagance*, a disposition which nothing but the actual pressure of *want* could ever do away: the idea of my being any thing like a *fine gentleman* he was ever averse to, and whenever he traced me to the commission of such follies as going on the stage, &c. &c., he had a faculty of repressing my spirits, which, though ridiculous, was ever effectual in its operation. With these impressions he hunted me every where, and pursued me to all places; a conduct which cost him more money than he could have been possibly induced to spend on any other motive or consideration.

Thus was his conduct at length explained. Soon after we were settled at Perth he died. A letter was found among his papers, which was immediately remitted to my mother, acknow-

ledging her his daughter, and leaving the greatest portion of his wealth to me, with the reservation of a small stipend bequeathed to a brother he had not seen for many years, and whom we have since discovered to be the much respected Mr. Alleyn. You may judge of our surprise at the death of a man of so very extraordinary a character. Some persons may be apt to think the picture overcharged; but if they have any relatives, who love money better than every thing else in the whole world, they will well know, that it is very possible for a man, under such influence, to act in a manner philosophy and experience must ever be at a loss to account for.

The death of Lord Rothvale completed the full tide of prosperity that [illegible] in upon us. He died abroad; but the gentleman was charged with a

solemn

solemn commission to deliver a letter to Mr. Alleyn. This worthy man was thus overwhelmed with several incidents of a nature as joyful as the late tenor of his life had been melancholy and sad. He discovered, in one week, that my mother was his niece, and that I was the heir of Rothvale. His lordship sent him every document necessary to put me in possession of my rights, acknowledged that many worldly motives had induced him to behave cruelly to an amiable and ill-fated woman, but that he had never felt the full force of his barbarities, till sickness and pain had left him leisure to contemplate the fading vanity of all human prospects. He was buried abroad, under the inspection of a gentleman he had first hired in the capacity of an humble friend, by which said gentleman immediately

lence to myself. I saw in him many haughty, disagreeable qualities: yet as I had heard the story of your unhappy father and brother, I resolved, for their sakes, to keep on the best possible terms with him: and therefore have sent to you, to apologise most sincerely for any seeming neglect I may have been guilty of, and to consult with you, how my newly-acquired powers may be of most essential service to you and to your relatives: for, trust me, my dear Mowbray, there is not a selfish thought in my composition; and if ever Rothvale forgets the friends of his adversity, he will hold himself inferior, in every respect, to the once friendless Middleton.

CHAP-

ceived a very kind answer, intimating her desire of seeing us at her husband's house directly. It was worded in her usual classical style, in which she called Mr. Alleyn the Chiron of the age, and myself his youthful pupil Telemachus. How she contrived to get rid of Mr. Blazon, I am sure I cannot tell; but when I arrived here last night, I received a message from him, hinting that he wished to speak to me and Mr. Alleyn. My mother being indisposed, is now following us by slow stages.

When Mr. Blazon arrived, he took some time in examining the papers; but every thing was so evidently made out, that it put the matter beyond all possibility of doubt. He was convinced that I was really his nephew, and though he had ever lived on the most hostile terms with his brother, he seemed by no means disposed to extend that malevo-

long to visit Adelaide, and then to spend the remainder of the day with my dying brother; for dying he really was. I found the former much out of spirits. There was no doubt but that the mysterious stranger was really no other than young Durnsford. As the son of her respected husband, she was, therefore, resolved to yield him up her property without the trouble of litigation. The task of meeting him with smiles, was, she confessed, a hard one, as his unexpected presence had thus deprived her of the only gratification the wealth of the Indies could have afforded,—the gratification of administering to the wretched.

When I arrived at the prison I found every thing in confusion. Paterson was trembling, and begged me, for God's sake, to be composed, as my father was now in the prison.

"Great

" Great Heaven! My father!" said I, " What do you mean?"

" He is here with his physician. " His senses are returned."

I knelt down, and returned thanks to Heaven for this joyful intelligence.

" Be not too much elated," said Paterson: " the innocence of Gustavus " is now almost beyond a doubt."

He saw that joy had nearly thrown me into the convulsion of hysterics.

" Oh! unhappy, unhappy Mow- " bray, sad is the office of the keeper " of a place like this, if he has been " educated like a gentleman, like a " man. How often must his soul be " wrung, his heart be agonised! Your " cup of joy must be dashed with the " agonies of shame, with the bitter- " ness of despair. Yes, Gustavus is " innocent! but the guilty . . . . .

" Prepare for all that you can imagine
" . . . . the guilty person is . . . ."
" *Who ? who ?* oh, *who ?*"
" HIS FATHER !"
" Great God of Heaven !" cried I. My eyes flashed fire: the blood mounted to my head, which whirled round with a velocity I cannot describe, and I fell senseless on the floor.

When I revived I was in Paterson's own chamber. He was sitting by me. I spoke to him: he grasped my hand, burst into tears, and left the room. A pain on my breast excited my attention, and I found I had a blister placed there. I rolled my eyes mournfully round the room, and, at the bottom of the bed, saw the benevolent Mr. Alleyn. I learned from him that I had been ill above a week. A brain fever had attacked me; during which I had been

been seized with such strong convulsions, that it was as much as four men could do to hold me. I had lost immense quantities of blood, and my frame was emaciated and brought very low.

When I heard that a week had elapsed, I knew that the day of the trial of my father or my brother must be near. I asked, in terms of despair, if my conjectures were true. "I, wretched "that I am" cried I, "can then be of "no assistance in comforting, in supporting my unhappy brother, or my "more unhappy parent. The day of "ignominy and shame will come, and "I, like all the rest of the deceitful "world, must be absent. Oh, cruel, "cruel Fortune! This last, this worst "of wounds, completes my misery."

Alleyn took me by the hand and looked me steadfastly in the face. "Young "man,"

" man," said he " one who never yet
" uttered falsehood, but who has wor-
" shipped Truth in her plain, unso-
" phisticated garb, gives you the word
" of a clergyman, that neither your fa-
" ther nor your brother will ever meet
" the dreadful trial, whose idea has so
" long disturbed your brain."

As he spoke these words he seemed like some angel standing by my bed, a more than beamy glory appeared to play round his countenance: his voice was affecting, his tone was tender. I fell back upon my pillow and drenched it with a shower of tears. This gush of grief relieved me, and I daily grew better.

Oh, afflicting memory! sad and rigid monitor! Yes, I will obey thy dictates. To retrace these mournful scenes has something of use, even in the

midst of the melancholy gloom ich they excite. They point to hap- r worlds, where I may regain my stavus, the generous, the exalted ther of my affections; where the gel of Mercy shall cover my erring ent with his wings, and plead for n at the throne of the Great Being who rejoices over the sinner that re- penteth."

When gradually I recovered my ac- stomed strength, I found that the si- rt grave now held Gustavus and his her. The old man had confessed to physician that he himself had been ilty of the robbery for which his atchless son was about to suffer. The orthy doctor, at first, imagined this to some remains of former insanity, and ould lend no ear to what he then con- dered the ravings of a half-recovered natic. He was so firm, however, in his

his asseverations, that the justice and benevolence of the doctor began to take alarm, and he resolved to wait on Mr. Blazon, and endeavour to ascertain the particulars of this mysterious and dreadful transaction. When he arrived at Mr. Blazon's door, he found a chaise ready, and the master of the house immediately preparing to set out on a long journey. As the doctor felt that life, reputation, and justice were all at this moment at stake, and, that if Mr. Blazon should now be leaving the country every opportunity of discharging these duties would be lost for ever, he insisted on being let into the apartment where Mr. Blazon was settling writings with his attorney, and making the last preparations for his departure. The doctor earnestly communicated the whole business, and adjured Mr. Blazon, as he hoped for mercy at the day

of

of judgment, if possible, to explain this mysterious affair.

The face of Blazon grew red with the conscious glow of shame. "Doctor," said he, "you see before you a wretch "repentant, I fear, too late: yet what "reparation I have in my power to "make to an outraged world, believe "me I am, at last, willing to offer. My "passions have been dreadful ones. "To comply with them, I have per-"petrated deeds which humanity "would weep to hear, which purity "would blush to record. My bro-"ther has recalled me from this dream. "I have lost a title, and the loss has "been to me a fortunate one: it has "waked me to a recollection of my "past deeds; and, if there is mercy "above for such a wretch, I will en-"deavour to efface them. Plead for "me to Mr. Mowbray Landford; to

"....oh!

" . . . . . oh! what numbers of in-
" nocents have I to bemoan. Juliana!
" Emma! Adelaide! I have wronged
" you all: but Mowbray most.

" When I was *robbed*, I had the
" desperado, who committed the fatal
" action tracked to his lodgings. He
" had a mask and pistol. My servant
" observed him lay aside the mask: it
" was an old man. I went in person
" to seize him: but instead of the
" grey headed veteran I expected, I
" *thought* I beheld my deadly foe,
" Mowbray. An exact resemblance
" between him and his brother confirm-
" ed this idea, and as he only bowed
" assent when charged with the act,
" and did not *utter* a *single word*, I
" was satisfied that my enemy was in
" my power. When *convinced* that it
" was his father, and not himself, that
" had thus violated the laws of his
" country,

)untry, it had not the least effect pon this stony heart. *He* confessed) the deed, and if I did but exter- inate him, it was all I wished for, l I sighed for. Such an infernal mon is Revenge when once it lays s icy hand upon the human heart. When, a few days ago, informed y Mr. Alleyn, that my victim was ustavus, and not Mowbray Land- rd, you cannot conceive the terrors f my soul. How was I to retract? o own myself perjured? Dread- il idea! My heart has long been ell to me, and I yesterday formed he resolution of disclosing the whole ruth by letter, and flying from my native land for ever. That letter, doctor, I now put into your power. It cannot injure the elder Landford; because, when I am gone, no one can *ppear against him.* It may, however, free

" free the unhappy, the innocent Gus-
" tavus. Take it: fly: and, when you
" hear the name of Blazon pronounced,
" remember and point out to young-
" er sinners than myself, that a wretch
" still lives, a dreadful instance of the
" sure, though late avenging arm of
" Heaven; a wretch, who, like Cain,
" bears a stamp upon his forehead, for
" all mankind to shun him; a wretch,
" torn by crimes, agonized by doubts;
" once an atheist, now feeling in every
" nerve, that a retributive God holds
" the scales of justice, and shudders at
" his former dreams. Adieu, Sir, and
" if such a villain as myself deserves
" the compassion of any good man,
" try if you can pity *me*."

With these words he put the letter into the doctor's hands. It contained the account just above recited; an account which freed my brother, but stamped

stamped an indelible brand of infamy on my unfortunate father. Alas, what was to be done? *Delicacy* would have lost the life of Gustavus.

The physician instantly applied to the magistrate of the city, who gave him every assurance that all danger would be removed from Gustavus, and added a promise, that they would deal as tenderly as possible with the reputation of his father.

There is a point of suffering in the human mind which baffles all attempts at description: the lines of agony become so strong, that to depicture them exceeds the narrow bounds of language. The power of countenance and gesture are alone adequate to the task, and the painter and historian are forced to have recourse to the stratagem of the artist of antiquity, as the only possible mode

of

of extricating themselves from so critical and delicate a situation.*

The

* *When the Greeks made their famous expedition against Troy they were detained by adverse winds at Aulis. Calchas, the prophet, being consulted, declared aloud that Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon, must be sacrificed, to appease the wrath of Diana, and, that if her father refused to comply with this order, the fleet must remain wind-bound in the bay for ever. The King, after a long struggle, sacrificing his feelings to his patriotism, gave consent and attended the Princess with an agonised heart to the fatal altar. This passage gave occasion to that famous painting of Timanthes, which Pliny has admired as one of the most finished pieces of antiquity. The artist had expressed the grief and despair of all the persons present, with such moving truth and liveliness, that when he came to the countenance of the father, he felt the impossibility of giving it a proportionable degree of agony. He extricated himself from this difficulty, therefore, by making him avert his head from the heart-rending scene, and suffocated with the violence of his feelings, he*

The feeling mind will best administer to the solution of this difficulty. It has only to retrace the conduct of the father and the son, and some *idea* of the feelings of the *former* may then suggest themselves. Let it be remembered, that Gustavus, in his youth, had been treated with unkindness and neglect: that in comparison with myself, he had scarcely been considered as a son: that he had encountered hardly any thing but coldness and humiliation. In the most trying hour of calamity he had stood firmly by his father: he had toiled for him in poverty, he had groaned with him in agony, and to attain the acmé of calamity, had exposed himself to a death, replete with public shame

he is represented concealing his face in his robe. Nicholas Poussin has availed himself of this circumstance in his painting of the death of Germanicus, the figure of Agrippina is veiled.

shame and public disgrace, rather than behold these horrible, these excruciating evils, fall on the grey head of his father. The powerful, the all commanding laws of instinct and of nature, calling from the bottom of the soul, enabled him to perform his task with fortitude. The heart and mind of this exalted victim were cheared and inspired by a hallowed ray from Heaven. In devoting himself at the shrine of *filial piety*, he might have felt a beam of consolation break through the dull clouds that hid his love, his honour, and his early hopes of fame, in the darkness of eternal night: in his instance (sad as it was) a drop of cordial comfort floated on the brim of his full cup of sorrow. But ah! how deep was the reverse in the instance of his heart-broken father. To him, all was dark, dreary, desolate. He had none

of

of the supports I have been naming: no *one* possibility of happiness remained for him: cut to the heart and brain, the return of reason was to him return of woe: The worm that never dies, had taken full possession of his heart. He was the real *object of pity*.

As these sad memoirs are destined to see the light, imperious sad necessity demands, that all these circumstances should be made known. If I drew a veil over them, their intent, their utility would be lost: if *one* father of a family should be struck with the perusal; if, after having indulged one object at the expense of all the rest, he should find how likely he may be to mourn his ill judged partiality: if his heart should acknowledge that, in the eye of nature and of reason, he is bound to watch with equal kindness and attention over the happiness and well being

of all his children, without distinction, great as have been the calamities of the house of Landford, they will not have been endured in vain. Providence teaches this lesson throughout all nature. The beautiful ordination may be seen in the savage beast of the forest, in the tenant of the air. The *poor hen*, as pathetically described in the most sublime and beautiful book in the world, gathers her chickens under her wings, watches for, warms, and feeds them all, without difference or partiality.

My poor father was, at length, convinced of the truth of this pathetic allegory: but, alas, conviction was with him too late. Struck with horror, penitence, despair, and shame, the poor man hastened to the prison of his son.

Gustavus was now removed, by the kind assiduities of Paterson, into one of his best apartments, and informed that

he was out of *all danger*. The joyful news was poured on a deaf ear; the vital spark was nearly extinct, and hope and joy had left his bosom never to return. He was nearly speechless, and after Paterson had communicated his intelligence, he turned his glazed eyes towards him, grasped him by the hand, cried, "tell my poor Juliana I "am innocent," and sunk on the shoulders of his gaoler. At that instant his poor father entered the room with his physician. He ran towards his son, and parting the hair from his forehead, gave a loud groan, that rung through the whole prison. "He is dead! he "is dead!" cried he; and placing his own face near that of his son's, let fall a whole torrent of tears on the cheek of his boy. Gustavus revived; he saw his father, smiled faintly upon him,

and kissed his hand extended towards him.

" My son, my son; my murdered " son, can you forgive !!"

Gustavus placed his hands upon his lips. To this melancholy scene the physician put an end. I arrived at its conclusion, and Paterson, excited by his natural sensibility, revealed the melancholy secret, before he could be aware of its consequence upon a heart like mine. While I lay ill, Gustavus and my father both *expired.* He insisted on being present at the last moments of his son; he held him by the hand— Gustavus grasped him hard; murmured once more, " tell Juliana that I died " worthy of her;" and expired.

His father fell on the body—fell to rise no more. Grief had cracked the string of his heart.

Here,

Here, oh! here, let me drop my pen. I publish these adventures under a feigned name, as a warning lesson against the errors which occasioned this long train of miseries. If they can be of service to my fellow beings, the pangs I have felt in thus exposing the errors of my family, will be in some measure rewarded. Poor Juliana!—what a mercy would death have proved, compared to a recovery replete with so much horror.

Exhausted with the memory of my afflictions, I must here conclude my journal. If my heart ever recovers from the sadness that pervades it, I may, one day, add what remains as a *supplement*. I know not if the mournful relation will excite the interest of many; yet there may be *some* sympathetic hearts, who, after having paid the tribute of a tear to the unmerited

sufferings of the generous, the heroic Gustavus, will feel a wish to know the remaining fate of his more unhappy brother.

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW.

SUPPLEMENT.

YEARS have elasped since I have opened the book wherein I had inscribed the chief incidents of my life. Age is stealing fast upon me; and though time has blunted the darts of affliction, remembrance yet inspires me with a painful, melancholy sensation, whenever I look back upon the woes of my father and my brother. I am now writing in a spot far removed from

the tomb that holds their ashes. As I present my family to the world under *feigned* names, and as these memoirs will never see the light till they are most probably forgotten by their acquaintance, I hope I do no injury to them. To record these adventures has filled up the gap of many a solitary hour. But, to proceed.

It is needless to say, that after the death of my brother and father, a profound melancholy absorbed every faculty of my soul: yet was it not the melancholy of despair; it was a solemn conviction, that all the bustle of this life is a mere dream, unworthy the sole consideration of a being, who is taught by suffering here, that there must be some better state hereafter. To that state I then looked forward with the greatest anxiety. While I mourned the errors of my father's life; errors originating

ginating in the cursed vice of gaming, I felt a sort of seraphic pleasure, when I reflected on the manly virtue, the fraternal goodness, and the filial affection of Gustavus: of Gustavus, the brave, the pious, and the good.

His death had such an effect on the unhappy Miss Sendon, that a decline was the consequence, and her anxious father was compelled to take her with him to Lisbon, in hopes that change of air would afford a remedy for that disease, which climate never yet could cure—a *broken heart*—a complaint, says the great Henry Fielding, in his delightful romance of Tom Jones, which is more fatal to many persons of sensible minds than is generally supposed.

Before Sir George quitted England, he paid me a visit. He confessed that a false ambition had actuated him through the whole course of his life. In

hopes of forming grand alliances for his daughter, he had, he said, involved her in great sorrow and affliction. Monteval had never been pleasing *to her*, though his immense riches had made him the object of his own choice.—There was a wild air of ferocity, an unaccountable mode of thinking and acting, added to a spirit of revenge, and a peculiar boldness about his manners, which hid his general good qualities, and obscured the lustre of some other virtues, which might have rendered him amiable and conspicuous, and some of these qualities he certainly possessed. For Blazon she had ever professed the most avowed hatred and detestation, and nothing in the world could have compelled her to have given her hand where her heart was so entirely estranged.

With many melancholy reflections of this

this nature, Sir George bade me adieu; proffering me, before he took his departure, any assistance which his purse and fortune were capable of affording me. The generosity of Earl Rothvale had rendered this offer quite superfluous. He had undertaken the whole expenses of the funeral of my poor father and brother, and had himself appeared as the chief mourner on the occasion. He hired comfortable lodgings for me, and supplied my pecuniary wants with a delicacy which never once wounded my pride or violated my feelings.

When I parted with Paterson, the worthy gaoler, I could not help shedding tears, tears of the most gracious thankfulness. I have the heartfelt satisfaction of declaring, that Paterson is no fictitious character. A man is, at this day, alive, who, in the same daily situation, practises the same daily benevolence:

she doubted not, but that the same fortitude would stand her friend, which was, at that period, her best, most firm assistant.

From young Durnsford she had nothing to hope; but had every reason to believe, that he would never have any consideration for a woman, whom his father's few surviving friends must have represented to him as an artful, needy person, who had *stolen* into his family, and practised on an easy old man, to the prejudice of every branch connected with him in the ties of consanguinity.

The lawyer was now about to investigate the rights of the young claimant, and had received orders from Adelaide, if his demands were at all founded on *justice*, to give up every idea of litigation. I knew that the liberality of young Rothvale would, if the worst should happen to this exalted woman,

give

give me the opportunity of returning the generous conduct she had evinced on my behalf, when she imagined herself the heiress of the property of Durnsford, and had every reason to consider me the poorest of the poor. I knew, I say, that he would enable me to offer her a quiet asylum, where the common wants of life might be supplied: and I knew full well, that, for splendour and superfluity she had an innate contempt; except in instances where they promoted the encouragement of the ingenious and industrious, or supplied the wants of the poor and the unhappy.

Lord Rothvale, in the meantime, was grown a very great favourite with Mr. and Mrs. Mainfort. He listened to the long stories of the old gentleman with unwearied patience. As he had no resentment towards the lady of the house, he

was

was also soon very intimate with her. When he saw me, he would sometimes endeavour to divert my sorrows, by repeating her classical errors, which were as many and as egregious as ever. Her passion for fine company, and associating with lords, ladies, and scholars, had also grown with her years; and there was not a literary or fashionable party in the place which did not ring with her absurdities and her mistakes.

The mother of the young Earl was now come to town to be present at the marriage of her son. Mrs. Mainfort immediately professed the most ardent, the most unbounded friendship for her. "Let us" said she, "shew, "that Damon and Pythias, the two "Greek ladies, the wonder of their "age for friendship, were fables in "comparison with myself and my dear "Lady R—."

Mr.

Mr. Alleyn was shocked at these violent professions from a woman, whom he thought incapable of any real attachment. That worthy man could read hearts with great perspicuity, and in the heart of Mrs. Mainfort he beheld a mixture of affectation and pedantry, of selfishness and folly. He saw her caressing that woman as Lady Rothvale, whom, as Miss Middleton, though adorned with every grace and every virtue, she would have despised. He heard her loud in her censures of the poor wretch, whom the arts of a villain, or the cries of poverty, had led from the strict paths of virtue, but cringing and curtseying to the same vices in high life, and proud to shew her head at the parties of any thing at all connected with rank or power. Her pretensions to literary merit would have met with his pity or his smiles, had that been her only

ly failing; but, when he saw these follies accompanied by pride, avarice, selfishness, and vanity, he could not help thinking her the exact type of a character, thus exquisitely described by the first of English satirists:

"Superiors? s'death! and equals? what a comfort!
"But an inferior, not dependent? worse;
"Offend her, and she knows not to forgive,
"Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live."

POPE.

The virtues of Emma, and the honest integrity of her father, however, fully reconciled the worthy Alleyn and the mother of the Earl to a match, on which the earthly happiness of her son appeared so essentially to depend. Emma Mainfort had virtues, which might have redeemed the errors of her whole race. She was as beautiful as she was good, and the accomplishments of her

mind

mind kept pace with the perfections of ıer *form*. She made no show of her ıcquirements, but with her the sciences went hand in hand with the graces, ınd with more real knowledge than ıinety-nine out of a hundred, would ather have concealed her talents *for ever*, than have suffered them to shine out before any others of her sex who might have suffered by the comparison; add to this, that she was charitable, meek, pious, and beneficent.

Such a woman was the person on whom the hopes of Alleyn were formed to repose. He gazed on her with rapture; the tear of acknowledging gratitude stole down his time-furrowed countenance as he blessed her, and breathed a prayer to Heaven, thanking the wisdom of its decrees, which thus had guided the long wandering and long *abused* titles and estates of Rothvale,

vale, to those who would be capable of rightly appreciating the advantages of wealth and fortune.

Never, would he cry, may false philosophy or false politics rob the English noble of his divine powers. Who, like him, can protect the oppressed, raise the fallen, and spread the dividing spring of his bounty through the gardens of the husbandman, till comfort takes her dwelling in his cottage, and ruddy industry leads his little rosy cherubs by the hand to health, to labour, and to independence! Such are the heart-chearing employments of the English noble. Never may innovation, with her train of murders, rapines, and injustices, mar the fair harvest of such noble toils. Such were the exclamations of Alleyn, the benevolent.

About a twelvemonth after the burial of my father and my brother, the young

young Earl of Rothvale and the amiable Emma Mainfort were married by Alleyn in the presence of the father of Emma and the two mothers. My own heart was not yet sufficiently at ease to be able to attune itself to scenes of mirth and festivity. The young Earl did all in his power to prevail on me to assist at the ceremony; but the arguments he used were vain and fruitless. I could not afterwards avoid smiling at the description his lordship gave me of Mrs. Mainfort's conduct on the day of marriage. That worthy lady had provided a dinner in the true *classical* style: but, as usual, most of her ideas were confused and displaced. She had decorated her table with laurel and pine branches, and the other rewards which the Greeks proposed for warlike ceremonies, but which she gravely told the company were always used in the Latin

Epithalamiums.

Epithalamiums. She had seen an engraving at the head of a translation of Virgil, where the guests are reclined on *couches*: for this purpose the table was surrounded with *sofas*, on which she would fain have persuaded the company to repose; but every one declined so unusual a manner of disposing themselves and preferred taking their seats in the modern manner. Poor Mrs. Mainfort had, therefore, the mortification of seeing all her classical cookery neglected, and the plain English dishes preferred to all the culinary skill of ancient Greece and Rome. She continued to introduce a very great diversity of dishes, over each of which she made several long orations, which were infinitely more edifying and amusing to herself than her guests. Several expensive and rare fish were produced: of these she told us the ancient Roman epicures were particularly

ticularly fond: especially Cincinnatus, who was supposed to have retired to the sea-coast at a certain period of the year to feast upon John Dories, for which he was the inventor of a *sauce piquante*. A service of apples and parsley was next introduced. Here, said she, the more moderate may imitate the simplicity and frugality of the ancient Latins, who feasted on the plainest fare, who roasted potatoes in their farms, and led their conquering Vandals on to victory and triumph. Such was the abstinence of Apicius, and such the frugal economy of the great Lucullus.

As every one appeared peculiarly anxious that the day should go off with eclat, not a creature attempted to contradict or interrupt her. Poor Mainfort, it is true, gave a few hems, but they were more the effects of his im-

patience at not being permitted to treat the company with his own stories, than any designed token of incivility to his wife. All was glee and harmony; good humour pervaded the whole society, which, at last, descended to the kitchen; for all the servants got so completely intoxicated, that not one of them was capable of attending to the good company above stairs.

Mrs. Mainfort was, at first, outrageous on this account; but my Lord Rothvale restored her to complete harmony, by assuring her, that the inebriation of her domestics was perfectly in character, as she must recollect those feasts of the Romans, where the slaves were allowed to drink away their senses, that the junior members of the common-wealth might see how despicable a drunkard appeared in the eyes of the temperate. "Aye, aye, my

"Lord,"

"Lord," said the hostess, "you allude "to the Lupercalia." His Lordship nodded assent: the lady smiled, and all was well.

At the end of dinner, Mr. Alleyn, however, to gratify her, filled his glass and told her he would drink the sex, "εἶδος ἀγητοί." She smiled, and pledging him, replied, "True, Mr. Al- "leyn; and, you know, the *same au-* "*thor* says, *dulce ridentem, dulce lo-* "*quentem.*"

There was a sort of aptness in the mistake, which struck David and Alleyn so forcibly, that, in spite of all their efforts to the contrary, they could not prevent themseves from laughing aloud. Mr. Alleyn, however, no sooner saw that this mirthful sally distressed and offended his hostess, than he made her every reparation in his power. It was one part of his Christian creed, that

we have no right to wound the feelings or prejudices of others, and that *learning* is but a poor substitute for *humanity*. Indeed, he considered all earthly knowledge as so very finite and bounded, that he who has the most of it has little reason to be vain; since, incapable of resolving the most simple progress of nature, or of comprehending the amazing wisdom of the omniscient being who baffles the most exalted understanding of his creatures, in the production of a leaf or the germination of a blade of grass. Mrs. Mainfort, therefore, accepted his apology, and the remainder of the day was passed in harmony and the most uninterrupted good humour.

I find, in retracing what I have said concerning te foibles of Mrs. Mainfort, that they have taken up a considerable portion of my work. The mind without

without ill-nature or malevolence, is sometimes apt to seize hold of the ridiculous, and to retain it with tenaciousness. If I can judge of my own heart, I never felt a single sentiment of ill-will there to Mrs. Mainfort or any other lady. It may be said, that I am one of those who would hide all knowledge from women, and limit their march in the paths of science and of genius to narrow bounds, and through the most selfish motives: if Mowbray Landford knows any thing of himself, he has no idea of this kind. He never was the man to prefer a cold unfeeling idiot with a pretty face, to the soul of sympathy, the mind replete with useful knowledge, or the understanding adorned by the powers of genius. Adelaide, the admired Adelaide, has been praised by him for her acquaintance with elegant literature: it is the affectation of

learning with which he quarrels, not with the quality itself. A pedant, male or female, was ever his aversion; let not his motives, then, suffer from misconstruction; let not the pen, which has endeavoured to describe the sublimities of virtue in all the three trying states to which a female can be exposed, be suspected of libelling where he is eager to praise, of detracting where his design is only to *warn*. A female of false knowledge exposes herself: she who is in possession of true accomplishment, whose mind is stored with elegant and well-selected reading, has acquired another resource, which will enable her to maintain her empire over the heart, when the glass can no longer flatter, or adulation please.

Lord Rothvale was not one of those kind of persons who are bountiful in professions, but circumscribed in their actions:

actions: what he thought, he spoke and meant, and the promises he once made he was ever eager to perform. Instead of the false pride of an upstart, he surveyed his sudden elevation with the eye of philosophy and good sense. The title he had acquired had not exalted him one *tittle* in his own good opinion. He was more humble than when I knew him in the plain character of David Middleton: the actual lowliness of his situation then made him tenacious of respect; under the existing circumstances he never seemed solicitous about it. There are some men who, puffed up by sudden prosperity, cannot bear to meet with an old acquaintance of their hours of need, and are fretful and uneasy, if an anecdote is brought forwards, which records, even in the most good-humoured way, the shifts and straits to which they were formerly ex-

posed. This was not the case with Rothvale; he was never more delighted, than when an opportunity occurred to him of bringing forward the whimsical perplexities in which he had been involved. He had never once been contaminated with either vice or meanness, and therefore saw no reason to blush for any honest indigence he had experienced on his outset in life. His mother in-law would, indeed, sometimes blush *for him*, and assure him, that though such things were very well, when *Lucullus* followed the plough at his Sabine farm, yet, that such *Vandyke* manners were now exploded amongst people of literature and fashion. David would smile at such observations from Mrs. Mainfort, and let them pass without any further comment or observation.

His mother and the amiable Emma were

were assiduous visitors to poor Adelaide, and hinted, in the most refined and delicate manner imaginable, that, if the event of present circumstances should prove at all unfavorable in the issue, she would be conferring a most essential obligation on them, by taking up her future residence in their house, where, they were well aware, that the obligation would be infinitely on their side of the question, by the advantages they should both reap from her friendship, her society, and her acquirements. Adelaide felt the full force of proffers made at such a trying moment, and expressed her sense of the liberal tenders of these charming women in the genuine language of heart-felt gratitude. Adversity may have its pleasures as well as the brilliant race of the most uninterrupted success: if it often loses us our hollow and insincere acquaint-

ance, we are still gainers, by getting rid of what was never worth the keeping. Let it be granted, that a mind amiable and sensitive, feels a wound in every nerve, when the friends of its summer days fly off like swallows when the winter of fortune approaches. Yet still there is a counterbalancing joy in the consolations of a steady friendship, a friendship, which, like the evergreen in a beautiful garden, remains without notice, whilst the rose, the lily, the violet, and the tulip, attract the eye by the gaudy intermixture of their colours. Yet, when these gay flowers fade and leave us, with what pleasure does the eye repose on the modest branches which still refresh us with the sight of nature's fairest livery. Thus, how reviving, how charmingly luxurious are the sentiments that arise, on proving, that, in spite of the remarks of the morose

rose and the misanthropical, friendship and truth are still more than ideal beings, and that, like beauteous angels, they wave their star-gemmed wings over the head of despondency, and chear the night of despair and desolation with the lucid beams of comfort and of hope.

David (for so, in spite of his rank, I cannot avoid sometimes calling him) proposed a number of schemes for my *own* settlement in life; but till the affairs of Adelaide were finally arranged, I felt myself totally incapable of making any selfish provisions for my abstracted comforts.

Young Durnsford had sent abroad for the documents of his birth, which had thus long kept the mind of Adelaide in a state of the most unpleasant suspence.

I had a duty yet left me to perform towards her: it was a duty which had

grew more and more in the favour of his step-mother. With all his errors he was a genuine child of Nature, and she could not avoid feeling an uncommon share of interest in his fate. They at length grew such good friends, that he related to her his story since he quitted his father's mansion. He did it rapidly, and without attempting to elucidate it by any of the refined ornaments of speech.

He acknowledged, that no theorist had ever been more ridiculously mad, than he had proved himself, in the prosecution of one of the wildest systems, that had ever entered the imagination of man. A *social* savage had, to him, appeared the most sublime object in the wide round of creation: his wants few, his liberty unbounded, his heart sincere, a servile worshipper of no fictitious ceremonies, the bending slave

slave to no imaginary wants, eating when hungry, and slaking his thirst at the first limpid fountain; manly in his exercises, martial in his sports. Such was the idea he had gleaned from modern French philosophers; and what they had been mad enough to *write*, he was mad enough to put in *practice*. Encouraged by Zayida, a very clever slave of his father's, he collected a treasure, and eloped with her. They travelled till they reached a high ridge of mountains: here they halted, and came to a sort of plain tenanted by Indians. These men and women had formerly escaped from their masters and mistresses at —, and had formed a little republic of their own, where they lived by rapine, violence, and any other means lawful or unlawful.

The first specimen he saw of savage freedom was under the roof of the father

father of his swarthy inamorata. Two natives were playing at a sort of game at dice. One of them lost his ornaments, and even his bow and arrow: at length he staked *himself*: his opponent carried him home as his slave, and lashed him with a heavy whip at every step he took.

"This," said young Durnsford, "would, I thought, have puzzled our "late philosophers to make tally with "the exalted ideas they have given us "of savage life. But the worst was "to come. I had formed a great friend- "ship with a chief of the name of Na- "kayio, who lived in the next hut to "Zayida and myself. We hunted to- "gether, and I believed Nakayio one "of the most generous men alive, till "we one day, after being fatigued "with the chace, fell fast asleep under "a great tree: when awaking, I found

"that

" that Nakayio had stripped my pockets
" of every thing they contained. I
" bitterly accused him of this act of
" perfidy, to which he only replied by
" giving me the lie in my own lan-
" guage, which he well understood,
" by having so long been a slave at —,
" and challenging me to fight him. I
" agreed to accept the combat next
" morn, and appointed a place among
" the rocks for the scene of action. I
" was punctual to my time, when the
" treacherous savage appeared with a
" dozen more, overpowered me, bound
" me hand and foot with green withies
" and cast me prisoner into a cave,
" where he told me I should remain
" till their chief had passed sentence
" upon me.

" This was accordingly done the
" next day. I was dragged before
" Huazamboo, the parent of my own

" dear

" dear Zayida, who after pretending
" to hear both sides with a great deal
" of moderation, at length condemned
" me to be the slave of Nakayio, who
" accordingly flogged me home to his
" hut, in conformity to the usual cus-
" tom of his tribe; another instance
" for Illuminés in their notions of jus-
" tice, I was in great hopes that my
" beloved Zayida, (to fly with whom
" I had given up friends, parents, and
" the whole world), would speedily
" rescue me from this painful and de-
" grading state of servitude; but all
" the slaves of Nakayio made great
" preparations for their master's wed-
" ding, and when the bride was pre-
" sented to him by Huazamboo, whom
" should she turn out to be but my own
" dear, affectionate, Zayida!

" Surely, surely, Monsieur Rous-
" seau, thought I, no woman in a

" polished

" polished country could turn out a
" greater jilt than this sublime savage.
" I was long condemned to groan in
" the worst kind of slavery: in a subjec-
" tion to a set of ignorant beings, who
" among a few ferocious virtues, had
" more vices than ever disgraced the
" most extended metropolis. Some
" sailors, landing for water, surprised
" me one day as I was at work for my
" cruel task masters; I was rejoiced to
" see them, told them my story in the
" French language, which they lucki-
" ly understood, and went with them
" aboard their vessel, somewhat stag-
" gered with regard to my *notions of a*
" *savage life;* but still filled with the
" idea, that the refinements of the
" world were as ridiculous as they
" were superficial, and that there must
" be yet some spot, where man, at his

" *full*

" *full liberty,* was gentle, generous,
" sociable, and benevolent.

" A sentiment of shame prevented
" me from entertaining any thought of
" returning *home* again. I knew that
" my father's cool but biting irony
" would be constantly employed, in
" turning all my wild experiments to
" ridicule, and that the *issue* of my
" chimerical projects would tend to
" make me appear either mad or ridi-
" culous to all who had formerly known
" me: I therefore willingly embraced
" the opportunity of flying far from all
" my connections. The vessel was
" bound for Spain, and still eager to
" see foreign parts, and attached to a
" wandering life, I was rejoiced at this
" occasion of gratifying my predomi-
" nant inclination.

" When I left my father's I had se-

" cured

" cured a quantity of jewels: some of " these I had fortunately concealed " from my dear Zayida and her new " *caro sposo*. On my arrival at Ma- " drid, these were my best friends."

Durnsford then went on, relating a number of accidents which had befallen him, until the money raised on his diamonds was spent, and he was recommended as a private secretary to a rich Grandee of Madrid, with whom he passed several years. This old man, having no children, was surrounded by a number of wealthy relatives, each of whom looked to his death with eagerness, in hope of sharing the spoil. They had various ways of paying their court; but the most frequent plan was to entreat him to stand *godfather* to their children, by which means they imagined, that he would feel himself bound to leave something handsome to his

his adopted. He pretended to be caught with these artifices, and being of a saving turn of mind, was rejoiced at this opportunity of *feasting* at other people's tables, and laughing at them in his sleeve into the *bargain*. He found Durnsford so necessary to his affairs that he often hinted to him that he might perhaps be a better friend to him, than he expected; but he knew him to be a cunning over reaching man, who was delighted at the idea of taking other people in, by these specious pretences, or what he emphatically termed, *biting the files*.

Under these circumstances, then, his surprise was excessive, when Don Christopher informed him in his last illness, that he had left him heir to the major part of his immense wealth. He let him into a secret uuknown to the rest of the world, which was, that most

of

of his property was converted into bank of England bills. He had beheld the storm gathering over the rest of Europe, and was firmly persuaded that was the only country where his property would be secure, "amid the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds." These bills he had placed in a little golden casket, of which he gave his secretary the key. He informed him, at the same time, that he looked upon him as the only person in the world, to whose fidelity and attention he was *really obliged*. The others, who had fawned upon him, he knew hated him in their *hearts*, and had only flattered him for the sake of his money. As a punishment for their *hypocrisy*, therefore, he should only leave them his landed property, which divided amongst them would be hardly worth the having.

The humourist died. His relatives assembled

assembled round his corpse, and went into deep mourning. Several of them ordered a splendid funeral, which when his will was opened not one of them would follow: and numbers were highly provoked, whenever they looked at his little *god-sons*, whose names only served to remind them of the trick which had been played them.

Durnsford then purchased a splendid establishment. He was soon surrounded by young people of all descriptions, and *wild* in his manners, opinions, and conduct, he ill agreed with the sombre sentiments of the inhabitants of Madrid. In a nightly frolic he insulted a young English officer at a public place of entertainment, by a slur he threw out on the constitution of his country. A meeting took place, and the life of Durnsford was at the mercy of his opponent. The officer calmly left him, informing

ing him, that he might now form e estimate of the English character; at a Briton repelled an insult with force, but treated a fallen enemy with gentleness. Durnsford was charmed with the gallantry of his enemy, but heard no more of him for near a year afterwards.

When he was one night sitting among a crew of his parasitical companions, he was summoned by his servant, who said that a stranger, muffled up in a cloak, attended him in the garden, and earnestly requested a few words conversation with him in private. Durnsford felt his curiosity excited, and followed the man to the spot, where he again beheld his former antagonist, the gallant young Englishman. He conjured him, if he valued his liberty or his property, to fly from Madrid before the next morning, or he would be per-

haps imprisoned for life. Durnsford started with amazement. The Englishman then informed him, that he was surrounded by a set of traiterous villains, who while they fed on his bounty envied him the wealth of Christopher, to whom some of them were distantly related: that they had heard him deliver his sentiments on monarchical government, and his wild ideas of savage liberty; and taking advantage of the rigour of the Spanish government, with respect to religious and political speculations, had given warning to the bloodhounds of the Inquisition. Every drop of blood in the veins of Durnsford ran cold. He thanked his kind preserver, who in a moment vanished out of sight.

Durnsford returned to his company, and assumed as much chearfulness as he was capable of putting on under such critical circumstances. The next morning,

ing, however, by break of day, he placed his gold casket in his bosom, wandered for several days through unfrequented places, and at length arrived at the nearest sea-port, from whence he immediately set sail for France, and after a prosperous voyage arrived safely at Paris. The revolution was then raging in all its fury. Every one was full of the most exalted sentiments of freedom and of liberty. Durnsford was charmed and delighted. He now thought that he had passed the desert, and had arrived at the land of promise. The brilliant theorems then advanced accorded exactly with his wild unfettered ideas. Liberty was his idol, and he imagined that what he had missed among the savages, he had at length attained in a civilised country. Here he passed several years under the influence of a man high in power, a man who

professed the highest friendship for him, and for whom he would have sacrificed his life; his sentiments were so noble, he was so disinterested, and professed such a contempt for worldly honours and for earthly preferments.

A sudden convulsion took place, however, and he beheld this *disinterested man* trampling down every barrier of affection, every tie of consanguinity and even staining his hands with the blood of innocents, to place himself in the very identical situations he had affected to treat with such a philanthropical levity. Durnsford, indignant, taxed him with his *apostacy*; in consequence of which he was soon huddled into prison, with a variety of other wretches, merely for advancing the self same sentiments, which had been carefully instilled into his mind by his insidious friend. Luckily he had remitted

the

the best part of his property to Great-Britain a few months before this event had taken place.

Here he had fresh cause to compare wild license with tempered liberty. He was confined for two years among a set of wretches, who were, one by one, silently hurried away to death. His own turn came, and he was in expectation of the fatal summons, when, in the dead of the night, his door was thrown open, and a man entered his dreary apartment with a lanthorn and a pistol in his hand. Expecting sudden assassination, Durnsford sprung up to meet his fate with manly fortitude, when the form of the young Englishman, who had saved his life at Madrid, appeared before him: "Follow me, but "speak not," said he. He led the way in silence to a stair-case, where was a high window, which looked in-

to the garden of the prison. "Dare "you venture the leap?" said he, in a whisper. The height was dreadful. Durnsford paused. "If you dare not," he added, "the Briton must venture "alone. I have been your fellow pri- "soner for this last year. My turnkey, "intoxicated with brandy, (who al- "ways sleeps in the room with me), "gave me an opportunity of mixing "some opium I had concealed for a "raging tooth, in his draught. I knew "that his key would open your dun- "geon. I took it from his girdle. You "know your risk. To-morrow the "guillotine may await you, and...."

"Hark!" cried Durnsford. "They "come."

"They come!" answered the young Englishman, and darted out of the window. His pistol went off as he descended. Durnsford heard the sol-

diers

diers approaching. He followed him, but in falling, fractured his leg. The young unknown instantly heard his groans. He conjured him to silence, and taking him on his shoulders, ran with him to the bottom of the garden, where a sentinel stood at the door. "Open! open!" cried Durnsford, "a "prisoner has escaped,—open!"

The drums immediately sounding the sentinel, deceived by his imperious tone, obeyed the mandate. The instant the door opened the Englishman wrenched his musquet from the hand of the sentinel and fired it at him. It flashed in the pan. He then seized the butt end, and felled him to the ground with the blow. Snatching his comrade up in his arms he rushed through the door. The night was dark, and they hid themselves behind some bushes. The soldiers passed by, and returned with ex-

ecrations on their ingenuity, and vows of vengance on their heads, if they should ever chance to be retaken. He now encouraged Durnsford to make *one effort*, who limped along supported by him. As they passed the gates of the city, they were frequently stopped; but Durnsford pronounced French like a *native*, and answering that they were returning from the market, where he had broke his leg in a scuffle, had employed his neighbour, an American, to see him to the neighbouring village. Durnsford had concealed two diamonds in his hair: by the first of these he bribed a poor carter to convey him to a village with his friend, who pretended to be dumb; the second prevailed on an old woman, in a small cottage, to give him harbour, till his fractured bone was remedied by the village surgeon.

When

When he recovered strength, himself and friend proceeded on their journey. By like artifices, and never speaking a word of English, they at last got to Boulogne. Here, by large bribes, they prevailed on a boatman to land them on the English coast.

They had scarcely attained more than half their voyage, before a vessel stopped them. The captain boarded; when he spoke to Durnsford he was compleatly deceived; but when he found that the Englishman pronounced French in so mutilated a manner, he insisted on carrying *him* back with his crew to Boulogne. Every entreaty was vain. Durnsford would willingly have shared the fate of his gallant comrade; but he murmured, "remember, I am not condemned to die. I have yet hope, you none," and placed his finger on his lip in so impressive a manner, that

poor Durasford was obliged to yield to hard necessity.

Arrived in England, he often thought with regret upon his noble-minded preserver, and vowed that if ever chance should again throw him in his way, to share with him the fortune of Christopher, a fortune more than adequate to supply the wants of both. He found his property safe in the English funds. *Here*, though still wild and romantic, he resolved to cast anchor for *life*. He had perceived that savage virtue could not tally with the ideas of a man who had known any thing better. It was a chimera which vanished; and observing the advantages and disadvantages of England, formed this conclusion: that if not a perfect spot, it had fewer drawbacks than any other he had either seen or read of.

It has been observed, and perhaps with

with some degree of truth, that the philosopher, who would consult nature in her simplest garb, should take the savage for his model. This opinion may hold good, as far as the physical operations of the passions are concerned. There certainly is less hypocrisy in his resentments, his feelings, and his opinions: but if he is void of the deceit of a more thinking, a more polished being, he is also void of many of his virtues. He loves his native wilds, it is true; but he loves them not with the ardour of a patriot. As far as self-liberty is concerned, he would die with transport to preserve it; but he has no idea of the glorious, the enthusiastic transports, which the child of civilization has felt, in laying down his life to transmit that liberty, pure and unpolluted, to a race yet unborn. He falls

in the field of battle, and expires with the javelin in his hand, with vengeance in his eye and rancour in his heart. How different, under similar circumstances, the death of the naval hero whom Britania still laments, and whose praises fame shall bear through distant ages unimpaired. Green be the laurel ever on the tomb of the hero, the hero who expired civilised by the social feelings, whose last sigh was for his religion, his country, and his friends. Compare the bravery of the savage with courage, like this, and where will be the comparison?

" How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
" By all their country's wishes blest!
" When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
" Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
" She there shall dress a sweeter sod
" Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

" By

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,
"By forms unseen, their dirge is sung,
"There honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
"To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
"And freedom shall awhile repair,
"To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

Ode written in the year 1746.—COLLINS.

The subject might be pursued farther but time admits it not. It is only hoped, that the intention, not the execution of the remarks, will be taken into consideration.

Many ingenious persons have mistaken ignorance for innocence, and roughness for bravery. In this idea they have cried up the tenant of the savage wild, the inhabitant of the village. In the latter, more particularly, some people suppose, that their still exists a more than pastoral innocence, a more than Arcadian simplicity. Yet it has been proved, more than once, that envy

envy and hatred, malice and revenge, are tenants of the rude soil, as well as inhabitants of courts and cities. Charity dwells as much in the country-house of the merchant, as in the stall of the rustic. The virtues are heightened, and the vices are at least dissembled. Is dissimulation a virtue? it will be asked. No.—What is then its value? This: a man should at least avoid shocking by example. Let the drunkard confine his brutal pleasures to his own room; let him not stalk abroad to shock society, and injure the feelings of modesty by his disgusting language and appearance. Let the atheist keep his dogmas to himself, let him not hurt the respectable tenacity of others, by blasphemous conversation. Here it is that civilised man, in his worst state, is more tolerable than the savage, who free from restraint, shocks you with his

his words and actions, whenever inclination suits or passion prompts. The man, who, in civilized society acts in this manner is no better than a savage. No better, did I say? I must, then, recal my words; the *comparison* would be doing the latter too great an injury.

Chance had brought young Durnsford acquainted with Sir George Sendon. He had long wished for a domestic partner of his fortunes and his comforts, but confessed that, since the trick he had been played by his savage beauty, he had ever been *inconstant* and *capricious*. He had taken the name of Montaval in France. In England he had now an elegant establishment and many servants, of whom poor Irish Dermot made a part. He found Miss Sendon loved another man much better than himself, it was easy, therefore,

therefore, to imagine that his ardour soon cooled.

Chance gave him a sight of Adelaide: he was charmed, he was enraptured. When he heard her name, her history, a thousand tender, long banished ideas of his poor father, rushed into his mind. He investigated circumstances, and found her the relict of his parent. He wrote to her. Startled at her *haughty manners*, he resolved to vindicate his rights, and prove himself the legal heir of the fortune to which he laid claim. What ensued is already known. The more he saw of his stepmother the more he felt interested in her behalf; and, as I have said before, he was by no means deficient in the article of generosity.

My memoirs will now soon draw towards a close. I feel that my fate cannot

not interest like that of a brother, my superior in every respect; yet the friends of female virtue may probably wish to know the lot of Adelaide, of Adelaide the ornament of her sex, whose virtues had shone out illustrious in all the trying situations of life, as daughter, wife, and widow. She had been assailed by adversity, she had supported it with dignity; she had been tempted by prosperity, and had risen superior to the trial.

Adelaide was, at this period, surprised with the unexpected arrival of her brother, from whom it was several years since she had heard. The meeting was a tender one. He had encountered many hardships, many fatigues, since they last parted. He had likewise received several wounds in the various actions in which he had been concerned. When he heard of the death

of

of Gustavus he wept bitterly. He excused his tears, by saying, they were the first he had ever shed since he had been a soldier. He had thought his heart cased, but he now found he was more weak than he had imagined. Never did he look more amiable in the eyes of his sister. "Poor old Colonel "Raynall!" he added, "it is well he "is no more; this would break his "heart."

Raynall had retired from poverty in England to a relation in the Indies, where he met with Frederick. He was ever anxious to learn the fate of my poor brother, but not knowing whither to direct had lived and died in painful uncertainty. Age and the climate had proved too much for this venerable soldier.

While the brother and sister were indulging in their sympathetic grief,

Durnsford

Durnsford suddenly entered the room. Seeing company he was about to retire with a suitable apology; but as he turned his eye on Frederic, he started back several paces, exclaiming, "Good "God!"

"Mr. Montaval!" cried young Cuthbert.

"My *preserver!*" wildly answered the other.

Durnsford, with a sob of joy, clasped the young soldier to his heart.

Frederick was the very officer who had rendered so many heroic acts of friendship to Charles Durnsford. He had been cast by his military profession into most of the European countries. He had resided for some time in Spain; his letters from thence to his sister had miscarried, and twice a prisoner in France, it is needless to say, that every attempt to give her intelligence from thence would have

have been an ineffectual effort. He had continued in bondage since his separation from his companion in a fisherman's boat, till an exchange of prisoners had just set him at liberty.

These circumstances explained, Durnsford left him greatly affected. The next morning the lawyer of Adelaide called with a writing, by which that gentleman openly renounced every sort of claim to the contested property, which he vested by deed with her and her brother, and to their heirs for ever.

My union with Adelaide succeeded to these various events. I led her to the altar with an awful, a solemn sensation. In youth we had been destined for each other: those early hopes had been defeated. At a more advanced period, we were made one for ever. What, it will be asked, could be the prospects which were to be fulfilled by

so late a marriage? I will reply; prospects of concord, unity, peace, and friendship: these expectations have each been *answered.* Free from the more turbulent passions, we were *yet* young enough to love with tenderness and esteem. We built our happiness on a foundation which has proved solid. The memory of past events sometimes saddens us, but hope shines through the cloud. Reflecting on the near and dear friends whom we have lost, we feel a tranquil glow of calm pleasure in the assurance that we shall meet again hereafter. Lord Rothvale and his Lady were present, as was also Frederic Cuthbert, at our marriage, which was celebrated by their venerable friend, Mr. Alleyn.

His Lordship now retired to his family estate in the north. Near it stood a comfortable parsonage-house. As none

of

of his family would suffer Mr. Alleyn to live under any other roof than their own, this parsonage-house was fitted up for Adelaide and myself. It is an old-fashioned mansion: it stands in the middle of a large garden; a pigeon-house is before it, and the white walls are almost so overgrown with ivy, that scarcely any thing of it is to be seen but the windows, where the domestic swallow builds her nest, and at the rising of day, a full chorus informs us, the sun is up, and hundreds of warblers with whirring wings, flutter forth to taste the blessing of his chearing beams. Adjoining, I have a small farm. Agriculture employs my own mind, and the pursuits of botany and the superintendance of her garden, is a pure and useful amusement for that of my Adelaide. My library is chosen by Alleyn: it is stored with useful authors; thus *furnish-*

ed

ed, time never lags on our hands, and I sometimes exclaim, with the placid rapture of a very beautiful Italian poet

" O beato colui che in pace vive
" De i lieti campi suoi proprie cultore!
" Se ricca compagnia non hai d'intorno
" Di gemme ed ostro; nè le case ornate
" Di legni peregrin, di statue e d'oro;
" Nè le muraglie tue coperte e tinte
" Di pregiati color, di vesti aurate,
" Opre chiare e sottil di Perso ed Indo;
" Se il letto genital di regie spoglie
" E di sì bel lavor non abbia il fregio
" Da far tutta arrestar la gente ignara;
" Se non spegni la sete e toi la fame
" Con vasi antichi, in cui dubbioso sembri
" Tra bellenza e valor chi vada innante;
" Se le soglie non hai dentro e di fuore
" Di chi parte e chi vien calcate e cinte;
" Nè mille vani onor ti scorgi intorno.
" Sicuro almen nel poverello albergo,
" Che di legni vicin dal natìo bosco
" E di semplici pietre ivi entro accolte
" T'hai di tua propria man fondato e strutto,
" Con la famiglia pia t'adagi e dormi.

" Tu

" Tu non temi d'altrui forza nè inganni
" Se non del lupo, e la tua guardia è il cane,
" Il cui fedele amor non cede a prezzo.
" Qualor ti svegli all'apparir dell' alba
" Non truovi fuor chi le novelle apporte
" Di mille a i tuoi desir contrarj effetti,
" Nè camminando e stando, a te conviene
" All' altrui fatisfar più ch' al tuo core."

Contiguous to the seat of Rothvale, as before observed, lay that of Sir George Sendon. After we had dwelled there for two years, preparations were made for putting that mansion into proper order. Sir George had died abroad, and his daughter, somewhat better from the climate, was now coming to England, to arrange his affairs and take possession of his house. When she arrived, poor Juliana appeared the mournful wreck of what she had once been, and the sight of Adelaide and myself revived in her bosom sensations of

: a most melancholy nature. Grief id illness had almost worn her to a celeton. In the converse of my wife, owever, she yet found some balm for er hurt mind; and, I need not say, nat the humane, the benevolent Ade- aide, offered her every consolation hich could be tendered by a Christian nd a friend. Durnsford and his inse- arable companion, young Cuthbert, vere then making the tour of Ireland; hey returned, however, a few months after her arrival to spend some time at our cottage.

Here Durnsford renewed his addresses to Miss Sendon. Altered as she was, there was a sweetness and placidity in her man- ner that charmed the mind, though it could no longer delight the eye. Miss Sendon thanked him for such a proof of his constancy, but her *heart* had been wedded to my poor brother, and

as such was the case, she looked upon herself as the *widowed* relict of all she once held dear. She had felt too ardent a passion for him, ever to be able to love any *other* man with the same tenderness, and was determined in the *grave* to be *his bride*. Mr. Alleyn gently soothed her sorrows and made life *endurable;* but her affections wandered to the happier world, where she might again be united to him who occupied her every thought. Adelaide, with great benevolence and persuasion, at last prevailed on her to live with us. Earl Rothvale made a purchase of her house for his *eldest son*, which gave him also an opportunity of making a delicate offer of it to Mr. and Mrs. Mainfort till the boy came of age; which was, in truth, making them a present of it for life. In remembrance of the acts of charity performed by herself and

Gustavus

Gustavus, Juliana devoted the rest of her fortune to the relief of the orphan and the wanderer. No beggar ever left her door without an alms: she enquired out the distressed, she sought for the afflicted: and these pious acts were the only solaces to a heart wounded beyond cure, a mind filled with sad recollections, and a constitution impaired by unmerited sorrows. Mrs. Mainfort turned Sendon Hall topsy-turvy. The gardens were filled with an assemblage of ill-chosen busts. One walk was what she called the *Tusculum* of Athens, this was filled with large bustos of Hercules, Adam, Petrarch, Sir Isaac Newton, Ovid, &c. Her *Latin grove* had an equal number of figures, amongst the most conspicuous of which were Demosthenes, Homer, Sir Robert Walpole, Diogenes, Dr. Johnson, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Sir Christopher Wren.

Her husband laughed at her follies, and told his long stories in comfort.

Lawrence Wilmot, still an idle young man of fashion, called on them in his tour through the north. Mrs. Mainfort, at first, refused to see the unlettered *sophist*, as she called him; but Mainfort, who had no resentment in his composition, not only over-ruled her, but introduced him to the young Earl of Rothvale, who, under that character, thought it becoming his dignity to pass over the ingratitude he had met from Lawrence, whilst he was the early companion of their days of youth. He could not, it is true, avoid an emotion of contempt for that man, who, after having passed the May of life with another, could desert him on the first symptoms of its coming winter; but, feeling his own superiority in essentials, he was above making use

of

of the superiority which *chance* had given him over his quondam acquaintance. Of the subsequent fate of this young man, and likewise of Mr. Blazon, it may be necessary to give a slight account.

Lawrence Wilmot retired for some time into the country; but as his mind was not replete with those stores, which are necessary to be carried into that seclusion, he had no resources against time and tedium; as he was too sophisticated to derive amusement from the sublime changes with which nature delights the soul really enamoured of rural joys and simple pleasures, a year brought him back again to town. Here he fluttered for many a winter, till his means and his fortunes began to be exhausted. He then commenced ogler and fortune-hunter, hoping by the capture of some rich, beautiful young wo-

than in the life and death of this unhappy man. Chance at length brought him to Italy. Wandering late one night he heard the cry of a female in distress: he rushed to the spot, and beheld a ruffian dragging a lady along an unfrequented alley. "Villain, forbear!" cried Blazon: at that moment he felt a weapon plunged in his bosom, and fell on the ground weltering in his blood. The lady screamed aloud; and the street was suddenly irradiated with the torches of her attendants, who had been anxiously seeking her. She flew into the arms of a young man, who appeared to be the most anxious of the groupe, exclaiming, "I am safe, my dear, "dear brother; but my preserver...." "Fear not for him," groaned Blazon, "if he has rescued you from danger, "and made some retribution for the

"woes

" And Britain soon must want the great defence
" Of all his honesty and eloquence;
" But that the gen'rous youth, more anxious grown
" For public liberty than for his own,
" Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone,
" And boldly, when his country is at stake,
" Braves the deep yawning gulph, like Curtius,
" for its sake.
" Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,
" He digs no longer in the exhausted mine,
" But seeks preferment as the last resort,
" Cringes each morn at levees, bows at court,
" And from the hand he hates implores support."

The fate of Mr. Blazon corresponded to the life he had been accustomed to lead. The memory of guilt poisoned every source of enjoyment in his heart. He wandered from country to country, from climate to climate, but still the never-dying worm of remorse fed upon his miserable heart. The

" Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare
" currunt,"

was never more thoroughly verified,

every year be paid for the repose of the *unfortunate Englishman.*

Durnsford and young Frederick were two of those elevated spirits, who are not formed for the retirements of quietude. They were impelled to action from the ardours of their constitution, and deprived of the means of exerting this innate propensity, they would have been the most miserable of men. The situation of their country afforded an opportunity for the exertion of their energies. Chance gave them, at length, an opportunity of purchasing commissions in the same regiment, where they are now fighting, side by side, against the enemies of Great-Britain. They are held out as models for bravery, and for examples of friendship. The younger officers wish to be like them; whilst those more advanced in their professions treat them with the highest esteem and

and respect, as their own proper successors, and as the men destined to uphold and maintain the dignified rank and the characteristical gentility of conduct, which ought ever to exalt the officers in his Majesty's service.

Time has, in some degree, soothed the sorrors of poor Juliana Sendon; but the deep traces of woe are still discernable on her countenance, still evident in her actions. Her steady piety prevents her from sinking under her afflictions; but it is still evident, that she would not grieve to be dismissed to a happier world, where *only* she can cherish the hope of being for ever united to her lamented, her much loved Gustavus.

My own beloved Adelaide is a great favourite with every one in the circle of her acquaintance, but with the worthy Mr. Alleyn in particular, who, whenever

ever the thoughts of my father or my brother cloud my brow with sadness, solemnly conjures me to weigh my portion of evil with my lot of good. "The "calamities of life have some counter- "balance," he exclaims, "when a "man is, like Mowbray Landford, "possessed of a woman, who has "proved her virtues in the three ar- "duous situations of life, and never "once shrunk from her duties, either "as a *Maid*, a *Wife*, or a *Widow*."

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

My melancholy narrative is now concluded. May it evince, that in the hour of affliction, the cry of nature pleads with equal force in the bosoms of the younger, as well as the elder branches of a family, and that he who neglects the *one* for the *other*, knows not but that he may be wounding an object, who, like Gustavus, would yield up life (and all that makes life dear to man) for the welfare, happiness, and honour of his parent.

THE END.

Cox, Son, and Baylis, Printers,
Great Queen Street.